TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY
FEB 2 8 '50

# Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

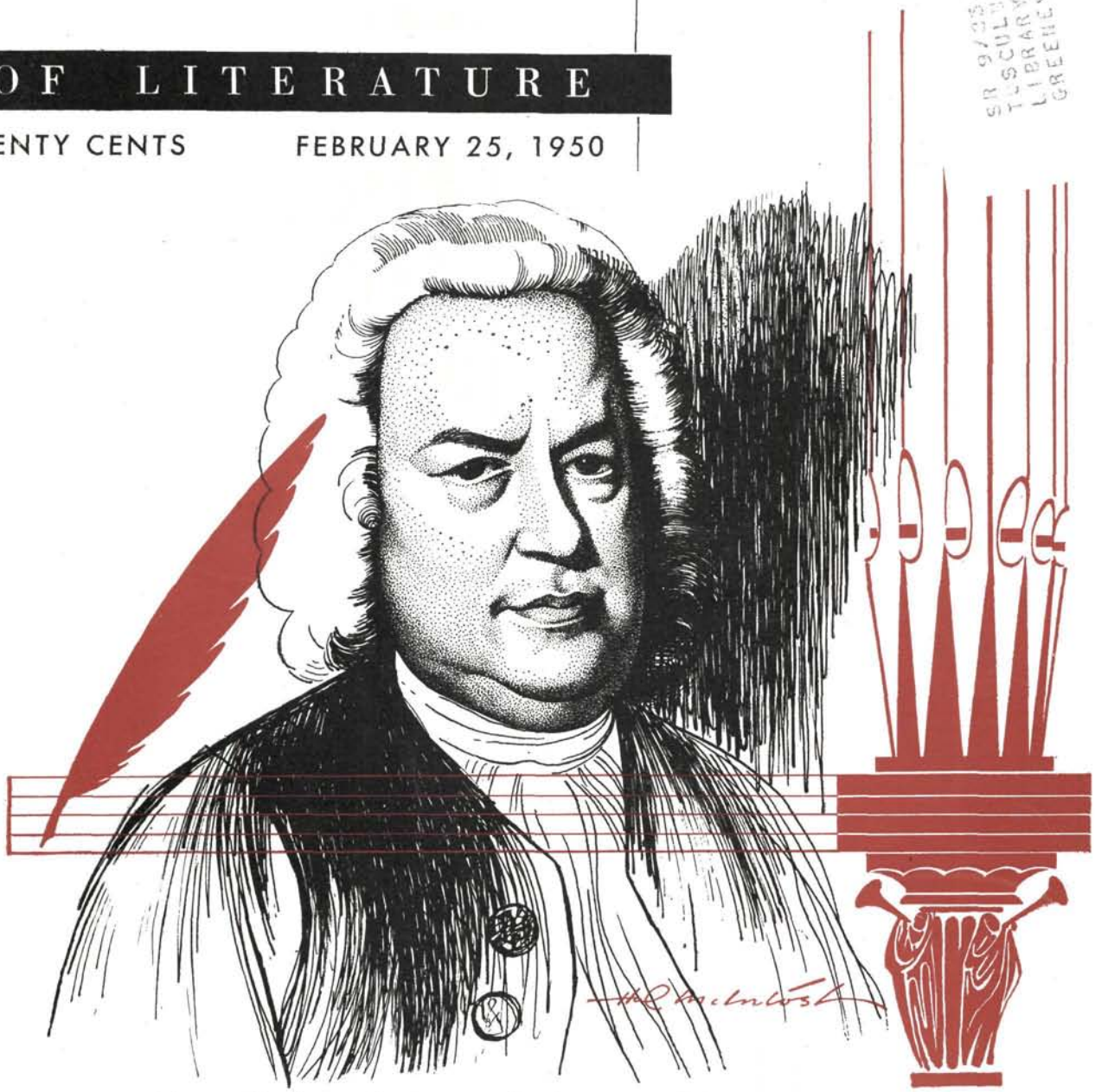
TWENTY CENTS FEBRUARY 25, 1950

## BACH AFTER TWO ( ) RIES

By HERBERT

(See Recording.

-7-13 GE 10/1 TNN -7-22
SR 9/25/50 TUSCULUM C TUSCULUM LIBRARY GREENEVILL



*Johann Sebastian Bach—"a more placid acceptance" in 1950.* *(See page 49)*

## *Reading by Red Star Light*

By JOHN MacCORMAC

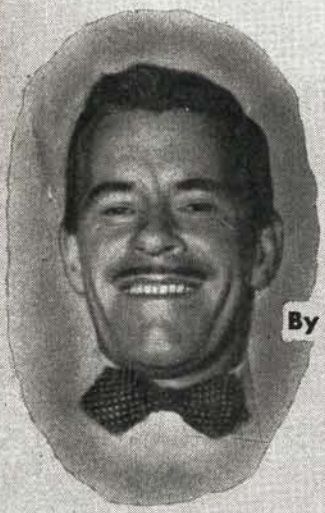
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*A magnificent defense of democracy!*

# The Ramparts We Guard

**By R. M. MacIVER**

This ringing book by the author of *The Web of Government* and *The More Perfect Union* shows the vast superiority of democracy in coping with our complex civilization, points out the dangers that threaten it and the ways in which we may preserve it. His arguments are so practical and reasonable, and so well illustrated with helpful examples, that they will appeal to general readers, teachers and students the country over. "... as illuminating a definition and clarification of the nature of democracy and the perils it faces as one is likely to find."—LIBRARY JOURNAL $3.00



# Bangkok Editor

**By ALEXANDER MACDONALD**

Ever dream of living in a palace? Mr. Macdonald actually lived in a palace, and tells about it in this exciting story of how a likable newsman founded a newspaper in Siam, amid incredible difficulties, high intrigue and dramatic events. A lively picture of the color and drama of an exotic little kingdom on the other side of the world. "... fascinating as narrative and illuminating as an inside account."—THE NATION $3.00

## The Permanence of Yeats

**Ed., JAMES HALL and MARTIN STEINMANN**

*Invaluable!*

A superb collection of the best criticism on Yeats, enabling readers to fully understand his growth, development, and the more difficult aspects of his thought. By such famous critics as T. S. Eliot, Edmund Wilson, R. P. Blackmur, A. Norman Jeffares, Allen Tate, and many others. $5.00

*New!*

Fair and objective, this book weighs the influences in Wilde's life, and probes deeply into the irreconcilable contradictions in his nature. "... will add much to our understanding of a gifted and tragic figure." HAROLD NICOLSON, *London Observer* $3.50

## The Paradox of Oscar Wilde

**By GEORGE WOODCOCK**

**By MARYA ZATURENSKA**

# Christina Rossetti

The biography of a great English lyricist—a woman whose love, religious ardors and antipathies were marked by a peculiar intensity—together with the story of her relation to the Pre-Raphaelite artists and writers. "... a biography which is an imaginative experience to read, sure in its touch, and intelligent in its flavor and conclusions."— HARTFORD TIMES $4.00

*At all bookstores* THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# This Week

*February 25, 1950*

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

## Features


Page

READING BY RED STAR LIGHT
By John MacCormac..... 9
*SRL* RECORDINGS FOR MARCH.....49


## Reviews


THE COMING DEFEAT OF COMMUNISM
*Reviewed by Louis Fischer*.....11
WHY I ESCAPED
MY RETREAT FROM RUSSIA
*Reviewed by Martin Ebon*.....12
BLACK AND WHITE
*Reviewed by Linton Wells*.....13
AN ESSAY FOR OUR TIMES
*Reviewed by Golo Mann*.....14
JAPAN SINCE PERRY
THE WESTERN WORLD AND JAPAN
*Reviewed by Kenneth Scott Latourette*.....14
PAUL REVERE'S HORSE
*Reviewed by Bergen Evans*.....15
HOW TO ATTRACT THE WOMBAT
JEST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED
*Reviewed by Lee Rogow*.....16
FIVE NOVELS
*Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman*....17
STRANGER AND ALONE
*Reviewed by Ann Petry*.....18
THE SEA EAGLES
*Reviewed by Harrison Smith*.....18
STORM OF TIME
*Reviewed by Victor P. Hass*.....19
THE FAR CRY
*Reviewed by Catherine Meredith Brown*.....20
THE SHADOW AND THE PEAK
*Reviewed by Edmund Fuller*.....20
THE HUNTER
*Reviewed by W. R. Burnett*.....21
CHARLES DARWIN
ALBERT EINSTEIN
*Reviewed by Paul H. Oehser*.....24
GIANT BRAINS
*Reviewed by Henry C. Link*.....26
THERE IS A PSYCHIC WORLD
THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS
ADVENTURES IN THE SUPERNORMAL
*Reviewed by Robert Bierstedt*.....28
OF FEAR AND FREEDOM
*Reviewed by Siegfried Mandel*.....30
MEXICO
*Reviewed by J. Fred Rippy*.....37
WHIRLWIND
*Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe*.....38


## Departments


TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4
LITERARY CRYPT.....19
EDITORIAL .....22
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....23
LITERARY I.Q.....28
SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....32
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL
By Horace Sutton.....40
NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....42
THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....43
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....45
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 831.....48



THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert Birnbaum, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIII, No. 8, February 25, 1950. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."


Entire issue copyright 1950 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.



# BOOK BARGAINS

## up to 80% off · money back guarantee

**18—Art and Style.** *One of Europe's most noted art publications—imported from France.* Contains 8 single and double-page full-color reproductions. Superb black and white plates on almost every page. Includes works by Tchelitchew, Tintoretto, Courbet, Rembrandt, Degas, Picasso, etc. Text in English. 9¼" x 12¼". *Now only* **.98**

**208—Rembrandt Etchings.** *World-famed ALPINA EDITIONS, imported from France.* 40 masterful reproductions of Rembrandt's finest works! Printed in lush gravure on antique paper, each 9½" x 13½" sheet is ideal for framing. *Now only* **1.98**

**241—The City and the Pillar.** By Gore Vidal. This frank novel *"blasts the traditional concepts of what is normal and abnormal in sex behavior today. In its own way, it is as effective as the Kinsey Report."* —Saturday Review. Orig. $3. *Now only* **1.49**

**172—Audubon Birds.** Thirty of Audubon's superb bird prints on individual unbacked sheets (9" x 12") ready for framing. Reproduced in the authentic colors of the world-renowned originals from the Imperial Edition plates. All in a handsome portfolio. *This series of Audubon Prints never before offered by Marboro.* *Only* **1.98**

**408—Torture Garden.** *A startling novel of passion and horror.* This unexpurgated English version of Octave Mirbeau's forbidden French classic will make your blood creep with its startling revelations of Oriental evil. *Now only* **2.98**

**426—The Berlin Masterpieces.** Reproductions from the *Paintings of the Berlin Museums'* exhibit that recently toured the country. 12 full-page color plates. Over 75 other illustrations. 9½" x 12". Pub. at $1.50. *Now* **.69**

**387—Exotic Birds.** A portfolio of 10 tropical birds by John Gould. These prints with their brilliant true-to-nature colors are beautiful beyond belief. *Leadbeater's Cockatoo, Rose-Breasted Cockatoo, Paradise Parrakeet, Galah* and many more of the finest bird prints ever published. All ten 9" x 12" plates in a handsome portfolio. *Only* **.98**

**75—Devil in the Flesh.** *Illus. with 13 scenes from the film.* Raymond Radiguet's frankly autobiographical novel of a seventeen-year-old boy's clandestine love affair with an older woman. Trans. from the French by Kay Boyle. Introd. by Aldous Huxley. *Now* **1.39**

**32—Goya.** By Jacques Lassaigne. Trans. from the French by Rosamund Frost. A brilliant interpretation of the life and work of the great Spanish master. 77 fine illustrations including 14 in full color. 10¾" x 13¾". Pub. at $5.95. *Now* **2.89**

**146—The Himalayas in Photographs.** *Imported from France.* This world-renowned *Alpina Edition* presents the timeless beauty of nature's most awe-inspiring mountain range in 40 remarkable 9½" x 13½" photos. Each plate printed in lush gravure on antique paper removable for framing. *Only* **1.98**

**236—Hypnotism Suggestion.** By August Forel, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., one of the world's most eminent authorities on hypnotism. This long-unavailable study of the psychological and therapeutic aspects of hypnotism includes numerous fascinating case histories. Fifth Edition. Translated by H. W. Armit. *Now* **3.49**

**296—The Decameron.** By Giovanni Boccaccio. Here is the 14th century classic with all its audacious wit and ribald satire in a handsomely bound LIVING LIBRARY EDITION. Delightfully illustrated by Jean O'Neill. 704 pages. Complete and unabridged. *Now only* **.98**

**97—Bouquets.** *A 16" x 20" Portfolio of Flower Prints by Jean-Louis Prévost.* Beautify your home with these full-color reproductions of 6 of the most beautiful flower prints ever created. Introd. by Jean Laran, Curator of Fine Print Department of the National Library of France. Orig. $3. *Now* **1.39**

**111—Studies from Life.** Adapted from drawings by La Lyre. 32 full-page plates that capture all the grace and beauty of the nude male and female figure. Of lasting value to artists and art lovers. 9¼" x 12". Pub. at $5.50. *Now only* **1.98**

**83—Psychosomatic Medicine.** *The new way to health of mind and body.* By Frank G. Slaughter, M.D. Explains fully how physical ailments originate in the mind and how they can be cured. Orig. $3.50. *Only* **.98**

**41—Cezanne.** Text by Edward Alden Jewell. The eight superlative reproductions in full color and forty-eight black-and-white halftones in this volume were chosen from hundreds of Cezanne works of art in America. 10½ x 13½ inches. Pub. at $4.00. *Only* **1.98**

**64—Complete Book of Ballets.** *The standard guide to classic and modern ballets.* By Cyril W. Beaumont. Covers every phase of the ballet with themes given in detail. Complete stories of 200 of the most famous 19th and 20th century ballets. 900 pages. 95 full-page plates. *Only* **2.98**

**343—The Anatomy of Genius.** By Frederic Taubes. How to tell a masterpiece from a mediocrity, with over 80 reproductions of great paintings. Published at $5.00. *Now* **1.98**

***Mail This Coupon Without Delay or Write to —***

**MARBORO BOOKS** Dept. 528, 117 E. 24th St., New York 10, N. Y.

*Gentlemen:* Please rush me, postage prepaid, the book bargains I have circled below.

☐ Enclosed please find $..... ☐ Please send C.O.D.

18 32 41 64 75 83 97 111 146 172
208 236 241 296 343 387 408 426

*Name* .....
(PLEASE PRINT)

*Address* .....

*City* .....*Zone* .....*State* .....

A few cents extra for C.O.D. Add 15¢ per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions.

**GUARANTEE:** If not satisfied, return books after ten-day examination and money will be cheerfully refunded.





PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# TRADE Winds

## IT SAYS HERE...

**VINCENT STARRETT** has Chicago literati scurrying hither and yon to discover the source of a short and eyebrow - lifting quotation called "Woman." Since interest in the subject is not limited to Chicago, I reprint it here with the thought that you may care to join in the search. (My own guess is that it was written in the 1890's.)

> A creature half-child, half-woman, half - angel, half - lover brushed against him and of a sudden he knew that when one gives herself to you, you possess all women—women of every age and race and kind—and, more than that, the moon, the stars, all miracles and legends are yours. The brown-skinned girls who inflame your senses with their play, the cool yellow-haired women who entice you and escape you, the gentle ones who serve you, the slender ones who torment you, the mothers who bore and suckled you—all women whom God created out of the teeming fulness of the earth are yours in the love of one woman.
>
> Throw a purple mantle lightly over her shoulders and she becomes a Queen of Sheba; lay your tousled head blindly upon her breast and she is Delilah waiting to enthrall you. Take her garments from her body, strip the last from her body, and she is a chaste Susanna covering her nakedness with fluttering hands. Gaze upon her as you would gaze upon a thousand strange women, but never call her yours, for her secrets are inexhaustible—you will never know them all. Call her by one name only—I call her "Helene"!

**THE EDITORIAL WRITER** of the *Charleston Observer* is another poor male who has been worrying his tousled head and inflaming his senses over women. Some 1950 sub-debutantes, it seems, are demented enough to want to ape the styles affected by John Held's fantastic flappers of the Twenties; the *Observer* man calls them by one name all right, but it isn't "Helene"!:

> The flapper, we learn, from the fashion columns, is back in style—at least her clothes are.
>
> Those who emerged into adolescence after 1925 and know of the flapper only by hearsay will accept that momentous news with the equanimity of ignorance, but a gasp of dismay will be emitted by the graying one who was old enough to go away in 1917 and fight to make the world safe for democracy, only to return and find his beloved country populated by that terrifying and deadly female who, as Scott Fitzgerald said, would have been strangled by the thousands like Porphyria if her hair had been long enough.
>
> She survived only because that hair was so short that nobody could get a good grip on it and because the suspicion of a skirt that barely covered her thighs gave her freedom of leg movement that enabled her to outrun all pursuers, or to overhaul and bring down with a flying tackle the unlucky male whom she pursued with shameless abandon and relentless determination.
>
> If she wore a hat at all it was a horrible cloche, and she was addicted to hip-length middy blouses that were as svelte as a gunny sack, or a worsted jersey affair, sleeveless and low of neck, slightly more concealing than a bra. She felt undressed without a rope of imitation pearls long enough to lasso the wildest steer on a Texas ranch.
>
> On rainy days she went to the opposite extreme and enveloped herself in an oilskin slicker big enough for a circus tent.
>
> If she went in for literature, she simply would not be seen without a copy of "Main Street" or *The Dial* under her arm or open on her lap. But if her intellectual pursuits were more plebeian, she swooned over Valentino, sighed over Wallace Reid, danced a sinuous wrestle to the barbarous discords of jazz, and talked a lingo that nobody could understand without a glossary.
>
> Any guy who expected a date with her had to be equipped with a hip flask filled with a violent poison that was deadly to every form of life except the bobbed-haired bandit, who dispelled many a man's illusions about womanhood so thoroughly that he has never quite recovered them.
>
> The fashion editors reassure us, however, that it is only the flapper's clothes and her short hair that are coming back, and even they will have present-day modifications.
>
> Let us fervently hope so. To those of us who lived through one flapper era atomic warfare holds no terrors; but an atomic-age flapper—draw the veil! . . .

**DR. JAMES BENDER,** author of "How to Sleep" (Coward-McCann), is a New York psychologist who has devoted six years to a study of the subject. Many of his conclusions emphasize the fact that the battle of the sexes is not confined to waking hours only:

> The husband should get up in the middle of the night and tend baby's wants and allow the wife to sleep undisturbed.
>
> Women with the most beautiful body contours and graceful postures usually have a history of regular, sound sleep. "This can be accounted for by a red nucleus in the brain that controls the firming-up process of tissue and muscle. The red nucleus works best during sleep. In fatigue and delayed sleep the red nucleus causes sagging facial lines, flabby muscles, slouching."
>
> Women need almost an hour more sleep than men every night in order to preserve their health and enhance their beauty.
>
> There are three men snorers for every woman who snores.
>
> Women seek the edge of the bed and do more curling up than men, who like to stretch out prone, spread-eagle effect.
>
> Insomnia strikes more women than men. Husbands can help their wives go to sleep by brushing their hair about the temples until they fall off.
>
> Fewer divorces are found among couples who sleep in a double bed than in twin beds. "Wider double beds — seventy-five inches wide — is one of America's great needs," declares Dr. Bender.
>
> Women's dreams are more often disguised than men's. Women do more dreaming and are more superstitious about dreams.
>
> Although women talk more during the day, men are the greatest talkers in their sleep. What they say while they sleep should not always be held against them. A man may cry out, "Mary! Mary!" and be thinking of a companion of kindergarten days. It's his subconscious memories, often lost to the conscious mind, that return to his sleep.
>
> Two of the oldest popular cures for snoring are still in wide use. Many men stop snoring—at least for a time—if you whistle softly to them while they sleep. Those who snore with mouth wide open stop it when you drop a piece of soap into the mouth of the culprit.

The things you can learn out of a book! . . .

**SUPPLEMENTING** the report of Dr. Bender, a gentleman who refers to himself as a "relaxation expert" sternly advised a lecture audience, "If you like to read in bed, choose non-fiction and a hard book. Bore your mind into unconditional surrender."



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*The excitement and stimulation of great ideas await you in*

# The Twentieth Century Library

**Under the general editorship of HIRAM HAYDN**

THE AIM of THE TWENTIETH CENTURY LIBRARY is to acquaint you with the giant figures, in all branches of knowledge, who have made the intellectual history of our time—the pioneers whose ideas have shaped our world and extended the horizons of our knowledge. In this important new series of books, you will meet such men as Einstein, working to encompass the whole physical world from the atom to the cosmos in a single, revolutionary theory; Joyce, adding new dimensions to our perception of human nature; Darwin, developing his far-reaching theory of evolution; and many others in volumes yet to be published.

Each volume in the series is a clear, brilliant, informed interpretation of one man's work, by an author who is himself a foremost authority. The intellectually curious reader will find in these books an exciting new understanding of important men and ideas.

## ALBERT EINSTEIN

**His Work and Its Influence on Our World**

By LEOPOLD INFELD. A book of unexcelled clarity written by a great theoretical physicist, permitting the layman to understand the historical background of modern physics as well as the real nature of Einstein's revolutionary ideas in relativity and quantum theory. ▶

## JAMES JOYCE

**His Way of Interpreting the Modern World**

By W. Y. TINDALL. A much-needed comprehensive, contemporary view of Joyce's achievement in literature—and an indispensable guide to understanding the symbolism and meaning of such works as *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. ▶

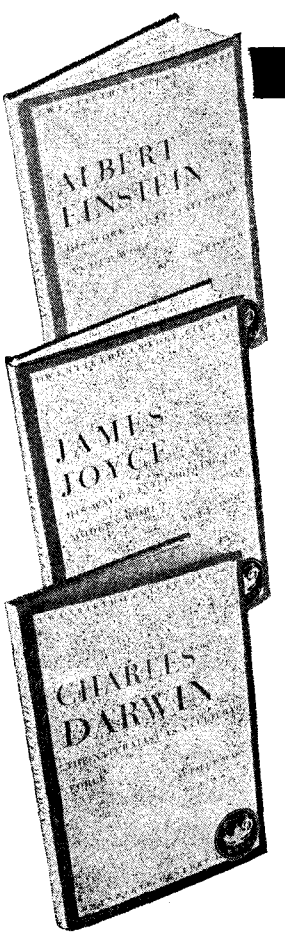
## CHARLES DARWIN

**The Naturalist as a Cultural Force**

By PAUL B. SEARS. A disclosure of how Darwin came to develop his epoch-making theory of evolution and how his work has had an ever-increasing impact not only on science but on the whole pattern of twentieth century life and thought. ▶

*Each volume* **$2.00** *At bookstores everywhere*

*Published by* **CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS**




◀"One of the best books ever written on relativity and its philosophical meaning."
—JOHN PFEIFFER

"Of philosophical and cultural interest . . . to anybody who is eager to learn about the leading ideas of our period."
—PHILIPP FRANK

•

◀"Unusually interesting and inspiring."
—THOMAS MANN

"Certainly the best and clearest short exposition of the meaning of Joyce I have seen."
—HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

•

◀"A valuable and novel approach to the great subject of Evolution."
—JULIAN HUXLEY

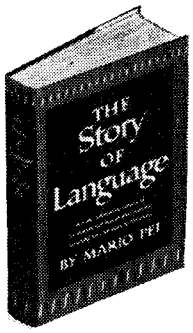
"By far the best brief discussion of Dr. Darwin and his work which has so far appeared."
—RALPH LINTON



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Let CLIFTON FADIMAN tell you why you should read

## The Story of Language




*By MARIO PEI*

YOUR reviewer believes this to be the best book of its kind available in English, an almost faultless popularization of a permanently fascinating subject. There is hardly any subdivision of his enormous field that Dr. Pei does not expose with charm, clarity, and non-dogmatic good humor. His book breaks down into six sections. In the first, he considers the history of language, investigating such matters as family relationships, evolution, dialects, place and family names, and the history of writing. The second section, "The Constituent Elements of Language," is perhaps the most difficult, dealing as it does, in part, with questions of syntax and semantics. However, several of the chapters here, particularly those handling slang and jargon, are delightfully readable. In Part III, the author considers the social functions of language, its connection with the family, religion, economics and politics, superstition and intolerance, science and literature. In some respects his most fascinating section is the one following, devoted to a rapid but satisfactory review of all the modern spoken tongues. Part V takes up, in a most practical and helpful way, some problems of language-learning; and the final section deals sanely and authoritatively with the controversial problem of an international language. It is difficult to imagine anyone who will not find something of interest in this book. It sharpens one's sense of one's own control over language; and it is full of fresh and often surprising information about the words we use. Enjoyable merely to browse through, it is also valuable as a work of reference.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

—from The Book-of-the-Month Club News

# The Story of Language

**By MARIO PEI**

495 pages, with Word List and Index

*At all bookstores* • $3.95

Philadelphia • J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY • New York


Alma Denny, entranced with this advice, rushed home to dash off the following lines:

To make the bedtime reading shelf
  The modern author must
Not titillate nor animate
  But just be dry as dust.

To reach the very zenith of
  A shop's best-seller list
He merely must produce the book
  Most easy to resist.

Be a bore to make 'em snore,
  Accent the soporific.
Make 'em think, 'twill make 'em blink.
  Sales will be terrific.

Do not deign to entertain,
  Give them Laws of Solar Motion.
Let them grapple feebly with
  Saline Changes in the Ocean.

Those who write of love and nesting
  Must be careful what they say,
Keep it tame, uninteresting,—
  Make their readers turn away.

Number One will be the volume,
  Never mind how thinnish,
That nobody ever has
  Stayed awake to finish . . .

**I WOKE UP** myself the other morning with a premonition that something terrible was going to happen and, sure enough, found the following waterlogged bit of flotsam and jetsam, signed "Naughty Cal," in the morning mail:

### SHIPPER BY THE DOZEN

A young lady in an obvious transport of joy threw her arms about her stalwart escort and exclaimed, "You're adoryble, hon. You have sampan! A reg'lar Tuglass Ferrybanks!"

The escort, who had just barged in from Missishippee, looked somewhat apprehensive. "How canoe go on that way?" he protested. "Yacht to know better. Yawl will bear in mind, ah hope, that ah'm knot the marine kind. Why is it that the minute argosy yah, yah get turbine somethin'? That's sloopin' mahty low."

The young lady's eyes flashed with anger. "How about that?" she wailed. "You give me one dinghy little ring and never let me frigate it! I oar to smack you one. You must've thwart I was just an automatic rowboat or your lowly vessel. I got an average girl's emoceans, ya big skiff!"

"Ah'll tanker to change your tone," thundered the escort. "Who do yah think yah are, Liner Turner? Either yah keep yoah punts on, or ah won't collier no moah."

The girl turned pensive. "Forgive me," she begged craftily. "I been drinking a galleon of soda pop and it hit me clipperty-clop. Ketch me in your arms and read me some poetry like you was Georgie Raft or something."

"What would you like to hear?" asked the mollified escort.

"The Ruby Yacht," sighed the girl.

. . .

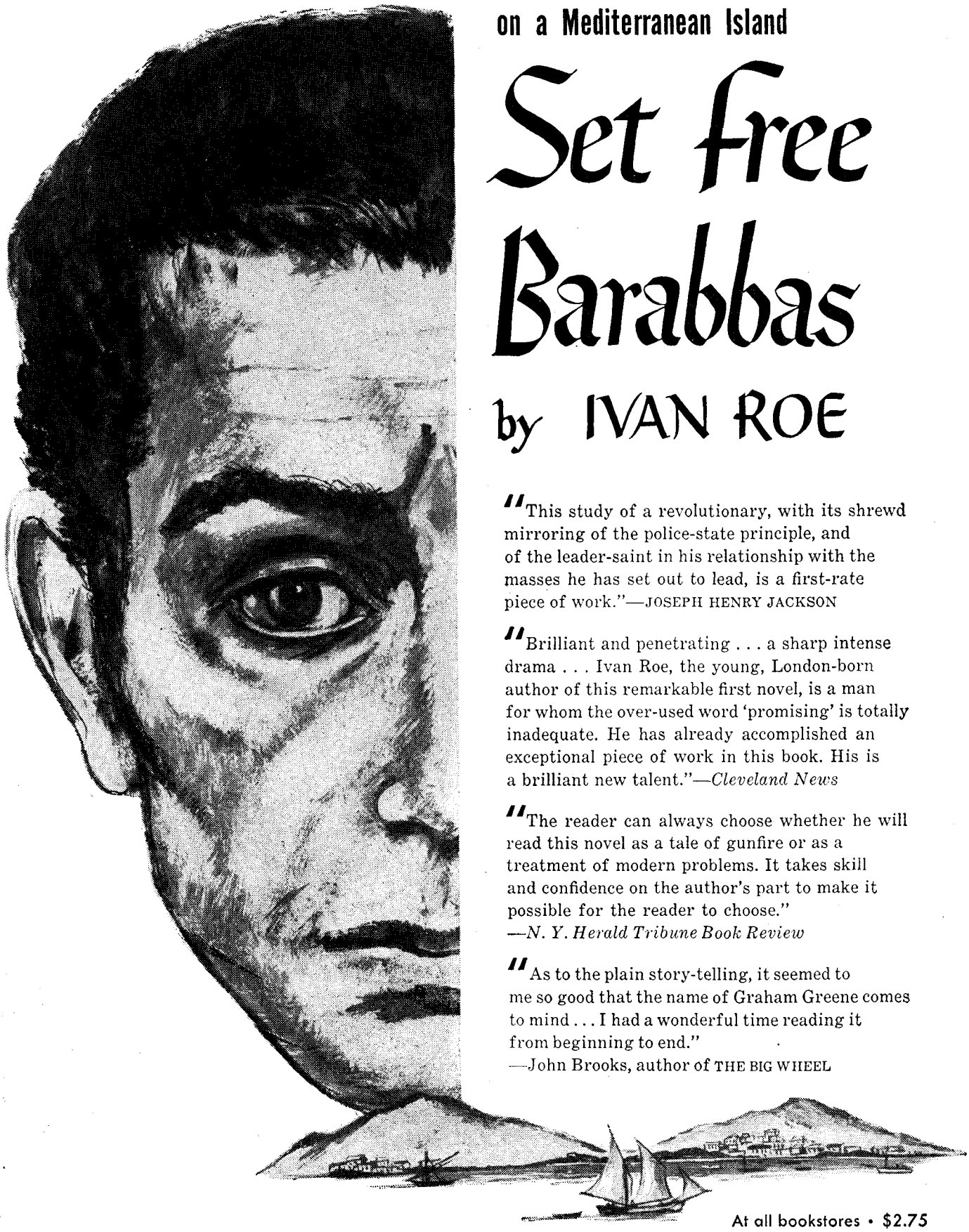
It's punishment like this that drives a man to the California desert.

—BENNETT CERF.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A provocative and exciting novel
of love, revolution
and religious conflict
on a Mediterranean Island



# Set Free Barabbas

## by IVAN ROE

"This study of a revolutionary, with its shrewd mirroring of the police-state principle, and of the leader-saint in his relationship with the masses he has set out to lead, is a first-rate piece of work."—JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

"Brilliant and penetrating . . . a sharp intense drama . . . Ivan Roe, the young, London-born author of this remarkable first novel, is a man for whom the over-used word 'promising' is totally inadequate. He has already accomplished an exceptional piece of work in this book. His is a brilliant new talent."—*Cleveland News*

"The reader can always choose whether he will read this novel as a tale of gunfire or as a treatment of modern problems. It takes skill and confidence on the author's part to make it possible for the reader to choose."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

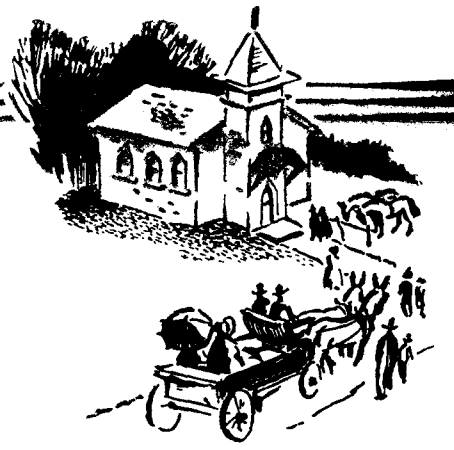
"As to the plain story-telling, it seemed to me so good that the name of Graham Greene comes to mind . . . I had a wonderful time reading it from beginning to end."
—John Brooks, author of THE BIG WHEEL

At all bookstores • $2.75
**HARPER & BROTHERS**




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Just Published*



The old-time religion has its present day zealots. In fact, it is hard to be temperate about it. Archie Robertson, whose delightful SLOW TRAIN TO YESTERDAY is still luring readers to Nostalgia Junction, is an old hand at blending present and past. This time he turns a lively, inquiring and sympathetic mind to the flourishing old-time religion that characterizes the independent churches of America. Here is rugged individualism in perhaps its purest tradition. Whether he reports the grizzly devotion of the snake handler or the quiet simplicity of the "plain people", he tells a story of religious integrity. He pays a tribute to the spirit of religious freedom in whatever form it is being nourished, however quaint or peculiar its disciples. With him you will visit a hill-country hymn-singing, an unforgettable hour of the kind of music that holds all the passion of the Southern mountain people. Or you board a chartered bus in Washington, D. C. so that church service may be extended to a sort of portal-to-portal limit. You will listen with a friendly ear and weigh with an informed mind, perhaps remember with a warm smile, and you will finish the book with a deep sense of having learned quite a lot about the American heart.

# That Old-Time Religion

BY ARCHIE ROBERTSON

At all bookstores, $3.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*The Saturday Review of Literature*

# *Reading by Red Star Light*

JOHN MacCORMAC

—*Sweigert in* The San Francisco Chronicle.

SCARCELY two months ago *Pravda* of Prague, in an article calling for "More Vigilance on the Cultural Front," declared: "Let's look in the windows of the bookshops. Beside the works of Sholokov stands 'The Grapes of Wrath,' by Steinbeck. Beside the Slovakian fiction writer Peter Jilemnick stands Somerset Maugham's 'The Moon and Sixpence'; beside Ilya Ehrenberg a book of Louis Bromfield's; beside Fadeyev's 'Young Guard,' Vercors' 'Silence of the Sea'; Cronin's romances next to the Soviet poet Mayakovski; beside the progressive works of Louis Aragon the reactionary François Mauriac and Agatha Christie's 'The Unknown Threatens.'"

Why did *Pravda* object to this juxtaposing of Soviet and non-Soviet writers? The reasons may sound strange to Western ears: "Steinbeck's 'Grapes of Wrath,' which describes the wandering of farmers beggared by the banks through 'God's own land of California' served the cause of capitalism by its 'social sympathies' since it demanded measures against the proletarianization, and the agricultural laws which were then enacted were designed to avert the danger that the oppressed would organize themselves collectively." More comprehensible, if no better grounded, was *Pravda*'s complaint that the works of Somerset Maugham could still be bought in Prague although "he had fought as an agent in 1917 against the Bolshevist Revolution."

The same kind of lament can be heard in Hungary. Last September the *Nepszava* of Budapest complained that the library of the former Shell Oil Company "contains mainly Fascist, semi-Fascist, and destructive books, such as the works of Bromfield, Upton Sinclair, and the works of the Chinese philosopher Lin Yutang. One of the comrades wished to keep the works of the Chinese philosopher, saying they were quite harmless. In answer he was shown the chapter entitled 'The Doctrine of Personality' and this made him realize that the 'wise' Chinese philosopher is a dangerous political enemy."

This proscription of books from the West is a recent but increasingly common development in the Soviet-controlled "people's democracies." The Communist regimes of Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Poland are just as anxious as were the Nazis that ideas which fail to jibe with their own dogmas be prevented from circulating. The Nazis burned the books of which they did not approve. In the Soviet satellites today paper is too scarce a commodity to permit so fiery a form of disapproval. Instead, in an effort to quarantine themselves from Western ideas, they turn books by non-Soviet writers into pulp so that their newly nationalized presses may print books with approved messages.

This Communist form of book-burning is one of the negative measures of a system of thought control by which Stalin is recreating the 70,000,000 inhabitants of the people's democracies in his own image. The positive measures include the alteration of their old moral and cultural traditions—and even of their history—and the virtually compulsory reading of the works of Stalin and his local imitators. In this ambitious reconditioning project scientists, artists, and teachers are all required to play their part, but the most important role is reserved for writers.

TO MAKE the role easier to fill the writers are being offered "direction," direction that is also extended to the reader by librarians trained not only to follow the Party line but to retail it. The gradual elimination of translations of their Western rivals assures authors who can learn to write in the prescribed spirit of "Socialist realism" a monopoly. Even should the public not appreciate their products, the situation is not hopeless for them. As Pavel Reiman recently wrote in the Czechoslovakian weekly *Tvorba*: "A book which does not help us reeducate the people in the spirit of Socialism and Marxist-Leninist theory is a harmful book, more harmful than other damaged goods since it fills people's brains with the poison of reactionary bourgeois literature. The Communist Party has effective means to compel the purchase of political literature."

A poll conducted just before Christmas by the *Lidove Noviny* of Prague suggests that Mr. Reiman was right. Dividing the book field into three categories, *Lidove Noviny* declared that seven of the ten most popular books in Czechoslovakia in Category I, eight of the first ten in Category II,



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and four of the first ten in Category III (books from which the reader derived the greatest pleasure) were by Soviet Russian authors. Stalin, of course, led the list in popularity.

In every Soviet satellite the publishing industry has been nationalized, libraries have been taken over by the State, and writers have been required to organize themselves into new federations under official guidance. Art, music, and the stage have also been brought under Government control. In Poland, which has succumbed more slowly than its neighbors, the Warsaw Radio admitted on June 30 that all private printing works had been expropriated and on November 8 the Ministry of Culture and Art established a "General Theatre, Opera, and Orchestra Authority" to guide, coordinate, and supervise the activities of all theatres, opera houses, symphony orchestras, artistic ensembles, circuses, and fairs. The Czechoslovakian nationalization decree went further since it envisaged even the taking over of second-hand bookshops. In Czechoslovakia no author who does not belong to the Union of Czechoslovakian Writers may have his books published.

—*Alexander in* The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

**"Behind the Iron Curtain."**

This also holds true in Rumania. The task which the Rumanian Union of Writers is expected to fulfil was indicated on August 2 of last year by the Communist newspaper *Scanteia*, which said that the union must help build up "new cadres of literary critics more in tune with Marxist-Leninist reality." On June 10 *Scanteia* chided Rumanian theatres which "prefer the old plays" although new ones based on the life of workers and peasants had been introduced, and said the General Directorate of the Theatres would expel those with "outmoded mentality." In Bulgaria not only the theatre directors but the actors had been criticized by the Committee of Arts and Science for their ideological failings. It was decided that modern Soviet and Bulgarian plays should be produced and acting modeled on the Stanislavsky-Denchenko realistic school. Some Western classics would also be permitted.

This sounded like a concession but is not necessarily so. A solution of the problem presented by Western classics in art and literature has been found in their "reinterpretation." For instance, the Hungarian newspaper *Szabad Szo*, commenting on October 17 on a Shakespeare series at the Budapest National Theatre, declared "the correct interpretation of Shakespeare began in the Soviet Union. In Shakespeare's tragedies feudalism is falling to pieces. 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'King Lear,' and 'Richard III' all show the dismay caused by the disintegration of the ideology of the Middle Ages in human souls. . . . Shakespeare expresses in the language of passion the struggle which will be decided in the decades before us."

NOT only the classics of the drama but of opera are reinterpreted in the light of Socialist "realism." Mozart's "Abduction from the Seraglio" might not seem to have any close connection with Marxism but one was found and expressed in a presentation of this work in Prague's German Theatre at the end of November. Among other changes the great C major coloratura aria was deleted perhaps because its lyric "Tortures of every kind may await me, I laugh at pain and suffering" might be thought to carry "Socialist realism" too far.

Although the reinterpretation of Western classics may still earn them a place in the satellite world it would seem bound to be a modest one at best. As the Hungarian Communist Party slogan, *Szabad Nep*, remarked on December 8 in a criticism of a new textbook on literature issued by the Pedagogic Institute for high-school students: "The masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature are much less important than the Western European literature of modern times and the Russian literature of the nineteenth century. . . . The 'humanism' of the ancient times sees 'great human qualities in the enemy' and even 'fine examples of self-sacrificing patriotism.' We, of course, are not sorry for the fall of imperialist agents. Our humanism is Socialist humanism, which demands that 'the enemy must be destroyed if he does not surrender' [Gorky] in the interest of humanity."

The first books to fall victims of the new regime in the people's democracies were, of course, the school books. As *Szabad Nep* remarked on September 28, "The curriculum had to be purged from clerical and nationalist trends which distorted science. It had to be completed . . . with the decisive achievements of Soviet scientists." This has been done throughout the people's democracies, and to reach the child of pre-reading age texts have been prepared for kindergarten nurses. According to an article on November 16 in *Kozneveles*, a publication devoted to educational matters, this was necessary because the kindergarten nurses "must clearly see their place in the camp of peace-loving people. They must learn to hate the imperialists and have a right view concerning the culture and moral superiority of the Soviet Union. . . . The children must learn to love the Soviet Union."

Next to be pulped and rewritten were the history books. In Czechoslovakia this coincided with the *coup d'état* of February 1948 and was carried out by the "action committees," who were the driving force of that revolution. It is recorded that in Prague alone 184 tons of pulp were obtained in this manner. As Kopecky, the Minister of Information, remarked during the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the Czechoslovakian Republic, "Hitherto history has been written by the bourgeoisie and their historians. That's at an end. Now we shall write the history of our Republic from the standpoint of our class, the working class."

Scientific writing was the next to be *"gleichgeschaltet."* As Professor

(*Continued on page* 43)



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The World.

*"We are," according to Professor James Burnham, "historically, in an extreme situation." It would take a blind man to gainsay it. But what can we do? Professor Burnham, former Trotzkyite, suggests in "The Coming Defeat of Communism" that we wage a "lukewarm war" against Russia. H. Stuart Hughes, a young liberal historian, urges in "An Essay for Our Times" that we do not pay too much attention to competing ideologies, but instead "cultivate . . . a broad appreciation of the ultimate humanistic goals" that transcend them. In two other new books Russian refugees Peter Pirogov and Vladimir Petrov give us fresh insights into the Soviet system, of which they are complete products. Japan, which has become one of our frontiers in the cold war, is the subject of excellent works by Chitoshi Yanaga and G. B. Sansom.*

## *Offensive Political-Subversive War*

*THE COMING DEFEAT OF COMMUNISM. By James Burnham. New York: The John Day Co. 278 pp. $3.50.*

By Louis Fischer

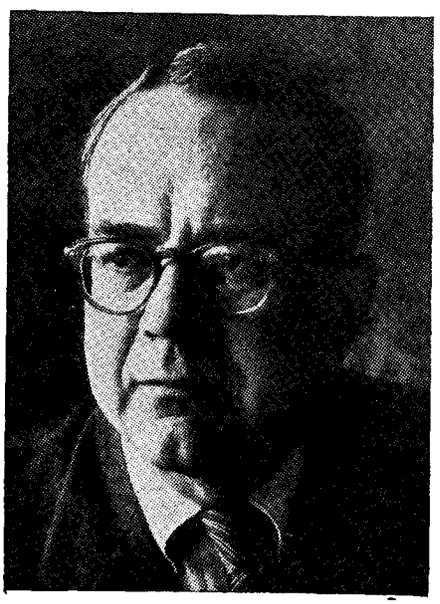
NOBODY can quarrel with Professor Burnham's assertion, to which he devotes his entire first chapter, that "we are, historically, in an *extreme situation*." Men have cried, "Crisis, Crisis," down the ages, but this is it, he affirms. Then, after taking to task those who declared early in 1949 that "we are winning the cold war," he says, "since 1945 we have had no major positive gain except the gift of Tito's defection." The United States, Burnham believes, "has gained nothing by the Greek intervention, but has merely avoided an important loss." I call that a big gain. Nor, he thinks, was the Berlin airlift a great victory. But surely the loss of Berlin would have been a major disaster; its prevention, therefore, is a tremendous achievement.

"Moreover," Burnham decides in Chapter 2, "it does not seem likely that U. S. foreign policy, if it continues along its present course, will in the future produce major positive gains." Why? Because it is defensive, diffuse, and narrow. It ought to have one simple goal: "the destruction of Communist power."

Traditional diplomacy will not do it. Conferences are futile. "Third-force" coalitions, like those in France, Italy, and Germany, are unavailing: "The Third Force cannot suppress or even materially weaken the internal Communist movement, because the Communists are necessary to the existence of the 'third force'—you cannot balance unless there is something to balance on. If the Communists were removed the 'third force' as a political tendency would automatically and simultaneously disappear." Hence Burnham's sympathy for General De Gaulle who would clash head-on with the Communists and destroy them.

I submit, however, that Burnham's ideas on the "third force" sound like class-room physics. The "third force" is not a mathematical concept. The British Labor Party is a "third force" even though the only other force is the Conservatives, since the Communists are negligible. In many ways Truman's "Fair Deal" is a "third force." Burnham takes the view that Truman and Acheson favor the "third force" because it is "the essence of political indecision." No. It represents a decision to avoid a clash within and a war between countries.

Burnham does not want a world war.



**James Burnham — "There are anti-Communists who are Communistically anti-Communistic."**

But he is militant. "When the Communists staged their great Paris 'Congress of the Partisans of Peace' in April 1949 no anti-Communist Frenchman even cared enough to picket or to denounce; no one had been sufficiently indignant to tear down any one of the thousands of posters on which Picasso's sinister dove was advertising the Congress." Maybe the French are mature.

We are today at war with Russia, Burnham cries, and that should dictate our strategy. In quieter tones, and more briefly, others noted this fact in 1946, and therefore advocated the cold war. Burnham proposes something which might be called a "lukewarm war." Beat the Bolsheviks at their own game, he urges. If we merely "contain" we lose. If we take the offensive we will prevent the third global war. Drive the Communist governments out of Eastern and Central Europe, smash Communism in Western Europe, then unify Europe. Less will not save Europe, and it is there, not in Asia, where the question of war or peace will be answered.

Communism, Burnham says pursuasively, is not the wave of the future. It does not offer a solution. The Communists, he adds, suffer mental torments because "their union of theory and practice has partially broken down." I think the author merits public thanks for emphasizing this crucial point. The real weakness of Communism today is that it has abandoned internationalism and the ideals of social and scientific progress and mass welfare and, instead, enslaved itself to Russian nationalism with the result that jingoism, reaction, obscurantism, oppression, and pauperization are trumps wherever Stalin is officially worshiped.

The Soviet empire, Burnham shows, is racked by the contradictions of Communism. The satellites are honeycombed with Titoism, which the professor nevertheless underestimates, and other heresies and fissures. Conditions inside Russia are difficult. Racial frictions trouble the Kremlin, as well as insoluble problems of personnel and of faith.

In these circumstances, Burnham rightly states, Russia is not going to start a shooting war. Therefore the democracies can safely take the offensive. Concretely: outlaw the Communist parties everywhere, foment revolution against the Soviet puppet regimes, and, for its propaganda and political value, announce the terms on which we would deal with a post-Bolshevik Russia. This would encourage anti-Stalin Communists in the Soviet Union. Burnham advocates "an offensive political-subversive war." It is more precious than armaments.

And we have many allies: De



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gaulle, the Catholics, and the exiles from behind the Iron Curtain, notably the deserters from the Soviet Union who languish in their thousands in displaced-persons camps in Germany and Austria. The trade unions of the West are also a gigantic asset—and here Burnham pays a deserved tribute to David Dubinsky and other American labor leaders who have helped break the Communist hold on the trade unions of Italy, Germany, France, etc. American businessmen, geniuses at their jobs, are political babes-in-the-woods, Burnham says in an eloquent chapter; they should realize that workers and Socialists are more anti-Communist than most capitalists.

Now what about the coming defeat of Communism? Between his first two chapters and his last Burnham, despite the setback in China, has become more optimistic and less vociferously critical. "Dynamically considered," he writes, "the years 1946-49 show a net *trend* against the Communists." This is due to changes in American foreign policy, which is "correct" though still "inadequate." We apparently are winning the cold war, at least in Europe. Therefore the defeat of Communism is not only "very probable"; given the growing democratic resolve, it is also "inevitable." The democracies have generated the will to win. That is what counts.

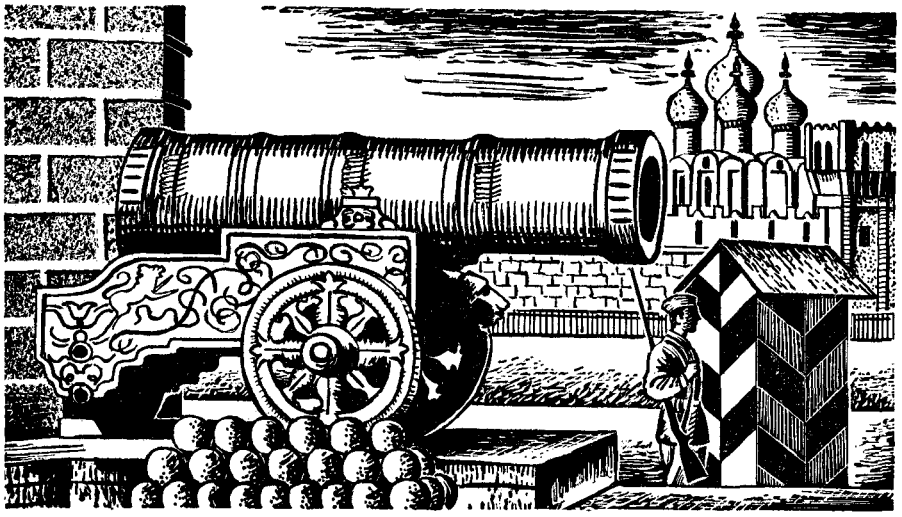
Professor Burnham has a fine intellect plus some intellectual arrogance toward his fellow intellectuals. He was once an active Trotzkyite. A Trotzkyite is a Communist. Burnham is now profoundly, honestly anti-Communist. But there are anti-Communists who are Communistically anti-Communist. They exalt ends over means. They sneer at "moral sentimentality." This is no service to democracy and no contribution to the defeat of Communism. That defeat is undoubtedly inevitable if we keep our means and minds and spirits clean and our hydrogen powder wet.

*Louis Fischer is the author of some fourteen books including "Men and Politics." He has just finished a full-length biography of Mahatma Gandhi, which Harper will publish in September.*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 830)

LLOYD MORRIS:
*NOT SO LONG AGO*

In the circumstances Americans needed to understand a principle that . . . . . George Santayana had declared to be everywhere discoverable: . . . . . that human reason lives by turning the friction of material forces into the light of ideal goods.



# *From Red to Red, White and Blue*

*WHY I ESCAPED. By Peter Pirogov. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 336 pp. $3.50.*

*MY RETREAT FROM RUSSIA. By Vladimir Petrov. New Haven: Yale University Press. 357 pp. $4.*

By MARTIN EBON

PETER PIROGOV is one of the two Russian airmen who landed their plane in Austria and later came to the United States. His companion, Anatole Barsov, puzzled the American public last year when he decided to return to the Soviet Union.

Pirogov's book is the chronicle of their spectacular escape, and it throws some light on Barsov's motives for returning to the USSR. But of the two books Vladimir Petrov's is the more mature. It also lacks the aura of something quickly arranged by a shrewd literary agent whose client has enjoyed unusual publicity.

The two books cover much the same period and even the locale overlaps a great deal. Both men traveled from the Far Eastern regions to beyond Russia's Western frontiers. Pirogov was stationed with the 59th Squadron, 34th Soviet Air Corps Division, near the Manchurian border. Petrov had been freed from the Siberian gold mines after he served six years as a prisoner. He continues his story which he began with "Soviet Gold."

The books corroborate each other on several major points. They give strong evidence of hidden, pent-up opposition to the Soviet regime. They reflect and document widespread resentment of the collective-farm system. Both, and particularly Pirogov, show that the wartime hold of the Communist Party and the NKVD was seriously weakened among army and air-force units.

This last point was strongly indicated in the shake-up which the Soviet armed forces experienced right after the war, when top career men were replaced by Communist Party stalwarts. Still, the incidents mentioned by both authors add the necessary illustrations to much that until recently has been suspected rather than known. As Pirogov puts it:

> War had knocked a good deal of our respect for and fear of the Party out of us. The authority of the Party and its representatives in the army was at low ebb. What purpose did the Party serve at the front, where military action was the only requirement? In a war a man's devotion to his country was measured by acts, not by rhetorical bombast.

Petrov, returning home as an ex-prisoner, was shocked and surprised by the manner in which army officers talked in the Novosibirsk railroad station. One of them said:

> Our Party men are getting the medals—the parasites. When it comes to battle they're sick and stay in the rear, but when it's medals they're out in front. We've shot two of them already in my outfit. . . .

There are, in these books, many of the same scenes: the overcrowded trains, widespread bribery, children begging for bread, drunkenness as temporary escape from fear and misery.

Petrov made his way through Odessa into Rumania, then up to Vienna, and finally to American-held territory in Italy. His story is consistently



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dramatic and apparently completely candid. There is an interesting chapter on the shadowy existence of the German-sponsored Russian forces under General Vlasov. The author's account reflects the inherent hopelessness of this venture, opposed by the German Army but backed by Gestapo chief Heinrich Himmler, and the conflicting motivations of the men who found themselves mixed up in it.

The cumulative picture of chaos and degradation inside wartime Russia is so complete that one question is unavoidable: "If things were as bad as Pirogov and Petrov say they were, how did the Russians ever manage to turn Hitler's army back at Stalingrad and play their decisive part in winning the war?"

Presumably, the misery inside Russia was the price which the Soviet nation paid for having to wage total war. How much this misery was deepened by the very character of the Soviet State, by its tyrannical bureaucracy, is anybody's guess. Each of the two authors saw only facets, no matter how many, of the vast over-all picture.

The tragedy of people in the Western parts of the Soviet Union, many of whom had hoped that being rid of Moscow rule would mean a better life, is well described by Petrov. His account makes one reflect, once again, on the stupidity and insanity with which the Nazis managed to turn millions of potential allies into disillusioned enemies.

Pirogov's description of his comrade-in-flight's change of heart illuminates the fate of a man for whom the responsibilities of existence in a democratic society are too new and too heavy. Barsov, we are told, simply could not bear the insecurity that comes with freedom. For him, the change-over from being told what to do to a life of personal decision was too swift and it frightened him. As I put down the book, I kept thinking of Barsov as one of those fish that live deep in the sea, where water pressure is so great that men must wear heavy diver's suits. When you bring one of these fish to the surface and the pressure is removed, they burst open.

The Pirogov book has the impact of a dramatic news story. Petrov's writing is more reflective. There are more incidents, the narrative is more fully developed, and there are no false poses.

By now there have been quite a few diaries by escaped Russians, and Petrov's is probably the best. I wish a gifted novelist would now make his way from Moscow to New York. It probably takes a work of fiction, like "Darkness at Noon," to bring home to an American audience the full meaning of Soviet life in our time.

# *Jim-Crow Africa*

*BLACK AND WHITE. By Martin Flavin. New York: Harper & Bros. 332 pp. $4.*

By LINTON WELLS

THIS IS a remarkably interesting and entertaining book. For a first effort in factual reporting by this brilliant playwright and Pulitzer-Prize-winning novelist, it is genuinely outstanding, more especially because it is little short of incredible that Mr. Flavin could have spent so few months in South Africa, Bechuanaland, and the Belgian Congo and not only uncover such rich pay dirt, but be able to smelt and mold into splendid ingots facts as real as the sixty-pound solid gold bricks he hefted in the Rand. It took 5,000 tons of rock to smelt out one of those sixty-pound casts and, if I know my Africa, Mr. Flavin's factual smelting task was little less difficult.

Written with an informality which makes easy reading, "Black and White" takes you from Capetown to Leopoldville with pauses en route to examine the incomparable flora and fauna, the deplorable trials and tribulations of the native, the precarious economic situation of the white, and other facets of the magnificent diamond that is Africa—from the gold seams a mile and a half underground in the Witwatersrand reef to Ruanda-Urundi's snow-covered Mountains of the Moon and thence through the Congo's fetid jungles.

Mr. Flavin manifestly is exercised over the exploitation of Africa's greatest economic asset, the native, and the collateral subjects of white supremacy and jim-crowism, far more evident in Africa — especially the Union—than here: "Every step the black man is able to take forward in America has the support of law, of national law at least; in South Africa every step he takes is in violation and

—*Illustrations from the book.*

defiance of it. The cards are stacked against him."

But, realistically, Mr. Flavin also takes a rather dim view of the more "civilizing process" he found in the Belgian Congo, which he admits is not only an expensive excursion with dubious potentials but pretty much of a strain upon the mental health of the primitive native. Normally a reasonably happy individual in his own uninhibited environment with its simple tribal loyalties and communal life, he is being thrust into a competitive society where he must be taught to work and be "made aware of a multitude of things and induced to covet them," which is all very confusing.

Anent the actions of enthusiasts advocating native advancement, Mr. Flavin is also realistic. It is, he comments, "as if you were to say to a child in kindergarten: tomorrow you must go to the university. It seemed impossible." And he is not shocked that the Congo's chief interest in reducing infant mortality is not altruistic or even humane, but to increase the economic assets, to preserve a potential natural resource, the native laborer; in fact, he was rather upset to find infant incubators in the heart of Africa, considering them "an anachronism, an impertinence, a dubious interference with the laws of Nature, which someone might sometime have cause to regret."

As a protest against the "vicious, devastating, and degrading color line," Mr. Flavin deliberately shook hands with natives in the presence of white people. It was "a childish, futile gesture of hurt and angry protest against the color line, against the race of which I am a member, against the world in which I live." The end result was no more effective than "Black and White" is likely to be—a stinging rebuke to those intolerants with distorted perspectives who will denounce Mr. Flavin vigorously as a meddlesome American imbued with the deplorable New Outlook and continue to degrade and exploit the African native.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *Where Are We?*

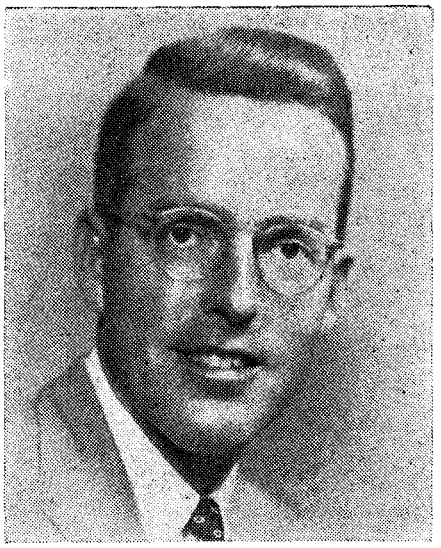
*AN ESSAY FOR OUR TIMES. By H. Stuart Hughes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 196 *pp.* $2.75.

By GOLO MANN

THE writer writing about "our times" will have to know how to avoid manifold temptations and pitfalls. There is the danger of determinism and dogmatism, of omniscience, of pretending to know what cannot be known. There is the danger of repetitious rambling. There are the pitfalls of estheticism, of mythologism, of the prophetic gesture. Yet the task remains. Every generation must struggle for the clarification of its own historical consciousness. The questions where are we, where do we go, will have to be put anew by the representatives of each oncoming decade.

Mr. Hughes, a Harvard historian now in his early thirties, has performed this representative task for the men of his age with sensitiveness and circumspection. Unlike the Marxians, the Trotskyites, and Professor James Burnham, he does not undertake to tell us "what is happening in the world." Nor does he coldly inform us, like the German Ernst Juenger, how we are going first to be made into machine tools, then roasted alive, so that a certain esthetic pattern may be fulfilled. Hughes is too modest, too sincere, and too well-bred for such attitudes. Yet what rich information and a vigorous intelligence at the service of a fine, generous mind can achieve, his book has done. It is international, well versed in European and Russian concerns, and at the same time very American: namely, patriotic, worried, open-minded, striving for fairness and reasonableness. Mr. Hughes is as little biased as a man can be. And as things now are, he must be termed courageous in telling us about certain of his findings. Concerning the cold war, for instance, he finds that the Soviet Union was far more often at fault than the United States, but that the question of "who started it" is by itself superficial, and that "the press of this country, with minor exceptions, has neglected or misrepresented the cases of international misunderstanding in which the United States took the initiative." He discusses the positive achievements of Stalinism with the same objectivity with which he probes into its darkest aspects. The chapter on the "transmutation of Marxism" through its adaptation to Russian and Asiatic peasant traditions and realities is a very lucid exposition of a confused and vital development.

From the original Marxian theory



H. Stuart Hughes — "patriotic, worried, open-minded."

Hughes, in his open-minded and eclectic manner, accepts a little more than this reviewer would, which is, of course, a matter of opinion. His interpretation of Fascism and Nazism is not exclusively but largely Marxian, to which is added as much from the opposite or "psychological" school as the economic infrastructure can bear. "Basically it was conservatism in revolutionary dress." A recent expounder of the philosophy of conservatism, Peter Viereck, would violently disagree. Hughes's own descriptions do not entirely agree with his thesis. There is too much explosiveness and disaster, too much terror and "manipulation of the masses," too much imitation of Bolshevik techniques in Nazism to call it "basically conservative."

The author should not be taken to task for this or any other contradiction or vacillation. They are inseparable from his subject matter. He seems sometimes pessimistic, expecting the worst, sometimes reasonably hopeful. He assumes at one moment that Communist and non-Communist civilizations are complementary and can exist peacefully side by side, only to doubt it at the next. This is the case of all of us—humanly and truthfully. The result is that we cannot presume to foretell and to plan the course of future history. The one thing in the world we can shape and control is our own attitude, namely, "to cultivate intellectual honesty, a good temper, and a broad appreciation of the ultimate humanistic goals that unite and transcend the competing ideologies of our era."

*Golo Mann, author of "Secretary of Europe: The Life of Friedrich Gertz, Enemy of Napoleon," is associate professor of history at Claremont Men's College, California.*

# *Nipponese Gamut*

*JAPAN SINCE PERRY. By Chitoshi Yanaga. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co.* 723 *pp.* $6.

*THE WESTERN WORLD AND JAPAN. A Study in the Interaction of European and Asiatic Cultures. By G. B. Sansom. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 504 *pp.* $6.

By KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE

JAPAN from Perry to MacArthur forms one of the most dramatic chapters in the history of mankind. A highly civilized nation more populous than Great Britain, by the voluntary act of its rulers as nearly hermetically sealed against the outside world as was ever a people of comparable dimensions, was abruptly thrust into the complex currents of the mid-nineteenth century. Again led by her rulers, she adopted and adapted to her use the culture of the all-encompassing Occident and quickly won her way to recognition as one of the major powers of the earth. With this transformation came a bid for empire and within ninety years of the arrival of the "black ships" of Perry Japan seemed to have made herself mistress of much of East Asia and of the adjacent and rich islands of the Western Pacific. That adventure massed against her the resistance of her neighbors and of much of the Occident. Succumbing to overwhelming might, for the first time in her history she was occupied by foreign conquerors. Within slightly less than a century Japan had run the full gamut from isolation through apparent Westernization and vaulting ambition for economic and political domination of a third of the population of the globe to prostration and attempted remaking at the hands of the very country through whose insistent invitation she had entered the modern world. Here is high tragedy on a colossal scale. Now that the era has been completed the time has come to view it as a whole.

The pioneer serious attempt at this comprehensive survey is, fittingly, by an American of Japanese ancestry, one who in his own person combines the heritage of the two main actors in the drama. Professor Yanaga is admirably equipped for the task. He has been trained in the methods of the objective study and writing of history, and uses both English and Japanese. His bibliography and his narrative give ample evidence of the diligence with which he has gone into what is available in print in both languages, especially in Japanese. His major emphasis has been upon the political



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aspects of the story. These he has covered from the eve of the coming of Perry into the first years of the occupation. He has given us a sober, competent summary of the internal developments in the government of Japan and of the relations of that government with other governments, including Japan's territorial expansion and wars. He has covered the economic and cultural features of the period only in so far as they illumine the phases of the history in which his chief interest lies. As is proper, slightly more than half of the book is devoted to the last third of the ninety-five years, those stirring decades which began with Japan's entry into World War I. He traces with great skill the conflicting currents in Japan's internal politics which issued in the fatal dominance of the extremists of the armed forces. Based as they are upon the discriminating reading of the Japanese printed sources and written with a restraint which seldom deviates from severe objectivity—and then only by an occasional qualifying adjective or adverb which shows the author's abhorrence for the mad course of the military—, to those fairly familiar with the American side of the story they are the most interesting and illuminating pages of the volume.

Little space is given to the details of military and naval operations. Economic developments are dealt with only incidentally. The notices of cultural changes—in education, thought, religion, and social institutions and customs—are even briefer. Moreover, Professor Yanaga has not ventured into the huge mass of pertinent material in Chinese, Russian, and Western European languages. To cover this would have required a lifetime and would have expanded the single volume into a substantial shelf.

It is fortunate that within a twelvemonth we should have not only the volume by Dr. Yanaga but also the most recent book of Sir George Sansom, for the two complement each other. Sir George Sansom is rightly regarded as the doyen among English and American specialists on Japan. In this present volume he concerns himself with the total impact of the Occident upon Japan and of the response of the Japanese. He endeavors to set this against the background of the coming of the culture of the West into the South and East of Asia and to that end devotes a third of his pages to the pre-nineteenth century Occidental invasion of India and the Far East. He then covers the course of the contact of Japan with Europe and America from its beginning in the fore part of the sixteenth century to the war between Japan and China in the mid-

(Continued on page 37)

**Humor.** *Time was when every small library possessed a small shelf of books labeled "Humor" crowded with the latest works of such writers as Robert Benchley, Stephen Leacock, and Frank Sullivan. Close by was a shelf labeled "Essays" tight with the writings of Agnes Repplier, Logan Pearsall Smith, and Katharine Fullerton Gerould. But the shelves devoted to the casual essay, humorous or serious, are sparsely filled now, if they are not gone altogether, an ebbing hastened by such competitive distractions as newsmagazines, the radio, television. Enough humor is still published between book covers to make a discriminating reader wish for more, quantitatively and qualitatively. Three samples of the current humor crop are reviewed below: A. C. M. Azoy's review of American history, "Paul Revere's Horse"; Will Cuppy's posthumous "How to Attract the Wombat," and Francis L. Golden's grabbag "Jest What the Doctor Ordered."*

# *Anent Diverse U. S. Heroes & Heroines*

*PAUL REVERE'S HORSE. By A. C. M. Azoy. New York: Doubleday & Co. 256 pp. $2.50.*

By Bergen Evans

THE statement in the enlarged title on the jacket that this book deals with "Delectable Data" and "Fact and Fiction Connected with Diverse National Heroes and Heroines" suggests that it is an examination of various fallacies concerning American history, and, indeed, it does include a few pieces of information that vary from the commonly accepted stories. But few textbooks will have to be rewritten to accommodate the not-so-startling facts that Paul Revere's horse was a mare, that the battle of Bunker or Bunker's Hill was really fought on Breed's Hill, an adjacent eminence, that Molly Pitcher's surname was "McKolly," not "McCauly," and that Sheridan was not twenty but only fifteen miles away.

A great many textbooks, however, could be very profitably rewritten in Colonel Azoy's engaging style. He is addicted to alliteration, he occasionally permits himself the facile triumph of post-facto omniscience, and he has an annoying trick of shifting to the present tense for dramatic emphasis. These, however, are but minor irritations, easily forgotten in the larger virtues of his humor, his learning, his military knowledge, and his powers as a narrator.

*—From an old print.*

His book is made up of fifteen incidents from American history—six from the Revolutionary War, three from the Civil War, Custer's impetuous disappearance up the valley of the Little Big Horn, and five episodes based on the Spanish - American War.

The Revolutionary stories have been worked over so thoroughly that Colonel Azoy has little to add but verve and some soldierly speculations. He sides, by the way, with those who hold that Molly Pitcher did work the guns, though his assertion that the Continentals "proudly sang" a song about her "nearly three centuries ago" must be put down as a slip.

From the Civil War he has chosen the attack on Fort Sumter, Sheridan's ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek, and the Battle of Mobile Bay. It is interesting to learn that the torpedoes which Admiral Farragut so boldly damned were what we call mines and but for the fact that they were defective posterity would in all probability never have learned of his splendid defiance.

Of the incidents leading up to Custer's last stand he gives a clear and detailed account but does not attempt to lift the veil that covers the massacre itself. About that, he says, nothing was known, is known, or is likely to be known.

The section of the book devoted to the Spanish-American War is by far the best. The inglorious facts are more accessible and have been less



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dwelt upon. Overwhelming victory being, apparently, a foregone conclusion and our national valor being in excess of the occasion for it, a certain comic-opera atmosphere seems to have been established from the beginning and Colonel Azoy's humor, genial yet restrained, is exactly suited to that atmosphere. It is to be wished that he would do an entire book on the Spanish-American War. It would be a classic of military annals.

*Bergen Evans, professor of English at Northwestern University, is author of "The Natural History of Nonsense" and editor of "Essays of Samuel Johnson."*

# *Animal and Medical Mirth*

*HOW TO ATTRACT THE WOMBAT. By Will Cuppy. New York: Rinehart & Co. 226 pp. $2.75.*

*JEST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED. By Francis Leo Golden, M.D. New York: Frederick Fell. 256 pp. $2.95.*

BY LEE ROGOW

WILL Cuppy has always reminded me a little of the fellows you read about in Ripley who made a violin out of matchsticks or who played the "Minute Waltz" in forty-seven seconds flat. He worked almost exclusively in the form of the 300-word essay heckled by four or five whimsical footnotes. And he wrote exclusively about animals, from earthworms to whales. His was an offbeat talent, refined, sharpened, and polished to a high state of perfection. He wrote like a man carving the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. The mere fact that his production in this form fills five respectably sized volumes is remarkable in itself. It is even more remarkable that he should have managed to be consistently readable and entertaining in every one of the five.

Cuppy should be taken in small doses, no more than two or three essays at a swallow. There is a feeling when you have read three pieces of Cuppy's that you have read them all. And yet there is something very fetching about his sly whimsy, his tender conceits. His art is a terribly fragile one. His jokes skip along the smallest wrinkles in the outermost edges of the brain. His brightest asides would be useless to a master of ceremonies. Though Milton Berle has enslaved his studio audiences as the ants have enslaved the aphids, he could hardly wring a small chuckle out of them with such Cuppyisms as "The chamois is a small animal used for polishing windows" or "Some say the llama looks like a camel without a hump. It is impossible to look like a camel without a hump."

"How to Attract the Wombat" takes up such sections of the animal kingdom as "Mammals for Beginners," "Birds Who Can't Sing and Know It," and "Insects for Everybody." It also includes a reprint of "Swan-Upping, Indeed," one of Cuppy's few longer pieces, originally published in *The New Yorker*. Rinehart has done a small but important public service in preserving this last group of Mr. Cuppy's pieces between covers. There are those who will keep a warm spot for it on their bookshelves against the time when they require some antidote to the television comedian with the funny hats.

* * *

Recently a dreadful weapon has been placed in the hands of the medical profession. It is a book entitled "Jest What the Doctor Ordered," a collection of medical mirth by Dr. Francis Leo Golden, who also wrote "For Doctors Only." It is a collection of all the jokes that have ever been told about medicine and medical subjects, including, God help us, psychoanalysis, drugstores, and undertaking. Yes, I said undertaking. This joke collector has left no stone unturned.

Some of the jokes in the book are fairly bright, but like most such compendiums, "Jest What the Doctor Ordered" assays about nine groans to one giggle.

Now let us trace the probable effects of such a book. People will send it to their doctors as a present, although it is common knowledge that doctors are so wealthy they should be sending their patients presents. The doctors, resting briefly from their strenuous labors of padding the bills and chasing the nurse around the office, will dip into the volume. The physician with ambition, finding so many appropriate jests so ready to his hand, will dream heady dreams of an irresistible bedside manner, of new crowds of patients, of doubled and tripled fees, of pine-paneled offices on Central Park West, of a cuter, but less fleet-footed nurse. In a moment they will have forgotten those solemn passages of the Hippocratic oath, "I will seek to alleviate the pain of all who suffer, I will never let the Communists put over any group-health plans, and I will not tell bum jokes in the sick room."

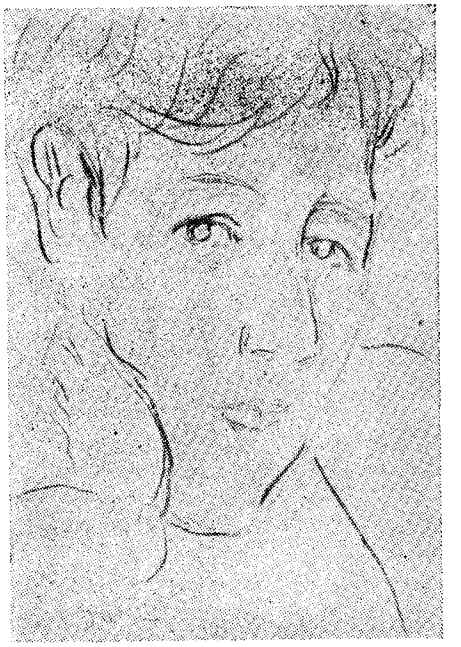
The sacred oath in shreds, the doctors will cram their minds with the sallies reprinted in the pages of this volume, and from then on it will be Katy-bar-the-door. Patients will get puns instead of penicillin, anecdotes instead of aspirin. This book will put medical science back fifty years—or maybe I mean fifty centuries. Anyway, it will put it back. And it will not recover until every practising medico believes that the word "humorous" signifies a bone of the upper arm.

*—From "How to Attract the Wombat."*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Fiction.** *The literary ghosts of twenty-odd years ago are coming back in reprints or are beginning to haunt present-day fiction. This week's reviews include five of Ronald Firbank's novels, exquisite tales of a world where sin is delightful but never sordid and decadence is embroidered with fine prose. Emma Smith's "The Far Cry" stems from E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India" and is worthy of its source of inspiration. Captain Bligh of the* Bounty *is brought to life again in "Storm of Time," Eleanor Dark's stirring and vigorous historical novel. Richard Mason's "The Shadow and the Peak" recalls Richard Hughes's diabolical children in his well-remembered "The Innocent Voyage." Other novels are modern in source and substance, especially "Stranger and Alone," by J. Saunders Redding, the story of an intellectual Negro who betrays his race.*



Ronald Firbank—"a world of sexual ambiguities. . . . and cryptic obscenities."

# *Quintet from a Minor Dream Garden*

*FIVE NOVELS. By Ronald Firbank. New York: New Directions.* 472 pp. $5.

By Ben Ray Redman

THE NOVELS of Ronald Firbank, sponsored in the United States by Carl Van Vechten, were among the joys of the wicked, carefree Twenties, when it was still not a capital offense to believe in the art of writing for its own rather than society's sake. Then came the collapse of market and other values, followed by the grim Marxian Thirties, and Firbank's slender books, demure in nun's black, went discreetly underground, at least in America, finding safe refuge in reactionary libraries and on unreconstructed shelves. Now—now that the Marxian dream, no less than blue-chip securities, has suffered a certain decline of reputation—Firbank's novels have come into the open again. Or at least five of them have for readers of a new generation to make of them what they will. An old Firbankian can only wish that a single volume could have held them all, from the tentative "Odette d'Antrevernes" to the posthumously published "The Artificial Princess." The first, of course, reveals only faint adumbrations of things to come, while the last is far from being the peer of its immediate predecessor—in print, though not perhaps in composition—"The Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli." But Firbank did not write so much during his twenty years of authorship, from 1905 to 1926, that we would willingly do without even a fraction of his work; and, since no one else has written books of the same kind as his, we cannot look elsewhere to augment our store of the kind of pleasure he provides.

What is the medium through which this pleasure comes to us? Fantasy? Satire? Farce? Through a unique and delicate commingling of all three. But if I were asked to state in two words what it was that Firbank wrote, I should say—fairy tales. He began by writing one avowedly, with "Odette d'Antrevernes," an imitative trifle in Wilde's more decorous manner, and he continued to write them in guises and disguises far from decorous. Hardly at ease in the world into which he was born, he created a world in which he could be perfectly at home: a world of a thousand precious poses and exquisite enjoyments, of languors and graces; a world of wit and infinite leisure, of endless allusive, elliptical conversations in which the best things were left unsaid and the best sentences left unfinished; a world of sexual ambiguities, religious rituals, and cryptic obscenities, in which sin was always delicious or amusing but never ugly; a world as distant as possible from the playing fields of Eton and the eminently practical sphere of the author's railway-building father. Yet although the world that Firbank evokes is at first sight as far removed from reality as is the seacoast of Bohemia, its inhabitants still partake, in their own remarkable way, of the humanity without which, says Bergson, there can be no food for laughter.

That these fairy tales—of which the present volume contains "Valmouth," "The Flower Beneath the Foot," "Prancing Nigger," "The Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli," and "The Artificial Princess"—are not for all readers is so obvious as hardly to require mention. Many will doubtless agree with the robust reviewer of *Land and Water*, who greeted "Valmouth" by exclaiming: "This is the real decadence: Huysmans and his friends were muscular giants, playing at bizarre senility, compared with Mr. Firbank." Other readers will be baffled by Firbank's narrative method and find themselves panting behind while he darts happily ahead. Still others will condemn him on grounds of triviality. But it is hardly possible that anyone interested in the art of words will find Ronald Firbank's novels negligible. His skill with language leaps to eye and ear in the opening lines of "Valmouth," when we read of the "loosely engirdling hills that rose up against the far horizon with a fine monastic roll." It is triumphant in the last lines of "Pirelli," descriptive of the cardinal's death: "Through the triple windows of the chancel the sky was clear and blue—a blue like the blue of lupins. Above him stirred the wind-blown banners in the Nave." It is equal to all its author's needs, in description, narration, conversation—and in his own peculiar kind of intellectual, esthetic, aristocratic, fairy-tale farce.

But it would be a mistake to treat too solemnly an author who was never solemn. It would do him no service to claim too much for him, as some of his belated discoverers are now doing. He was, for all his art and charm and cleverness, a minor artist who gracefully cultivated a minor dream garden of his own creation. His little novels are as far from fiction of the first order as a Charles Conder fan is from a masterpiece by Rembrandt. Sir Osbert Sitwell, whose introduction deftly portrays Ronald Firbank as he appeared to his friends, writes of him in just the right tone—with affectionate amusement and measured admiration.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Race Betrayal

*STRANGER AND ALONE. By J. Saunders Redding. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 308 pp. $3.*

By Ann Petry

NEGROES react in a thousand ways to the loose and unwritten code which governs relations between Negroes and whites in the United States. In order to survive they resist the code. This resistance ranges from a do-nothing withdrawal, a kind of passive resistance, to the active resistance which becomes open defiance. Somewhere in between these two extremes are the compromisers, the people who fight and run away, the choosers of the lesser of two very evil evils, the ones who practise discretion, sometimes advancing, sometimes retreating but never offering a direct challenge to the code.

Novelists tend to choose the more dramatic of these responses as the theme for their novels because the bloody record of the ones who defied the code speaks directly to the reader, moving him to pity and terror.

But there is still another way in which Negroes survive, another, much less publicized response to prejudice. It is based on complete acceptance of the code, approval of it. The people who show this reaction believe that Negroes are inferior and work to preserve the code. This response is the basic theme of J. Saunders Redding's first novel "Stranger and Alone," a book which evokes pity and terror in the reader as effectively as any of the fiction which dramatized the death agony of the protesting outraged victims who hurled defiance at the code.

Shelton Howden, hero of "Stranger and Alone," is obviously a victim. But he is not the protesting, outraged Negro who has so often been portrayed in novels. He is not even aware that he is a victim and so he is doubly frightening. Believing that members of his race belong in a special separate "place" he helps keep them there.

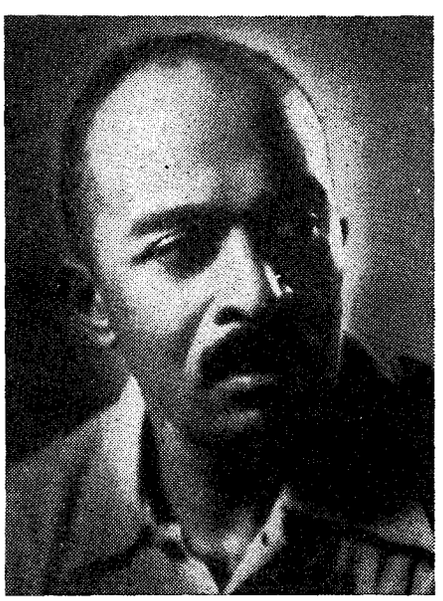
Howden was an orphan. His mother was a Negro. His father was white. He had no memory of either of them, no conscious recollection of any kind of family life. When he was twenty-one he entered New Hope College in Louisiana as a work student. His poverty, his cheap clothes, his self-consciousness set him apart from the other students. In a class in sociology, taught by a white professor on loan to the school, he first heard and accepted as fact the theory that Negroes are inferior human beings. Thus he began to place a high value on security, his own personal security.

After he graduated he worked as a dining-car waiter, hoarding his earnings to pay for the education he felt he needed. Later he received a graduate scholarship which enabled him to spend two years at "the University in New York." As a teacher at Arcadia College for Negroes he found the security he had always wanted. He became the protégé of the president, Perkins Thomas Wimbush. Wimbush completed Howden's education. He was a master of intrigue who sneered at the "nigra's" efforts to achieve some sort of status, and he worked quietly and industriously to frustrate their effort. And Wimbush saw to it that Howden became superintendent of Negro schools in the state.

At forty-odd Howden was a success, secure in his job, so contented with his lot in life that his only real worry was his thickening waistline. His contempt for Negroes finally reached such depth and magnitude that he was ready to commit the big act of betrayal of his race toward which he had been heading all his life. As he approaches this action he knows no regrets, he does not hesitate. "Betrayal couldn't be this simple and easy. It should be accompanied by strange visitations, he thought cynically—lightning and thunder, shakings of the earth. But he felt nothing—." The reader, however, shivers because the same code that spawned and nurtured President Wimbush created Shelton Howden. And he is more frightening than a lynch victim.

This is a first-rate novel and a moving one. J. Saunders Redding has added a new and wonderful set of characters to the annals of the fiction that deals with race relations.

*Ann Petry is author of the "The Street," a novel.*



**J. Saunders Redding— "another, much less publicized response to prejudice."**

# Sailors of Fortune

*THE SEA EAGLES. By John Jennings. New York: Doubleday & Co. 299 pp. $3.*

By Harrison Smith

JOHN JENNINGS is a relative newcomer to the ranks of romance writers about the American Revolution, but one of the best. In two lively novels, "The Salem Frigate" and now "The Sea Eagles," he has staked out as his territory the familiar old streets and waterfront towns from Chesapeake Bay to Cape Elizabeth, and the armed ships and sloops on which his two heroes sail cross the Atlantic to the West Indies, invade the Irish Sea, and take their prizes into the ports of France.

In "The Sea Eagles" his story begins when young Joshua Barney, son of a Baltimore seafaring family, brings back from Ireland a young hotheaded bondsman who has an imperative reason for getting out of Dublin in a hurry. In Baltimore Kenny Boyle promptly falls in love with his friend's young sister and is forced to content himself with dreaming of her and occasionally quarreling with her in a rich brogue until they are united in the last chapter. Joshua is in love with a Philadelphia girl who is a niece of Robert Morris, financier of the Revolution and one of the creators of the American Navy. He also has to wait for her until the end of the book.

Aside from these necessary romantic entanglements, both young men undergo most of the adventures and hardships involved with privateering and raiding English ships in European waters during those stirring years. The first naval ship on which Joshua and Kenny sail, the sloop *Hornet*, is commanded by an incompetent and cowardly Bermudian who refuses to fight and vanishes from the scene when he ties up at Philadelphia. The next is the *André Doria*, another little ship of the gallant fleet under Commodore Hopkins, which first carried the flag of the United States Navy. On the cruise to the West Indies to bring back French powder and munitions a small British sloop is taken without difficulty. The friends are divided by the loss of a lubberly prize, and Joshua is taken aboard a British man-of-war. For a good part of the novel the young men languish in prison in England or on one of the verminous hulks kept by the British at New York. There are a few rip-roaring and highly satisfactory naval engagements, with cannon roaring, splinters, shells, and bullets flying, and with blood and death everywhere.

The full-length account of John



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paul Jones's famous cruise in English waters as commander of the *Bonnehomme Richard* is described by Kenny with an admirable absence of patriotic fervor. When it comes to the immortal victory of Captain Jones's reconverted old French merchantman over the *Serapis*, a new and more heavily armed British battleship, the author lets go with all his guns. It is as bloody and hair-raising a description of those ancient battles when ships lay hull to hull and tore each other and their crews to pieces as we have read for a long time.

Mr. Jennings's novel is at its best when ships are at sea or when he is able to keep one of his two principal characters at rest for a while. Its major fault as a coherent story is the result of trying to keep up with two heroes of equal importance to his plot. This forces him to hold one of them in jail for long periods while the other goes about his business, mourning his friend's loss or death. Since they have to meet occasionally somewhere on his broad canvas of sea and land, he has to use and strain that old device known as the long arm of coincidence too many times. Aside from these minor faults, "The Sea Eagles" can be recommended to anyone who finds novels of the American Revolution a continual and profitable source of pleasure.

### FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 349

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 349 will be found in the next issue.*

ISLZZLK PZ AOL THU

DOV, OHCPUN UVAOPUN

AV ZHF, HIZAHPUZ

MYVT NPCPUN PU

DVYKZ LCPKLUJL VM

AOL MHJA. —NLVYNL

LSPVA.

*Answer to Literary Crypt No. 348*

A world where nothing is had for nothing. —Arthur Clough.

# *Bligh of Botany Bay*

*STORM OF TIME. By Eleanor Dark. New York: Whittlesey House. 590 pp. $3.50.*

By Victor P. Hass

BEFORE Charles Laughton puts aside his grease paint for the last time and retires to his fireside it would be a rewarding experience to see him put on Captain William Bligh's uniform again in a film version of "Storm of Time." As Bligh of the *Bounty*, Mr. Laughton, as I remember him, was splendid. As Bligh of Botany Bay, the harrassed and finally beaten Governor of New South Wales, he could be even finer. And if Hollywood could be convinced that it should put all of its geniuses under wraps and merely follow Mrs. Dark's novel faithfully (except for the title; there is magic in the alliteration of Bligh of Botany Bay) there might be another Oscar for Mr. Laughton to put on the mantel of the fireplace when he retires.

For there is the stuff of powerful drama in "Storm of Time." It is an historical novel (in the richest meaning of that term) which is alive with people and events. And if it is sometimes turgid it is never lacking in strength. It is a very long time since I have read a novel that kept me up so late or claimed my attention so completely.

Eleanor Dark has set down here the story of those tense years between 1799 and 1808, when the fate of Britain's penal colony of New South Wales (it was later to be called Australia) was being decided. It is the story of a great many people but principally it is the story of three governors—Hunter, King, and Bligh—and one superbly clever antagonist of all of them—Captain John Macarthur.

Through his control of the New South Wales garrison at the outset and later through free land, convict labor, a monopoly of trade, and an iron grip on the illegal traffic on rum, Macarthur had worked his way to wealth and power and influential friendships with the Colonial Office in London. Hunter he broke easily because that affable, honest, and helpless man was a weak reed in the first place. Philip Gidley King, able and arrogant, took more doing, but before long Macarthur's cunning had undermined him and wrecked him physically. Bligh was toughest of all because he was as strong as Macarthur and the iron determination that had taken him across 4,000 miles of ocean in an open boat after the *Bounty* mutiny had not softened with time. The hero of Copenhagen and Camperdown was no pushover. Indeed, he was so tough that Macarthur finally had to show his hand and engineer the Rum Rebellion of 1808 to unseat him. There this story ends. It was not until two years later that Bligh won vindication and a rear admiralship in the bargain.

**"Hollywood should put all of its geniuses under wraps and merely follow Eleanor Dark's novel."**

Entwined with this savage struggle between the governors and Macarthur and his clique Mrs. Dark has set down two other stories. One is an absorbing account of the founding of a vast plantation by a cruel and competent Irish gentleman named Mannion. This takes in the fight for freedom of the convicts under the leadership of brave and highly educated "felons" who had been banished for no greater crime than preaching the equality of man. Their manual for freedom was Tom Paine's "Common Sense." The other story is pure adventure—a yarn about a white boy turned "native" and of his life in the bush. It couldn't have been written better.

If I were to complain at all about "Storm of Time" it would be to suggest that Mrs. Dark waits too long to bring Bligh onto the stage and that the publishers erred in not devoting the endpapers to a detailed map. Coping with an atlas is exasperating when you are holding a novel as heavy as this.

But this is beside the point. What is to the point is that here is a solid, leisurely novel that pays handsome dividends in pleasure and knowledge.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We're wasting our time here—they're civilized already!"

# Half-World of Adolescence

*THE FAR CRY. By Emma Smith. New York: Random House.* 248 *pp.* $3.

By Catherine Meredith Brown

MISS SMITH, an astoundingly young woman, has written a novel loaded with a venerable sagacity. It is brilliant. It glistens. It commands, and it utterly seduces the senses. With authority and subtlety she probes her characters. That we remain on the other side, in a way observing the dissection, only heightens the effect. It is almost as if an aura had become tangible.

There is nothing involved about her book. Looked at simply as a tale well told or a drama well resolved, it is satisfying. So it is as a vivid picture of India or, for that matter, as a record of living on a remote tea plantation. But the true triumph must be the lasting look at loneliness. These people have left so many words unsaid, so many goals unattained, so very many conceptions unrealized. All the while the urge to communicate has remained strong but basically futile.

In that confused half-world of adolescence, Teresa, neither child nor woman, struggles for relationship. She knows the ingredients of friendship and, blessedly, finally finds it in the person of an elderly, rather parchment spinster. No one else has ever gotten through to her nor is the hope held out that many others ever will. Her father, dull-witted Mr. Digby, combats his aloneness with dreams. An unwilling schoolteacher, he sees himself as a frustrated writer, a conqueror, an adventurer, and, eventually, a sahib. Without a self-imposed role, his beautiful elder daughter, Ruth, born of his first wife, would also be lost. Actually both of them are frauds, trying and trying to fool themselves, forever failing to fool each other.

Mr. Digby is driven to barbarous India from civilized England to save Teresa from the grasp of her estranged, now threatening mother. Ruth and her planter husband receive them. After one or two picnics, games of tennis, and slight expeditions in the nearby jungle, Mr. Digby, with a suddenness until now solely the property of E. M. Forster, dies. Ruth, hoping to flee her frustrated life with her bereaved half-sister, is killed by a careening taxi in Calcutta. The child turns to the bungalow in the tea garden to live, if not happily, perhaps without self-deception, forever after.

The style is splendid. Word after shimmering right word ignites a scene or completes even the most secondary figures. The farewell to home, the long sea voyage, the wearisome travel by rail are as hard to match as is the portrait of an Englishman on foreign soil or the very touch of conglomerate India itself.

Admittedly, Emma Smith is on frequently trodden terrain, but beyond question she has plowed deep new furrows in the field.

# Jamaican Pedagogy

*THE SHADOW AND THE PEAK. By Richard Mason. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 298 *pp.* $3.

By Edmund Fuller

WHAT is it about Jamaica and children? What is the association of its name with *enfants terribles*? Whatever the answer, there is a noticeable and interesting coincidence between this new novel by Richard Mason and the celebrated one by Richard Hughes. For Mr. Mason has added another terrifying child to Mr. Hughes's roster, though in quite a different setting, in a story that could have been titled, with perfect aptness, "High Wind in Jamaica." But more than this, Mr. Mason's preoccupation is with the irony of "innocence" and his tale could also bear the other book's alternate title: "The Innocent Voyage." Yet, with all this, don't mistake me. Of similarity between the two books other than this curiously circumstantial one there is none.

It is a fascinating story that Mr. Mason spreads before us, and he does the job with uncommon skill. His opening pages are as arresting and fresh as anything that I've seen in quite a while. The framework for his action is the Blue Mountain School, occupying a great estate high on a peak in Jamaica, with a commanding view of sea, mountain gorges, the town of Kingston, the airport.

The school is ultra-progressive. Its headmaster is the mild and equivocal Mr. Pawley, its "endowment" is his wife's money. Pawley doesn't mind the school's losing money because it proves his selfless devotion to the children. He is the complete exponent of the non-punishment system except for the inherent timidity which makes him vacillating and fearful of any bad impression upon the outside world that might destroy their noble experiment. It is further his policy, though constantly insisting on "putting our heads together," to pass the buck completely to his teachers in any crisis.

The central figure is Douglas Lockwood, not a teacher by training or previous condition of servitude but a young man dangerously vulnerable in his emotions, who has fled to Jamaica after an upsetting divorce experience. To him Pawley has assigned the supervision of Silvia, a twelve-year-old girl of extraordinary fiendishness with a long record of expulsion from schools.

Douglas's life quickly becomes complicated by Judy, the stewardess with long, golden legs, whom he rescues



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the crash of an airliner, and by Mrs. Pawley, who is not backward about making it known what she wants from him.

Judy's life is made complex by Louis, the hairy-handed little troglodyte who, through the inscrutable operation of tastes, is the grand passion of her life.

This could sound rather terrible but Mr. Mason has made quite a thing of it with a cast of diversified and well-drawn characters, a smooth and witty style, and a good bit of satirical investigation of progressive education and the quality of "innocence" which never commits itself to the outright grinding of anybody's ax.

His best work is the study of Silvia. This is well sustained and builds from a level of humor through increasing complexity and grimness to final tragedy.

I find the case of Judy less interesting though it makes for a good story. I'm not sure that Mr. Mason really thinks "innocence of heart" is the key to her (or to Silvia) or whether it is just poor Douglas who thinks so. At any rate, the most vulnerable part of the book is that which marks the entrance of Louis, the pint-sized lover with the big ears who "was wonderful at not taking offense," though he took everything else. Here it would be possible to charge Mr. Mason with some narrative tricks. Also the nature of the impasse—an understatement—between Pawley and his wife seems, when disclosed, a surprisingly and unnecessarily stock device. The ending also is one of those evasive, up-in-the-air sort of things that are the bane of much modern fiction, in which authors suddenly seem to decide "to hell with it" and wash their hands of the whole business.

For that matter I could sit up all night quarreling with Mr. Mason's book but it is mighty good reading. And as a story-teller, you can never quite outguess him.

# *Rather an Animal*

*THE HUNTER. By Hugh Fosburgh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 233 pp. $2.75.*

By W. R. Burnett

THIS, I believe, is a first novel, and one of the most interesting ones I've ever read. It has affinities with another first novel which never got its dues: Clyde Brion Davis's "The Anointed" and, as far as I am concerned, that is praise enough.

"The Hunter" is mostly under the surface. But the main theme is stated at least twice. Once in an excellent page or so of prose, too long to quote, dealing with the unconscious compulsions by which animals live and from which they draw their strength, then later in a song, or fragment of verse, which the author slips in between the lines of an otherwise commonplace scene as if he were a little ashamed of it and wanted to hide it. It states that the eyes of birds and animals are blind to the great mystery around them, and concludes:

O Jesus take away my eyes,
Shut them fast and sound,
I'd rather be like the birds in the air
And the small folk in the ground.

In other words, this is fundamentally a novel about a man who would prefer to be an animal and so escape all the responsibilities and complexities of life in a civilization which grows more bewildering year by year. Man has been described as "the animal which laughs"; he has also been described as "the animal which is sad through the knowledge that he must die": in short, he is not a true animal at all—though akin to them, with a heavy burden of self-consciousness they lack. This is all conveyed by indirection in "The Hunter" and gives the book unusual overtones.

That the author admires animals and sympathizes with them is obvious, nor does he make the mistake of sentimentalizing them. The animal portraits are sharp, realistic, with an unmistakable feeling of truth about them. You get a clear-eyed picture of hounds, horses, wild turkeys, elk, and cougar: like cave drawings by primitive man. In fact, to me the most interesting characters in the story are animals: the magnificent cougar, the intended victim of the hunt; the three hounds, as highly individualized as three human beings, and many lesser ones.

At a time when overacting, overwriting, and hamming in general are coming back into fashion, this book is lean and spare — if anything, too spare. The leading character is a complex man and needs more elaboration. Some of the minor characters (human) have a certain ring about them, but are too briefly done, and the girl, I'm afraid, is just the necessary girl, hardly individualized at all.

The thought and feeling behind the book are original; the manner is not, and at times it gives me the uneasy feeling that Mr. Fosburgh is parodying a style brought into prominence in the Twenties by Hemingway and others I forbear to mention.

Maybe I'm being too solemn about this little book but the intention behind it is definitely serious and it deserves a better fate than to be fobbed off as a mere piece of suspense or action writing. However, it can be read for excitement alone. The section dealing with the cougar hunt is a fine example of hard, masculine writing, which carries you along from page to page and from episode to episode with rare economy of means and that effortless urgency which is a mark of good writing.

*W. R. Burnett is author of "Little Caesar," "Dark Hazard," "Asphalt Jungle," and other novels.*

Emma Smith — "as if an aura had become tangible."

Richard Mason — "preoccupation with the irony of innocence."

Hugh Fosburgh — "like cave drawings by primitive man."



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*The Saturday Review of Literature*

*Editor*
NORMAN COUSINS

*Chairman, Editorial Board*
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

*Chairman, Board of Directors*
E. DECOLYER

*Associate Editors*
AMY LOVEMAN WILLIAM ROSE BENET
HARRISON SMITH JOHN MASON BROWN

*Contributing Editors*
BENNETT CERF JOHN T. WINTERICH
MARY GOULD DAVIS IRVING KOLODIN
JAMES THRALL SOBY

*Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.*

*Contents Copyrighted, 1950, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.*

# *Who Owns the Clouds?*

IF THE time-capsule people were on the job last week, they will have clipped from the newspapers an item relating the water shortage in the East. The story reported the possibility that New York City, its water reserves well under the halfway mark, might undertake a massive rain-making manufacturing project by seeding the clouds over the reservoirs.

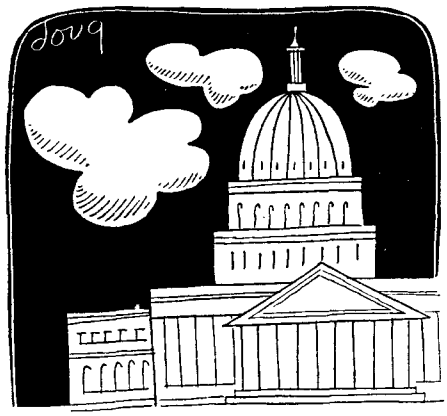
This, however, raised a fine legal and meteorological point: Who owns the clouds? New York City's principal watersheds are in Westchester County, but Westchester wasn't sure it wanted the additional rain. Pennsylvania, already soaking wet, hadn't the slightest interest in more water and threatened to hold New York strictly accountable for any floods caused by rains blowing in from the East. New Jersey and Connecticut promptly declared their neutrality but took the precaution of staking out claims to any clouds coming inside their territorial limits. At this writing both the issue and the clouds are still up in the air.

We don't envy the person whose job it is to write the explanatory material for items selected for the time capsule. For he might not find it easy to answer all the questions certain to baffle a distant generation when it tries to make some sense out of this particular newspaper clipping. The first question that would almost inevitably be asked concerns a paradox: How is it possible that the human animal circa 1950 should have been so adept at regulating the behavior of the sky but so inept at regulating his own life? How is it that the human brain was advanced enough to make rain but too retarded to make peace? How to explain the grotesque gap between knowledge of environment and knowledge of self?

What would seem to us today to be the obvious answer to all these questions probably wouldn't make the slightest impression on our questioners. Our answer now, of course, blurted out in anguish and desperation, would be: "It's the fault of the Russians! They've been holding back the attempt of the rest of mankind to organize the peace." The reason our answer would seem feeble and inadequate is that the rest of us have yet *even to propose* the means prescribed by human experience as a rational and effective approach to the peace. That approach could be only through a pooling of knowledge, resources, and capacities inside a structure endowed with the authority to create justice and enforce it—even against nations. Since America, for example, continued to pursue peace through methods that never before had succeeded, it would be difficult to convince a future historian that we were wise and determined but that such wisdom and determination were negated solely by Russian intransigeance. And the evidence would also be clear that in 1945, when America enjoyed an overwhelming preponderance in world support, she herself helped to create a design for Russian obstructionism by favoring a *weak* world organization, of which the veto was only one symbol. It would be clear that we did this not so much because we wanted to make it as easy as possible for Russia to come in, but because we ourselves were unwilling to subordinate our foreign policy to a common world policy.

THE future historian will probably shudder at our blunder in thus giving Russia the opportunity to whittle away at our preponderance until we found ourselves cut off from the majority of the world's peoples. And even if a proposal for world law by us had been blocked by the Russians, the moral value of our position would have given us an important lead in the ideological war. Surveying our failure in these respects, the historian may combine it with our tragic conceit in building a foreign policy on the assumption that only we were endowed with the brain structure to devise weapons of absolute destruction. Or, at any event, that no other nation would ever be able to catch up.

This future inspector of the time capsule coming across the Eastern cloud controversy would find in it an unhappy but revealing symptom of the larger predicament of man midway in the twentieth century. It would seem bizarre that communities should



be grappling for possession of the clouds when the slightest reflection would indicate a solution as simple as tying several boxes together with a string. Since one man's artificial cloudburst could be another man's catastrophe—the prayers of the New Yorkers for more rain conflicting with the prayers of the Pennsylvanians for more sunshine—the key to the dilemma would seem obvious. Why not create a Regional Water Authority that would handle the problem for the area as a whole, using surplus in one locality to reduce deficit in another through the establishment of regional watersheds? This area approach to an area problem would enable four states to resolve their absurd competition over the elements and enable their peoples to look up at the sky with tranquility once again.

It is doubtful, however, that the common or area approach will be adopted or that, indeed, it will even be considered. Sovereignty. One can almost hear the word being rolled on the tongues of the impeccably patriotic and fiercely combative legislators in opposing state capitols. With the same pathetic ardor that characterizes the response of national officeholders to any suggestions that they submit to or help to create a higher authority in the name of the common welfare, the local legislators can be counted upon to insulate their states against collective progress.

The future historian probing through the contents of the time capsule or wandering through the rubble will be appalled at the arrested dignity of twentieth-century civilization, but he will at least have a word for the disease that laid it low: sovereignty. —N. C.

*In the next issue, Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, Inc., will reply to* The Saturday Review's *series of editorials on the effect of American movies on foreign audiences, appearing under the title "The Free Ride."*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Tastes Formed and Deformed

SIR: What do our high-school youth read in their English classrooms? What is suggested for supplementary reading by their teachers? What do they read on their own for English classes in the way of "extra" work?

Further, how is literary taste formed in the English classrooms of the high schools, or deformed? To what extent is the English classroom a molder of taste? To what extent is the taste of our students molded by outside influences and what do the teachers of English do about it?

In short, what do the high schools of these United States do for the development of a reading public? Shall we be proud of their work? Shall we have confidence that the high schools are developing a literate public with the desirable discriminations and faculties of choice?

What are the major aims of the high-school English class? Is it just pure estheticism? Is it the inculcation of sociological understanding? What trends of mind or intellectual direction are fostered? How is the question of sex treated in the literary discussions? How is religion treated? What authors are neglected and why? To what extent are thinkers like Charles Sanders Peirce and William James and Santayana dealt with? Are "thinking" authors used at all in the English classroom?

I know that *SRL* is very much interested in working towards the development of a world order based on peace and justice and truth and grace. Are our English classrooms working towards the same ends? How? Are they doing so efficiently? Are they fumbling?

MARTIN WOLFSON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Raised Voice

SIR: For many years we enjoyed Irving Kolodin's column in *The Sun*, and we are most happy to know that his voice will be raised in honest appraisal and true evaluation in your publication. May we also say that his exposition on "The Death of The Sun" [*SRL* Jan. 28] is a magnificient piece of reporting. As a dramatic and unbiased description of the final moments of a great paper we doubt that it can be surpassed.

BERTHA DEL and BERNARD A. STEINBACH.

New Haven, Conn.

## *"Pinkie" Found*

"Pinkie" has been found. *SRL*'s editorial "Does Anyone Know Pinkie?" [Dec. 10, 1949] started a nationwide search for the whereabouts of "Pinkie" (also identified as "Orville Pohman"), an ex-GI who befriended Tami Taguchi in Japan during the early months of the occupation. For four years Tami wanted to correspond with his American friend, but never knew how to reach him. *SRL* is now able to put the two in touch. "Pinkie" (Orville Pohlman, not "Pohman" as we originally believed) lives in Appleton, Wisconsin, where he is employed as a section hand with the Soo Line railroad. Since leaving the Army he has married and now is the father of two children.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"See—it *rolls*! I told you I'd figure out something to amuse the children."

### "The Cocktail Party"

SIR: This is about T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party" and John Mason Brown [SEEING THINGS, *SRL* Feb. 4]. It comes from one who chronically has found himself the only one in step in the literary regiment and fears that he must now perpetuate the distinction in reverse. Like Mr. Brown, he professes humbly to be just the average, naive, half-educated audience.

Ever since the great esoteric fog rolled in with "The Waste Land" in 1922 I have had irreverent reservations against Mr. Eliot and his works. Conversely, I have had high respect for Mr. Brown, not to mention numerous other critics who have recently confessed their pious confusions over the Eliot cocktails. Having just returned from the play, I must admit that I find it utterly simple, utterly clear, great in the inclusive sense of the Elizabethan and ancient classics, altogether the first entirely mature contemporary play I recall having seen. Conversely, the reviews I have read—I have missed some—have been evasive and seem to raise the suspicion that our critics have been weaned from serious literature, can react to it only with confused flutters, as of long buried intimations. Specifically, Mr. Brown seems to have got things inverted. Surely the beautifully cadenced prose—what does it matter whether you call it poetry or not?—was lucid, the text almost free of Eliot's usual stolen symbolisms; surely the acting, while competent, was not up to the play—a comment not on the inferiority of the former but on the unprecedented superiority of the latter.

I hope the public continues to see what the overworked critics, or most of them, apparently cannot. Congratulations to the few who were able to stand the impact of reality without ducking either into fulsome praise or false humility.

CHARD POWERS SMITH.

Falls Village, Conn.

### Godsend to Germany

SIR: I have been wanting to tell you how very wonderful your double-crostics have been for us—three of us—here in Nürnberg, Germany. You have practically saved us all, single-handed. Nürnberg is interesting so far as our occupations are concerned, but deadly dull in the way of extracurricular activities. My work is especially gory, since I am a court reporter. I sat through all of the early war-crime trials, Goering, Hess, Ribbentrop, *et al.*, and have covered all of the others as well. Therefore, your double-crostics, which I find most relaxing and stimulating and ungory, have been a godsend.

ANNE DANIELS.

Nürnberg, Ger.

### Deer and Cattle

SIR: Robert P. Tristram Coffin's poem "Go Down Standing" [*SRL* Jan. 21] is exquisite poetry but bad natural history. In my part of the world the sight of deer grazing with domestic cattle or gleaning in harvested fields is common enough to attract only passing notice, but visitors from the bush never are the old and the weak; invariably they are the young, the bold, and the enterprising. The aged and the ailing seek solitude, not man's protection, as Coffin's poem suggests.

N. L. BURNETTE.

Ottawa, Can.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Ideas and Studies.

*If what we have come to think of as the twentieth century actually began about the middle of the 1800's (as some historians have cogently argued) the first three books below trace, logically and almost continuously, the chief intellectual development of our own century—the interaction between the physical sciences and philosophy. The revolution in ideas and things that was given impetus by the hero of Paul B. Sears's "Charles Darwin" is being continued today by the subject of Leopold Infeld's "Albert Einstein"; where it may lead is suggested, stimulatingly and even frighteningly, in Edmund C. Berkeley's "Giant Brains." But man's centuries-old conviction of the reality of the supernatural remains almost as vigorous as ever, leading to the publication of such books as Dr. Horace Westwood's "There Is a Psychic World," W. O. Stevens's "The Mystery of Dreams," and Eileen J. Garrett's autobiographical volume, "Adventures in the Supernormal," reviewed on page 28.*

# *Natural Selection & Relativityland*

*CHARLES DARWIN: The Naturalist as a Cultural Force. By Paul B. Sears. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 124 *pp.* $2.

*ALBERT EINSTEIN: His Work and Its Influence on Our World. By Leopold Infeld. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 132 *pp.* $2.

By Paul H. Oehser

SCRIBNER'S Twentieth Century Library is off to a promising start in its proposal "to give the intelligent layman a basic understanding of those thinkers of the last hundred years who have most influenced the intellectual currents of our time;" and it is noteworthy that of the first three to receive attention in this new series—James Joyce, Charles Darwin, and Albert Einstein—two are scientists.

The two books here considered have much in common. Neither pretends to be a biography; in John Erskine's phrase, "enough of his life to explain his reputation" seems to be the measure. Each author had to grapple with the overwhelming greatness of his man—in Darwin's case cumulating for almost a century, in Einstein's for half a century. Each had to deal with a mis- or un-understood theory, which had to be carefully explained before its implications could be expounded. And each is concerned with a scientist's search for truth that the world did not know quite what to do with when it came, proving again, I suppose, Lessing's saying that the search for truth is more delicious than its possession.

No less than a first-rate ecologist like Professor Sears could have handled Darwin so well. An ecologist must be tolerant of all nature and must understand nature as the integral sum of all its parts, not as independent phenomena such as pine trees or rabbits or stars. And if we remember, as Sears points out, that Darwin was one of the first and greatest ecologists, who by his theory of natural selection "really made it impossible to think of life apart from environment," we see that it was this tolerance of mind that propelled his thinking toward new and revolutionary concepts. Unfortunately, his critics have not always been so tolerant. Darwin did not originate the theory of evolution, for the seeds of that had been sown even before Aristotle and Lucretius, but he amassed the evidence and humbly added to it his own deductions on the origin of species. He did not claim to know it all; he made errors; he continually revised and modified.

Professor Sears faithfully recounts the more or less familiar "high-explosive" effects that Darwin's thesis had among scientists, clergy, and laymen the world over. But the most cogent part of his book is his analysis of Darwinian influences on our contemporary world. These are both pervasive and evasive. They have penetrated and shaped our thinking not only in biological science but also in nearly every other discipline, particularly psychology, religion, sociology, political science, and education. Even the physical sciences are not exempt, and at one point Sears leads us to the conclusion that if there had been no Darwin there would have been no Einstein. He states:

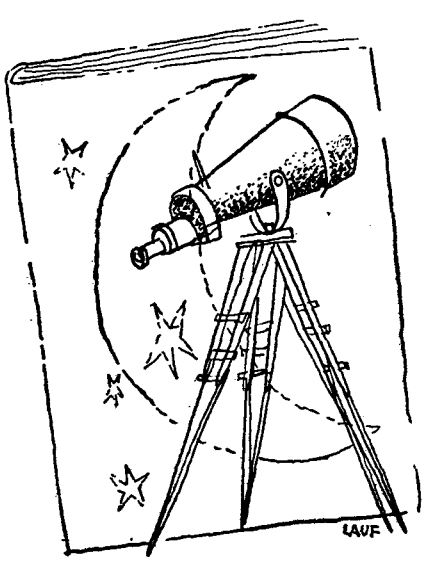
> Darwin opened up the possibility that the universe itself might be the expression of an infinitely long process. And presently cosmic science became, not static nor simply dynamic in its outlook, but truly genetic. Worlds, even solar systems and galaxies of them, are now considered to be the expressions of change and development. . . . The most refined discoveries of atomic science and the mathematical analyses of theoretical physics both emphasize the significance of process. And so far as philosophical relativity is concerned, the cast of evolutionary thought has served to bridge the gap between it and the classical Newtonian concept of a universe fixed and ordained.

A neat dovetail into our next book!

* * *

Professor Infeld's book on Albert Einstein is an exercise in exposition, and one marvels at the ingenuity and effectiveness of his presentation. It suggests the way of a dentist, who takes care not to wear down his patient's nerves by too-long periods of drilling but cleverly intersperses them with interludes of pleasanter distractions and assurances that "this isn't going to hurt." Infeld has rendered the explanation of Einstein's theories as painless as possible, though the reader should not expect an effortless journey through Relativityland. He'd better turn off the radio and be prepared to concentrate.

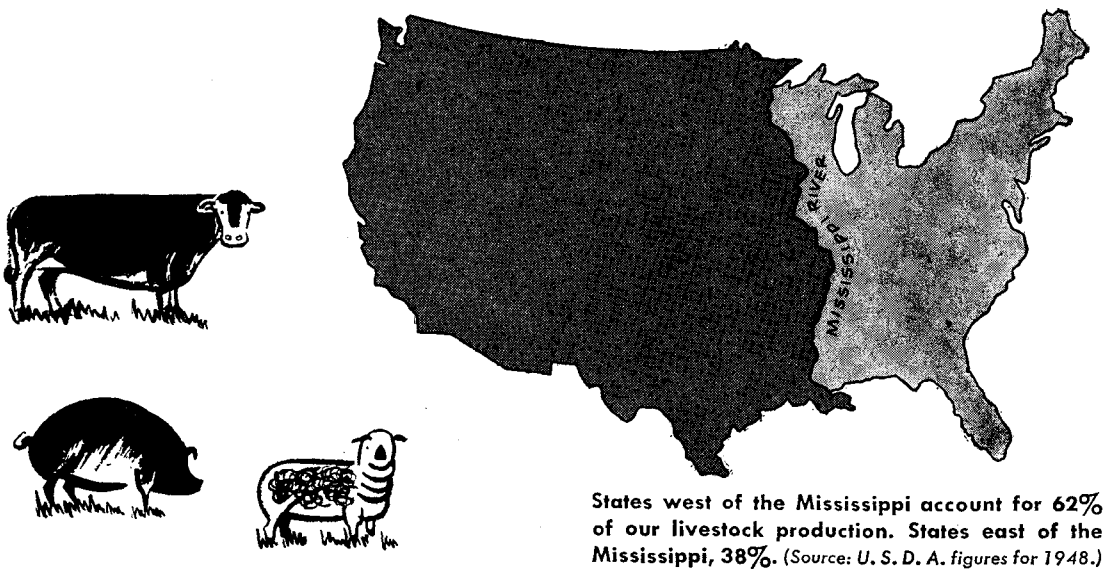
Professor Infeld is determined that we grasp some of the basic ideas and some of the results of Einstein's thinking "even if we have to leave out the chain of reasoning that leads from the basic assumptions to the final conclusions." He admits that at times he perhaps oversimplifies and sacrifices scrupulous exactness for the over-all picture. He eliminates mathematics almost entirely and substitutes analogies and pictures and everyday language. Thus, in turn, he discusses special relativity, general relativity, the mass-energy relationship, Einstein's role in quantum theory, and modern theories of the structure of the universe in terms as lucid, I be-





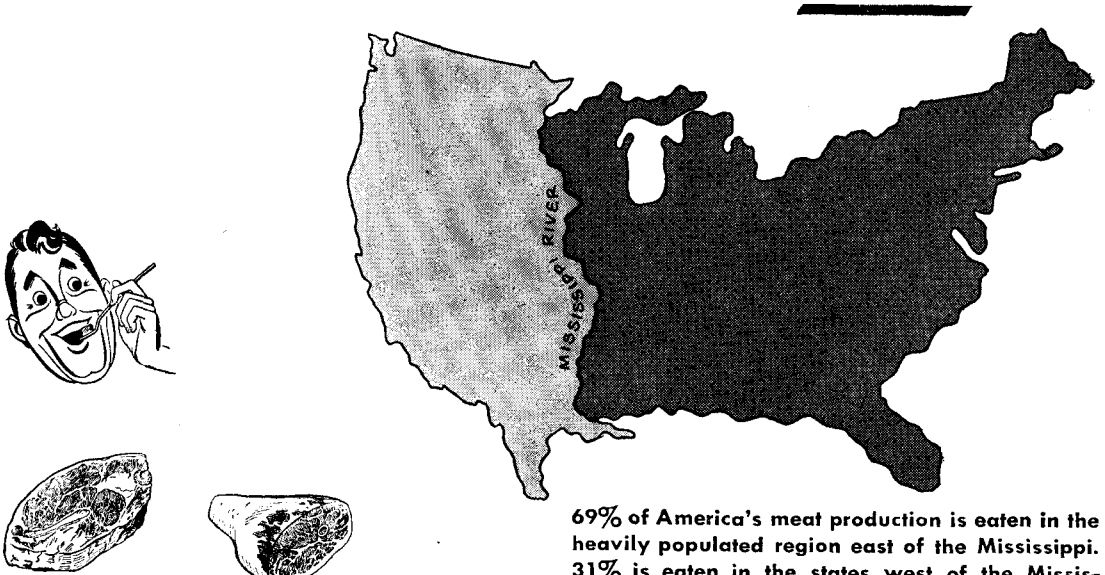

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# where MEAT is grown




States west of the Mississippi account for 62% of our livestock production. States east of the Mississippi, 38%. *(Source: U. S. D. A. figures for 1948.)*

# and where MEAT is eaten




69% of America's meat production is eaten in the heavily populated region east of the Mississippi. 31% is eaten in the states west of the Mississippi. *(Source: Latest government meat consumption study.)*

If we all decided to go to the farm or ranch for our meat supply instead of to the store around the corner, many Americans would soon be traveling quite a distance. The important livestock-producing areas and the heavily populated, big meat-consuming areas just don't match up.

Getting meat from where it is grown to where it is eaten gave birth to more than 4,000 meat packing companies located in every section of the country. The resulting brisk competition for markets has given every crossroad and city a meat supply as dependable as the U. S. mail.

***AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE***

***Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.***



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lieve, as the subjects will allow. But even with such popularization few readers of the book will understand it all; however, most will lay it down with the feeling that the light, though traveling in slow motion, has begun to penetrate and that they have begun to understand, if not the relativity theory itself, at least why it was so revolutionary.

Influence is a weak word for the work of Albert Einstein. The theories he advanced were revolutionary. In them was born the Atomic Age, and where it leads mankind we know not. But we do know that here is the greatest scientist and philosopher of our century, who has become almost a saint in our eyes and whose achievement is a justification of our faith in the human mind, a symbol of man's eternal quest, his reaching for the stars. Einstein has been perennially attacked. As this review is being written an Italian scientist, Mazzone, maintains (according to the daily press) that Einstein was wrong from the very start. I am inclined to think that it doesn't make much difference now. There is no end to the upward struggle. Einstein's physics may someday be proved as vulnerable as Newton's was, yet Newton, too, created a new science. We shall have to take the long Darwinian view. As Professor Infeld concludes:

> The history of science teaches us that, although through revolutionary progress we may solve old difficulties, in the long run we always create new ones. We move from complexity [and sometimes error] towards simplicity because of new and unexpected ideas. Then the evolutionary process begins again, leading to new difficulties and new contradictions. Thus we see in the history of science a chain of revolutions and evolutions. But there are no retreats! As though traveling on a spiral, we reach higher and higher levels of understanding, through the . . . steps of revolutionary and evolutionary changes.

*Paul H. Oehser is assistant chief of the Editorial Division of the Smithsonian Institution and editor of the* United States Museum.

# *Mechanical Master Minds*

*GIANT BRAINS; or Machines that Think. By Edmund C. Berkeley. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 270 pp. $4.*

By Henry C. Link

HERE is a book about machines that think, machines that remember, that compute highly complex mathematical problems, machines that even calculate logical truth. Moreover, they perform these functions with far greater speed and accuracy than does the human mind, hence the book's title, "Giant Brains." The machine ENIAC, or Electrical Numerical Integrator and Calculator at the Moore School of Engineering, can do five thousand additions a second. The new IBM Selective-Sequence Electronic Calculator contains about 12,500 electronic tubes and can consult any one of sixty-six paper tape feeds, which give the machine about 400,000 decimal digits of memory. The still more recent BINAC can do 3,500 additions or subtractions and 1,000 multiplications or divisions a second. These machines cost well over a hundred thousand dollars each but, according to the author, save more than their cost in the amount of work they turn out. The Kalin-Burkhart Logical-Truth Calculator, which costs only a few thousand dollars, can check 4,096 problems against twelve conditions in thirty-eight minutes.

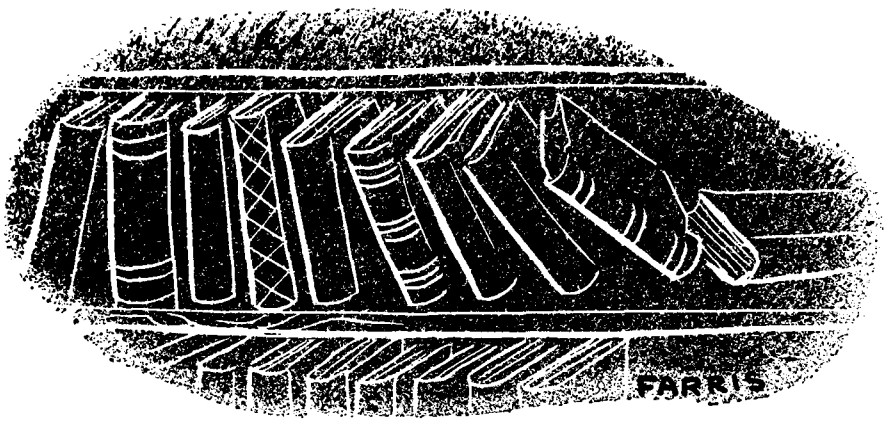
The practical usefulness of these machines in such fields as aviation, logistics, ordnance, insurance rates, and psychological tests has already been demonstrated. They extend the range of a man's thinking just as the telephone and radio extend the range of his voice, or electric current the length of his reach, or the automobile and airplane the speed of his travel.

However, it is the author's speculations about the future of these machines that make this book exciting and, to a psychologist, highly provocative. For example, Berkeley sees the possibility of a "psychological trainer" which will help the psychiatrist treat many more patients than he now can. After having diagnosed the case the psychiatrist would insert in the "giant brain" a program or series of instructions. The machine would then show the patient appropriate sound movies; it would put before him appropriate problems and solutions; it would ask him questions and check the responses; it would keep a record of what was done so that the psychiatrist could review the situation and give new instructions to the machine for further treatment.

Regardless of the practicality of such a machine it suggests a terrifying paradox. Probably the outstanding recent developments in neuro-psychiatry are brain surgery and shock treatment. Brain surgery undertakes to cure certain mental ailments by cutting out or cutting off critical parts of the brain. Shock treatment effects its cures by temporarily paralyzing and probably destroying certain parts of the brain. The one certain cure for mental illness is, of course, to deaden the brain in which it resides. At the other extreme we now have the concept of a super-brain, a robot brain, which will help the poor human brain come to its senses!

The author is even more provocative when he suggests the use of these machines in solving complex economic problems. With better machines, he says, we shall be able to "answer questions of economics by calculation instead of by arguments and counting noses. We shall be able to solve definitely such problems as: 'How will a rise in the price of steel affect the farming industry?' 'How much money must be paid out in wages and salaries so that consumer purchasing power will buy back what industry produces?'"

Following the author's reasoning we might well look to these machines for a logical answer to the problem of private capitalism or *laissez-faire* versus Socialism or a planned economy. In the one we have the plans and decisions of millions of people as expressed through free markets; in the other we have the decisions of relatively few government planners of much greater scope. It should be possible to feed these two sets of facts on tapes into the giant brain and obtain an answer as to which system is the more efficient. Or, to take a simpler problem: The Agricultural Department's P. M. A. is now supporting the prices of various crops at a cost of $1,400 million this fiscal year on the condition that acreage be reduced






PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*From the editorial rooms of the Beacon Press, Boston.*

# Can you remember when a major best-seller* has won such distinguished scholarly backing?

***From the current issue of THE ANNALS, published by The American Academy of Political and Social Science:***

"Blanshard, Paul. *American Freedom and Catholic Power.* Pp. 350. Boston: Beacon Press, 1949. $3.50

"This is a powerful book deserving serious attention from both laymen and social scientists. . . .

"A prologue makes crystal clear to all fair-minded readers that Blanshard is writing of centralized Church power operating in secular fields, and is *not* attacking Catholic people, or Catholicism as private faith and ritual. To this pledge he adheres with remarkable consistency. There follows, with careful documentation largely from Catholic sources, a calm but razor-keen analysis of the structure of the hierarchy, its relation to the democratic state, its influence on education, and its role in the bitter controversy concerning public support of Catholic schools. . . .

"There is much for the social scientist in the book. He could view the volume as an example of *unostentatious* objectivity. Assumptions are made clear, but no breast is beaten in the process. The very clarity of Blanshard's style gives assurance that he is not deceiving himself or trying to deceive anybody else. . . .

"Blanshard has thrown a bombshell that disturbs the scene and challenges existing evasions. Yet social scientists may be happier in their classrooms because of the ultimate consequences of this superbly articulate attack on a demonstrated threat to freedom of thought. The action of social scientists is another matter. Some German colleagues had ample time to ponder academic objectivity after the *Gleichschaltung.*" *Clifford Kirkpatrick*

• • • •

***From the current issue of THE PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW, edited by the Sage School of Philosophy, Cornell University:***

"The author's thesis briefly is that the Church as a system of organized power is a most bitter opponent of the liberal tradition, a tradition which in a review of this size may be defined as the principles enunciated in the First Amendment to the Constitution. Freedom of religion, of speech, and of the press, Mr. Blanshard attempts to show, and *does* show in the opinion of the undersigned, has been attacked consistently and sometimes successfully by Rome. The reader should observe that Mr. Blanshard makes a sharp distinction between Catholicism as a religion and Rome as a temporal power. Education, medicine, sexual relations between husband and wife, the reading matter of the public both Catholic and non-Catholic, science, labor relations, have all come under the control of this power and that not merely in Vatican City over which it exercises its legal sovereignty, but also in the United States of America. This puts the Church on exactly the same basis as the government of Soviet Russia and its members on exactly the same basis as members of the Communist Party in that both groups are said to be under the orders of a foreign power while retaining the rights and privileges of American citizens. Whether such dual loyalty can be tolerated in a free democracy is not merely a practical problem, but a peculiarly philosophical problem. . . .

"Mr. Blanshard naturally believes in the liberal tradition. He can hardly expect Rome to miss an opportunity to regain what it has lost. But he can with good reason present to the American people a detailed account of how Rome goes to work to carry out its program. This he has done successfully and in general without bitterness and fanaticism. Moreover he has performed a great service to philosophers in that the issue which we must decide—and by 'we' I mean philosophers—becomes that between authoritarianism and freedom. That issue boils down to whether it is better for individuals to make up their own minds about what they want to do or to accept the dictates of an organized power, whether that power is called religious or political or aesthetic or scientific. . . . If Catholics believe that Rome 'has all the answers' and if Communists believe that the Politburo has all the answers and if some other group believes that the Hundred Best Books have all the answers, then each group will perforce resort to these courts of last appeal and will consider other people as heretics and infidels and possibly scoundrels. If some of us believe that all truth is not as yet discovered, but that new problems arise in every field, including those of religion and ethics and politics and art and economics and science and so on, and that consequently new answers will have to be formulated, then we shall resist the trend towards authoritarianism. But that issue is fundamentally the question of the reality of time and change and multiplicity, a question which concerns philosophers, not politicians. For that reason, if for no others, members of our profession should know Mr. Blanshard's work in detail. It will not be read by good Catholics, but presumably it will be read by Communists and by at least a few others whose nostalgia for the thirteenth century carries them to denunciation of our own culture. We can only hope that they will profit from reading it and cool down. Let them remember that liberalism, as we have defined it, is not the effect of sin but of experience." *George Boas*

• • • •

***From the current issue of INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs, London:***

"This book is most carefully and completely 'documented.' Therein lies its serious importance. The author has no quarrel with 'the Catholic people,' but he asks whether a Chur h autocratically governed by a hierarchy that takes its orders from outside the country, and frankly aims at political domination, is compatible with the ideas and the future of American democracy. He claims that the programme of the Church is almost as much political as spiritual, and he soberly raises the question whether the Roman bishops should not be regarded as agents of a foreign Power. The word of the Pope is law in faith and morals, and it is he who claims to define the scope of morals. The book contains an immense amount of factual information, and, even when all allowance has been made for the bias of the author, indicates a situation demanding the serious concern of those who care for democracy and freedom." *Nathaniel Micklem*

• • • •

*Honored as one of the fifty outstanding books of the year by the Division of Public Libraries of the American Library Association.*

*Says John Dewey, dean of American philosophers: "Mr. Blanshard has done a difficult and necessary piece of work with exemplary scholarship, good judgment and tact."*

---

*Other Beacon Press scholarly studies at your bookseller*

THE DRIVING POWER OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION. By Eugen Rosentock-Huessy. $2.
RELATIVITY: A RICHER TRUTH. By Philipp Frank. Foreword by Albert Einstein. $2.
LEAVES FROM A RUSSIAN DIARY—and 30 Years After. By Pitirim A. Sorokin. $3.50.
KNOWING AND THE KNOWN. By John Dewey and Arthur F. Bentley. $4.
CORNERSTONES OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN AMERICA. Edited by Joseph L. Blau. $3.
ESSAYS ON FREEDOM & POWER. By Lord Acton. $5.

*Already AMERICAN FREEDOM AND CATHOLIC POWER has exceeded the 90,000 mark in sales (3653 in latest week) in spite of many handicaps in distribution not encountered by other bestsellers. . . . Listed by THE RETAIL BOOKSELLER as one of the top ten nonfiction bestsellers in America's bookstores for the entire year of 1949, and identified as equivalent in bookstore sales to the No. 4 fiction bestseller (THE EGYPTIAN). . . . On all the national bestseller tabulations for months. . . . Now 102,000 in print.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by a certain per cent. At the same time, its Agricultural Conservation Program is spending $300 million to help farmers care for their soil and build up crop yields. Its Soil Conservation Service is spending $45 million to supply farmers with advice, detailed plans, material, and equipment. In other Government offices and laboratories around the country more agricultural experts are spending money searching ways to grow bigger and better crops. The Agricultural Research Administration has $60 million this year to finance its search for everything from crop-saving insecticides to hens that will lay more eggs. The Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation has $400 million for irrigation, flood-control, new dams, and power projects. This year it plans to bring irrigation to 125,000 "new" acres and more water to about 285,000 acres that now get too little. If all these facts could be fed into a giant brain, it might calculate just what the net result of these conflicting plans really was.

In a final chapter, by far the most imaginative in the book, the author discusses the social control of machines that think. "What sort of control over machines that think do we need in human society?" For this discussion the author boldly assumes the existence of machines that not only think but also feel, like the robots in Karel Capek's play "R. U. R." (Rossum's Universal Robots). It will be remembered that the robots in "R. U. R." finally killed all humans except their architect.

The chief dangers from the robots to come, according to the author, are the physical destruction of man by atom-robots, and the economic destruction of man through large-scale unemployment caused by the substitution of robots for men. In respect to unemployment, the author ignores the fact that the development of machines of any kind has always created greater employment rather than less. The machines he describes need many people to build and to direct them and the problems they solve create new jobs for many more. The atomic weapon represents a problem in social control today, without waiting for the development of superior robots.

The fact is that the giant brains of today and of the foreseeable future have no feelings, no sense of values, no initiative. A puny human brain or group of brains must give the giant brain specific instructions or a program before it can begin to think. When it has finished this program it must wait for further instructions. The most perfect atomic bomb cannot decide where or whether to expend itself. Some human brain must decide this first.

In short, the psychology of the giant brain is a magnification of the workings of one part of the human brain, and probably one of its less important parts at that.

*Dr. Henry C. Link, president of the Psychological Corporation, is author of "The New Psychology of Selling and Advertising," "The Return to Religion," and other books.*

# Your Literary I.Q.

A LITERARY CALENDAR

Jeane Millane, of Kansas City, Mo., asks you to fill in the blanks in the following quotations with the name of a month. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 31.

1. Winter lingering chills the lap of .....
2. .....'s bright blue weather.
3. He makes a .....'s day short as December.
4. ..... comes like an idiot.
5. 'Long about knee-deep in .....
6. Never return in ..... to what you love.
7. ..... cometh in, hoarse, with tempestuous breath.
8. Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak .....
9. No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds, .....!
10. ..... hath XXVIII alone.
11. I have seen full many a chill .....
12. Like streams that keep a summer mind snow-hid in .....
13. The stormy ..... has come at last.
14. ..... gave a party.
15. April when they woo, ..... when they wed.
16. ..... is the cruelest month.
17. ..... glooms are barren beside the dusk of June.
18. ....., past surprises, notes and names each blunder.
19. And I were lord in .....
20. Seek roses in December, ice in .....

# *Carnival of Spirits*

*THERE IS A PSYCHIC WORLD. By Horace Westwood, D.D. New York: Crown Publishers.* 206 *pp.* $3.

*THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS. By William Oliver Stevens. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* 280 *pp.* $3.50.

*ADVENTURES IN THE SUPERNORMAL: A Personal Memoir. By Eileen J. Garrett. New York: Creative Age Press.* 252 *pp.* $3.50.

By Robert Bierstedt

THE reader who is tired of Trappists, surfeited with sleuths, and bored by the bosomy wenches of historical romance can find in the three books listed above a different kind of experience to rivet him to his chair during these long winter evenings, when the decanter is full and within easy reach of his hand. They will transport him to a land of haze and mystery, where the living are never clearly distinguishable from the dead, where the mind runs rampant over matter, and where the inhabitants never seem to know or care whether they wake or sleep or dream. This is the world of psychic phenomena, a world full of clairvoyance and clairaudience, precognition and prophecy, telepathy and psychokinesis. It is a world of mediums and trances, of "sensitives" and "surrounds," of Ouija boards and "controls."

The three books together present a carnival of spirits gaudy enough to unhinge the mind of everybody except *The New Yorker*'s Charles Addams. But it would be unfair to review them together or to suggest that they fit into the same category. One thing they do have in common is the sincerity of their authors. All three writers are obviously earnest people confronted with experiences which it is apparently impossible to explain and no single sentence on any page betrays a trace of mendacity.

This is especially true of "There Is a Psychic World," which carries an introduction by John Haynes Holmes. The author, himself a successful Unitarian minister whose integrity is unquestioned, is something of a skeptic. He holds no brief for the supernatural and is not eager to believe in the immortality of the soul. For many years he resisted any suggestion of the veridical existence of psychic phenomena and indeed still considers such phenomena "inimical to the best interests of mankind" if not, in certain instances, actually dangerous. But, contrary to his desires, he became involved in a series of circumstances which convinced him, beyond the possibility of further skep-



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ticism, that he would have to accept the reality of psychic experience, and it is these circumstances which he reports in his book. With complete sobriety and as much good taste as the subject permits, he writes of the shocking discovery that a member of his own household had the psychic gift. "Messages" from another world began to come through "Anna," then a child of eleven, and continued for a period of years. The Westwoods came to know intimately such discarnate entities as Ruth and Virginia, the chess-playing Ralph, the philosophic "X," and a Chippewa Indian named Blue Hide, who spoke with an Oxford accent. Later on other mediums produced other "entities."

The book by Mr. Stevens is of another character. It is a collection of supposedly authentic stories of dreams which came true. The author, a trustee of the American Society for Psychical Research, classifies these dreams into various types, including the telepathic, the clairvoyant, the warning and prophetic, the borderland, and the concurrent and reciprocal. In this book souls walk in and out of bodies and dreams become accurate previsions of things to come. The collection is presented with little editorial comment but with firm psychic convictions.

The last of the books is an autobiography of a woman who herself claims to possess psychic powers and who has frequently served as a medium in séances. The author is a little breathless about her experiences and perhaps she has a right to be. The reader can go along with her quite well—she writes in a lively style—through her childhood in Ireland, her several marriages, and her adult career. But when she asserts, without a hint of humor or doubt, that the physical seat of psychic power is the solar plexus and that "that great ganglion of nerves" is itself a brain, it is time to call a halt.

Believers in psychic phenomena will welcome all three of these books as strong corroboration of their belief. Skeptics will use them to enlarge the area of their skepticism. Single experiences arouse curiosity and may even encourage a momentary suspension of disbelief. But the pattern repeats itself. Dr. Westwood's Blue Hide and Mrs. Garrett's Uvani are too much alike. One séance does not differ from another and one feels that a competent magician could duplicate all of the tricks. Discarnate entities are obviously becoming a bit of a nuisance. What to do with them? The reviewer has one suggestion. Gather them all together and give them to Upton Sinclair, who can, in turn, give them to Lanny Budd. Lanny will know what to do with them.

***SERVICE THAT NEVER SLEEPS***

. . . Whatever the need or the hour, the telephone is on the job—ready to take you where you want to go, quickly and dependably. Telephone service is one of the few services available twenty-four hours a day—weekdays, Sundays and holidays. Yet the cost is small—within reach of all . . .

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**"The idea behind this book is as simple as it is magnificent: to present in one book some sense of the struggle and conviction and wisdom that have gone into the making of an open market place of ideas.** HOWARD MUMFORD JONES has done this by bringing together in one volume the literary Gibraltars of intellectual freedom. . . . A carefully selected, annotated, and integrated symposium, which not only restates but dramatizes basic truths, certified by hard experience and living history."—NORMAN COUSINS, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

"The *Primer* is so unusual and useful a contribution that I can't resist a word of appreciation. It is an effective collection deserving wide distribution."—ROGER BALDWIN.

"This volume should be made compulsory reading for all members of the House Committee on Un-American Activities; better still, for the total membership of all our legislatures, national and State."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*

"A worthwile contribution to a true democracy in America."—*Houston Post*

"Vital food for thought now—when the leading question is how much freedom of thought should be allowed."—*Pasadena Star-News*

*Primer of Intellectual* **FREEDOM**

*Edited by*
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

*At all bookstores, $2.75*

**HARVARD University Press**

## *Pre- & Ante-Christian*

*OF FEAR AND FREEDOM. By Carlo Levi. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 135 pp. $2.75.*

By SIEGFRIED MANDEL

CARLO LEVI is now known in this country for his brilliant "Christ Stopped at Eboli," a sociological, anthropological, and political diary-novel describing Levi's year of exile in a small Southern Italian town because of political activities against Mussolini in 1935. Toward the close of the book he makes a strong distinction between two civilizations—that of the country and that of the city. The former he regards as pre-Christian, the latter as a civilization no longer Christian.

"Of Fear and Freedom" explores briefly but profoundly in essay form the question of what is psychologically common to both civilizations and what is materially different. What might be taken for Mr. Levi's main theme is his cogent observation:

> History is nothing but the eternal venture of the human mass in its laborious endeavor to determine itself, to resolve itself into state, poetry, liberty, or to abscond into religion, rite, custom . . .

Each phase of this theme is lucidly developed down to very nearly its last nuance. Along with becoming conscious human beings, there is in the experience of all men the urge to express the inexpressible and to worship and cling to the concrete symbols of that expression—primarily religion and the state.

The author describes this process of expression as an escape from pure anarchy into pure tyranny. Somewhere in between there is the freedom which men fear — a freedom which rejects idols, wars, and concrete symbols that are substitutes for freedom. Until men find that liberty and freedom there remains no choice but "to believe, to obey, to fight," whether it be for God or Caesar.

Mr. Levi's ideas are considerably ingenious, sometimes overly so (but so is the psychology of both the primitive and the sophisticate), and they touch with stylistic finesse on the problems of myth, sin, slavery, symbols, love, art, and politics. These conceptions help explain the "pre-Christian" country civilization with its tendency toward religious expression, and the "no longer Christian" city civilization with its political emphasis. Freedom resides within neither and must still be sought out.

Fond of startling paradoxes, contrasts, and statements whose opposites imply equal, or equally questionable, truths ("There is no rabble without a king, there are no masses without God"), Carlo Levi has the gift of baring psychological motives clearly and of summarizing neatly a wealth of experience. At times Mr. Levi borrows from psychoanalysis and theology but he is indebted more to his personal experiences.

Those readers who are intrigued by the psychology and philosophy of human culture, as analyzed in this stimulating book, might look also into two other valuable, and in many respects remarkable, studies—Susanne K. Langer's "Philosophy in a New Key" and Ernst Cassirer's "An Essay on Man."

## *Ideas & Studies Notes*

*LIBERALISM AND THE CHALLENGE OF FASCISM: Social Forces in England and France, 1850-1870, by J. Salwyn Schapiro. McGraw-Hill. $5.* Liberalism in this book means nineteenth-century liberalism as it was practised sturdily in England and erratically in France until the dawn of the late Third Republic. Fascism is also of the last century and is thus portrayed in a kind of incubator stage. Nevertheless, as precursors of the sort of thing that eventually gave us Hitler and Mussolini, Professor Schapiro uncovers a trio of unlovelies: Louis Napoleon, the bungling emperor whose career contains some remarkable parallels to that of the unmourned Benito; Pierre Joseph Proudhon, the philosophical anarchist whom the author reluctantly places on the side of the devils, and dour, old Thomas Carlyle, who gets as thorough a going-over here as ever he gave his enemies. To counter these three, Mr. Schapiro puts forward John Stuart Mill and Alexis de Tocqueville as "pioneers of democratic liberalism."

But before it either goes democratic or is challenged by Fascism's heralds liberalism enacts its own equivocal role as the force which broke the power of the landed aristocracy but showed no sympathy for the depressed condition of that vast mass of men later to be popularized in some quarters as the proletariat. Mr. Schapiro makes clear that this form of liberalism provided the vehicle whereby the emerging capitalists increased their economic and political power in order to defend their own property rights.

This may not be inspiriting to today's liberals, who must trace their beliefs back through such dubious ancestry, but, as history and as the evolution of a political faith, this story is well worth knowing and this book does an excellent job of interpreta-



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, particularly for an American audience. Mr. Schapiro's prose is smooth. By concentrating on the development of ideas and the interplay of economic forces he keeps an extremely important era in admirable focus.

*THE DESIGN OF DEMOCRACY, by Laurence Stapleton. Oxford University Press.* $4. Miss Stapleton's intentions were of the best. She recognized the need for a clear statement of the concept of democracy in the light of the middle-twentieth-century's climate. She wanted to reach beyond the mere mechanics of government, to explore the relationship of democracy with economic life, art, religion, learning, and the individual. Her book therefore grounded democracy firmly in three principles: equality, freedom, and self-government. It went on to describe the "context" in which modern democracy is both viable and capable of improving the lot of man. It even ended with a plug for world government.

But when everything was down on paper Miss Stapleton had said almost nothing that was not already common currency in the intellectual realm and furthermore she had said a great deal that was highly debatable. For example, protesting her inexpertness in economics, she shows immense, uncritical faith in that amorphous and confused body of thought called "Keynesianism" (where all experts, including the most ardent Keynesians, are wary). Her political program coincides with what Mr. Truman talked about in his rear-platform speeches, but she is much more intolerant than the President with those who might incline to partial disagreement. Such persons, she implies, are—well — unenlightened and undemocratic.

—Peter R. Levin.

## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. May. Goldsmith: "The Traveler." 2. October. Jackson: "October's Bright Blue Weather." 3. July. Shakespeare: "The Winter's Tale." 4. April. Millay: "Spring." 5. June. Riley: "Knee Deep in June." 6. August. Kenyon: "Return." 7. March. Howells: "Earliest Spring." 8. December: Poe: "The Raven." 9. November. Hood: "No." 10. February. Grafton: "Chronicles of England." 11. September. Holmes: "The September Gale." 12. January: Lowell: "The Courtin'." 13. March. Bryant: "March." 14. October. Cooper: "October's Party." 15. December. Shakespeare: "As You Like It." 16. April. Eliot: "The Waste Land." 17. November. Henley: "Echoes." 18. August. Browning: "Asolando." 19. May. Swinburne: "A Match." 20. June. Byron: "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."


**It was 1639; the Thirty Years' War was raging; and Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, was on the march.**

Around him revolved the bloody panorama of war, the endless court intrigues, the devious political maneuvering. And on his star hung the destinies of Karl and Rosanna, whose tumultuous love endured all the long harsh years. Their story is the center thread in Edgar Maass' vast painting of the turbulent years when friend and foe, king and peasant, lover and soldier were caught in the maelstrom of conflict.

# WORLD AND PARADISE

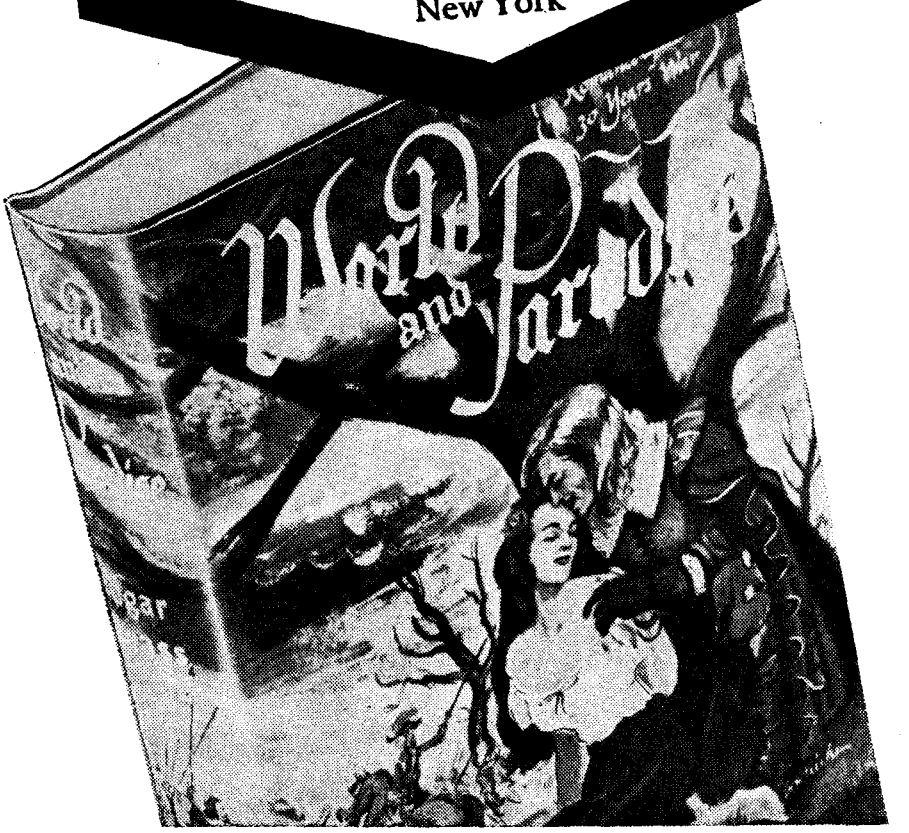
by EDGAR MAASS

author of THE QUEEN'S PHYSICIAN

At all bookstores • $3.50

Charles Scribner's Sons

New York







PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Seeing Things

## HAUNTED CHILDREN

WHEN TWENTY years ago Heywood Broun wrote an introduction to the Modern Library Edition of "The Turn of the Screw" he may have shed little light on a story which has been variously explained. But one thing he did do. With unashamed accuracy he described the terror which seized him when first he submitted himself to the thralldom of Henry James's ghostly yarn. It is a terror we have all known as we have read or reread James's story, racing through each of its pages breathlessly yet almost dreading to turn to the next. Broun was well aware that his introduction, purely personal as it was, would not be the last. Many more prefaces will be written, many more editions will be printed, he concluded, before "The Turn of the Screw" will have "spent its capacity to conscript the human imagination."

Conscript the imagination—that is precisely what "The Turn of the Screw" does and will continue to do so long as men have eyes to read or vertebrae to unhinge. But its spell, so overpowering on the printed page, is no longer limited to the library. To the surprise of most of us who would have sworn that James's story would defy transference to the stage, it is now conscripting the imagination in play form under the title of "The Innocents."*

No one, I venture to say, would be more amazed or pleased than Henry James himself by the success which of late has come his way behind the footlights, first with "The Heiress" derived from "Washington Square," and now with "The Innocents." It is one of the ironies of authorship that what he so longed to do for himself had to be done for him by others.

He might mutter about the "vulgarities and platitudes" of the stage. He might condemn playwriting as "a most unholy trade." He might dismiss a dramatist as a writer who must hold "the maximum of his refinement" down to meet "the minimum of intelligence of the audience"; in other words, to the intelligence "of the biggest ass it may conceivably contain." He might in his theatregoing sometimes embarrass his companions by whispering diabolical comments in all-too-audible tones. He might even on occasion walk out halfway through a play, groaning "I can't bear it any longer." But Henry James was always stagestruck; and had been since, as a boy of eight, he was taken by his parents to see "The Comedy of Errors." If he haunted playhouses, the theatre haunted him. He not only wrote plays from time to time throughout his whole career, but at one point interrupted his work as a novelist to devote five years almost exclusively to playwriting.

*THE INNOCENTS, a new play by William Archibald. Based on Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw." Directed by Peter Glenville. Setting by Jo Mielziner. Costumes by Motley. Music by Alex North. Presented by Peter Cookson. With Beatrice Straight, Isobel Elsom, Iris Mann, and David Cole. At the Playhouse, New York City. Opened February 1, 1950.*

—John Seymour Erwin.

**Iris Mann, Beatrice Straight, and David Cole—"Through them the mystery, the evil, and the terror of Bly are communicated."**

THE urgency of Henry James's interest in the theatre has been made clearer than ever before by two books which have appeared within the past two years. One of these, edited with true skill and affection by Allan Wade, is "The Scenic Art."* It is a fascinating collection of James's critical writings from 1872 until 1901 (and what an admirable critic he was!) on such players as Madame Ristori, Henry Irving, Salvini, Coquelin, and Bernhardt, and such dramatists as Augier, Dumas Fils, Ibsen, and Rostand. The other is "The Complete Plays of Henry James,"† a volume which runs to more than 800 double-columned pages. This is a monumental record of brave tries and lost hopes, which gains in both interest and value because of the brilliance of Leon Edel's foreword and detailed introductory notes.

There is a definite connection between James's writing for the theatre and his writing of "The Turn of the Screw." Mr. Edel establishes this in as full and engrossing an account of what happened before, on, and after a stormy first night as I have ever read. The anguishes of that evening only add to the ironies of James's posthumous success in the theatre. They explain why Henry James would be the more moved, regardless of what he might miss of his story, by the absorbed silence with which "The Innocents" is followed and the applause which thunders at the curtain's fall. These very marks of favor would

*THE SCENIC ART, Notes on Acting and the Drama, 1872-1901, by Henry James. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by Allan Wade. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press. 384 pp. $4.50.*

†*THE COMPLETE PLAYS OF HENRY JAMES. Edited by Leon Edel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 846 pp. $10.*



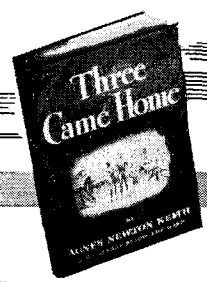
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# YOU ARE THE REAL HEROINE OF THIS TRUE STORY!

Your name may not be Agnes Newton Keith . . . but *her* story is *your* story...haunting as the cry of your child in the night, precious as the warmth of your home, intimate as the unspoken moments of love that bind husband to wife.

Few women may have lived Mrs. Keith's personal experience...her home in Borneo overrun by invasion . . . her family torn apart by violence, yet bound together by the child who was its future and its hope . . . rearing her son with dignity in the midst of degradation . . . shielding him with the warmth of her love from the terror of a Japanese prison camp.

Here are the deep wells of courage that lie within a woman. Here are human ties stronger than hate, space and time. The powerful Book-of-the-Month reprinted in Reader's Digest is now a remarkable motion picture!




Told the way it happened
...where it happened...
how it happened!

DARRYL F. ZANUCK presents

THREE CAME HOME

Starring

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

with Patric Knowles • Florence Desmond • Sessue Hayakawa

Directed by JEAN NEGULESCO • Produced by NUNNALLY JOHNSON

Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson • Based on the Book by Agnes Newton Keith

20th CENTURY-FOX

**See it at your favorite local theatre • Now playing at the ASTOR Thea., N.Y.C.**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

force him to think back to quite a different experience he once had in the theatre. This was in 1895 and turned out to be an ordeal which he remembered as "one of the most detestable incidents" in his life.

After a year's postponement George Alexander was then presenting "Guy Domville," one of James's four plays to reach the stage. The period sets and costumes were exquisite, the cast was good, the audience itself more than stellar. But Henry James was "lonely and terrified." As Mr. Edel makes clear, he had decided to beguile the "tremulous hours" between eight-thirty and eleven by going to see "An Ideal Husband" in spite of being no admirer of Oscar Wilde.

James grew increasingly nervous as the evening progressed. He was ignorant of what had been happening at his own theatre when he arrived at the stage door during the last minutes of his play. He did not know that, though the first act had gone well and the third was to have its admirers, trouble had broken out during the second. He did not realize that the baffled gallery gods were in a sullen mood. Or that when Alexander had said, "I am the last, my lord, of the Domvilles," a Cockney voice coming from near the roof had screamed, "It's a bloody good thing y'are!"

No doubt it was the first bursts of applause when the actors were taking their curtain calls which induced Alexander to make the fatal mistake of leading Henry James onto the stage, when cries of "author! author!" were heard from the stalls. "The forces of civilization" (as James described them) applauded long, hard, and gallantly. But the "roughs" would have none of him. They yelled and booed and hissed. For a few torturing seconds which seemed like eternity he stood there "thunderstruck." His cheeks were pale; his dark beard framed his half-opened mouth. Lacking the mind and body of "vulcanized rubber," which Maxwell Anderson once insisted a playwright must possess, unendowed with Wilde's effrontery, and not relishing verbal clashes in Shaw's manner, Henry James was stabbed to the heart. "Green with dismay" (to quote one witness), he turned and fled to the wings. His wounds were to prove abiding. Neither the loyalty of his friends nor the championing of such a critic as Shaw could heal them.

No wonder he came to the conclusion "I may have been meant for the Drama—God knows!—but I certainly wasn't meant for the Theatre." Or that, as Mr. Edel points out, the very first notes James jotted down after the unfortunate opening of "Guy Domville" were for a tale of horror.


CRITICS' AWARD FOR BEST MUSICAL
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN · EZIO PINZA
In A New Musical Play
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way
Evenings 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:25

"LUXURIOUS HUMOR"!—Hawkins, Wor.-Tel.
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present
The Happy Time
A New Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Based on the Book of the Same Name by Robert Fontaine
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
PLYMOUTH THEA., 45 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

SAINT SUBBER & LEMUEL AYERS present
ALFRED DRAKE
PATRICIA MORISON
in
"KISS ME, KATE"
Music & Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
Production staged by JOHN C. WILSON
Evgs. $6., 4.80, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. Mats. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. (Including Tax)
MAIL ORDERS NOW
Century Theatre, 7th Ave. & 59th St. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Perfectly Wrought Drama"—Atkinson Times
THE INNOCENTS
Based on Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw"
with BEATRICE STRAIGHT
PLAYHOUSE, 48th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE THEATRE GUILD & JOHN C. WILSON present
ALFRED LUNT LYNN FONTANNE
I KNOW MY LOVE
A play by S. N. BEHRMAN
Adapted from "Auprès de ma Blonde"
By MARCEL ACHARD
SAM S. SHUBERT Thea., 44 Street West of Broadway
Evenings 8:30, Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

JOHN FORD'S
"When Willie Comes Marching Home"
WITH
DAN DAILEY
CORINNE CALVET
COLLEEN TOWNSEND
20th Century-Fox

— ON STAGE —
ALLAN JONES
BETTY & JANE KEAN
BERRY BROTHERS
Extra Added Attraction
Irving Fields
& his trio
ROXY 7th AVE. & 50th ST.

DAVID O. SELZNICK and ALEXANDER KORDA present
"THE 3RD MAN"
by GRAHAM GREENE
starring JOSEPH COTTEN
VALLI
ORSON WELLES
TREVOR HOWARD
Produced and Directed by
CAROL REED
VICTORIA THEATRE
BROADWAY AND 46TH STREET

"A vastly enjoyable song-and-dance antic put on with humorous perfection."
—Atkinson, Times

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
The New Musical Smash
ZIEGFELD, 54th St. & 6th Ave
Matinees Wed. & Sat.




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The nightmare story upon which he went to work, with the jeers of the first-night audience still ringing in his ears, had been told him by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In its finished form this became the story which shivering readers have long delighted in as "The Turn of the Screw."

IN daring to dramatize it William Archibald has had to muster his courage no less than his skill. There are those who like to believe "The Turn of the Screw" contains horrors more horrible than the ones which meet the governess's or the simple reader's eyes. They claim it is a study in abnormal psychology and that its ghosts are not ghosts at all but the hallucinations of the governess's disordered mind. This young woman, they maintain, is a spinster suffering from sexual repression. She has fallen precipitously in love with the guardian of the children entrusted to her care. In her loneliness at Bly, the country house to which she has gone, they insist she dreams up the ghosts of the red-headed Quint and the no less evil woman who preceded her in the job of governess as figures terrible enough to cause the guardian, who has not wished to be disturbed in London, to hasten to her aid.

Those who have interpreted "The Turn of the Screw" in this fashion are capable defenders of their theory. If not water-tight, as they advance it, it is almost ghost-proof. Their subtleties are endless. They are even willing to swallow their sense of humor and point out that there is a valid Freudian significance in the fact that the male apparition first appears on a tower and the female on a lake. As I say, however, theirs is a reasonable enough interpretation of a story weird in its perils, vices, and disorders. It may even be the right one, though no one really knows, since Henry James failed to be explicit about his intentions.

Such a devious, intellectual view is not shared by Mr. Archibald. "The Turn of the Screw," as he has turned it into "The Innocents," is a ghost story, neither pure nor simple, but a ghost story nonetheless. Mr. Archibald's emphasis is on fright rather than Freud. Not only the governess, the housekeeper, and the children see the specters in his version, but so do we. Since our seeing them is vital to the fear we feel and want to feel, Mr. Archibald's is no doubt the most sensible of theatrical solutions. Certainly it is one that creates almost insupportable tension and that freezes the blood.

In every dramatization something is

# *Ballad of Great Gran'ther, Oh!*

By Nell Mabey

"HOO HOO! Hoo Hoo! Great Gran'ther, Oh!"
He's away in the wake of Charlie's Wain,
Or somewhere out in the hills of Maine—
Katahdin, Saddleback, the Blue—
"Hoo Hoo! Great Gran'ther, Oh! Hoo Hoo!"

He's in the valleys, Great Gran'ther, Oh!
Where the Androscoggin flows,
Where the great Penobscot goes;
And still at dusk he whistles his dog
Along the shores of Umbagog.

A bold-nosed lad, Great Gran'ther, Oh!
Upon Katahdin's farthest peak
He fought an eagle, beak to beak.
A breakfast pie protagonist,
He claimed it vitalized the fist.

No tardy-heels, Great Gran'ther, Oh!
He walked like an elk when it was a man.
And this is as fast as Gran'ther ran:
Beneath a moon like alabaster,
The elk ran fast, but Gran'ther faster!

He had his code, Great Gran'ther, Oh!
His eyes were arrows, shooting straight,
Some there were who learned too late!
He had his code, he had his cod,
And who can doubt he had his God?

A man he was, Great Gran'ther, Oh!
A thousand miles he bore the child,
A thousand miles through virgin wild,
And bore it safely, free from harm,
On horseback, cradled within his arm. . . .

He lives, he is, Great Gran'ther, Oh!
For there's the beryl! Taking the notion,
As Maine men will, to sail the ocean,
He brought back home, at deadly peril
Of spouting whales, a yellow beryl.

"Hoo Hoo! Hoo Hoo! Great Gran'ther, Oh!"
Great Grandchild cries—the sea is bland,
The beryl sparkles upon her hand—
And her words are carried by leaf, by frond:
"I'll meet you tonight at Pitcher Pond!"

"Season's Best New Play" —Cue Mag.
the ETHEL WATERS in Member of the Wedding
with JULIE HARRIS
EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way & 40 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A BRIGHT, CHEERFUL AND BOUNCING SHOW!" —Richard Watts Jr., Post
Texas, Li'l Darlin'
New Musical Hit
with KENNY DELMAR
MARK HELLINGER THEATRE
B'way & 51 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Your "amoureuse" deserves . .
"DETECTIVE STORY"
The SIDNEY KINGSLEY Hit starring RALPH BELLAMY with Anne Burr. Evgs. $4.80 to 1.20. Mats. Wednesday and Saturday $3.60 to 1.20. Tax Included.
HUDSON THEATRE 147 West 44th St. N. Y. 18

Are you looking for a publisher?
We consider book mss. of every type; ask for free Booklet D.
VANTAGE PRESS, Inc.
35 So. William St., New York 4



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Thank You, JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON!

What all of this (mass marketing of books) means to the average reader is simply that more and more people are reading books today than ever before. . . . I believe that the next half-century will show that when more people read books—any books—then more people will read better books. Development in reading taste moves in proportion to the opportunity to develop.

**Joseph Henry Jackson**
**in *The San Francisco Chronicle***

**The 8 Bantam Best-Sellers**
**(FOR MARCH)**

1. **THE WAYWARD BUS John Steinbeck**
2. **TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH Beirne Lay and Sy Bartlett**
3. **MIDNIGHT LACE MacKinlay Kantor**
4. **CANNERY ROW John Steinbeck**
5. **SHOT IN THE DARK Ed. by Judith Merril**
6. **THE CAPTIVE WOMEN (In the Hands of the Senecas) Walter D. Edmonds**
7. **THE HELLER William Henning**
8. **THIEVES' MARKET A. I. Bezzerides**

**BANTAM BOOKS, INC.**
1107 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

**BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS**


bound to be lost. In the case of "The Turn of the Screw" the loss of James's style is a sizable subtraction. Although there are all too many people who write, the number of writers is small whose mastery of their tools is such that they deserve to be described as authors. James is one of these. Sentence by sentence, word by word, his language in "The Turn of the Screw" is a joy. It is rich-textured, accurate, varied, very much his own, and yet uncursed with the involutions which were later to bog down his prose. If we believe in the tale as one being read from the governess's manuscript, we delight in it because it is told as only James could tell it.

In spite of the manifestations of James's prowess which are bound to be lost in play form, "The Innocents" is extraordinarily effective in its own right. To a degree one might have thought impossible it succeeds in recreating the story's shuddery suspense and in duplicating all that is portentous and frightening in its atmosphere.

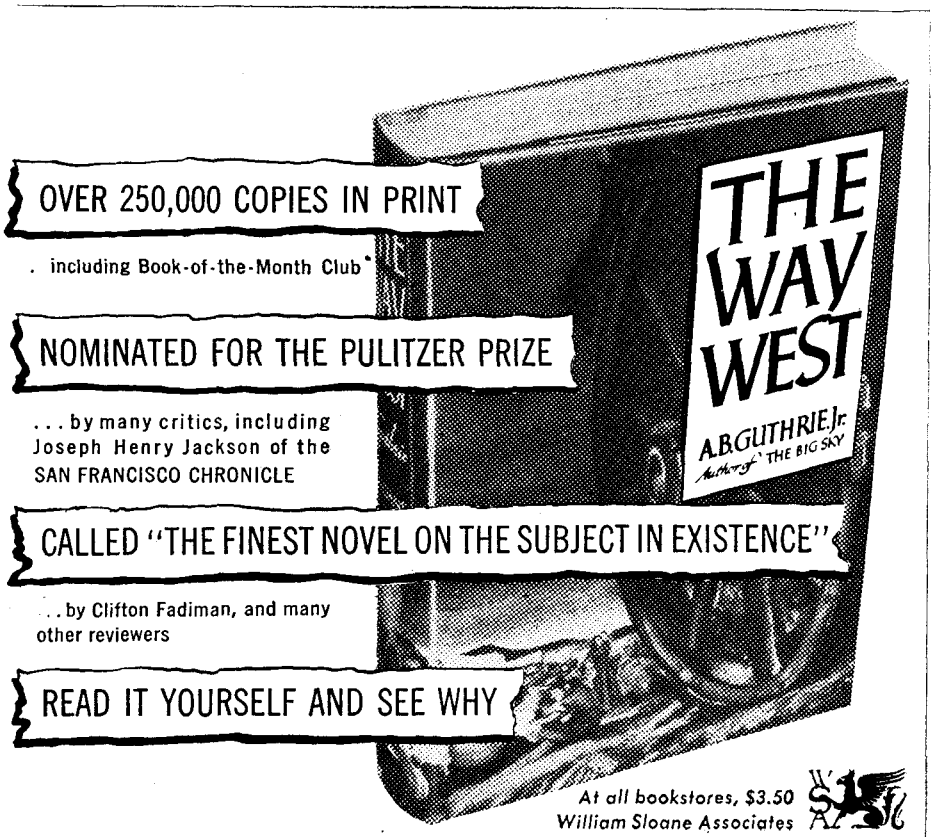
JO MIELZINER'S share in this achievement cannot be overpraised. If ever there was a script demanding space it is "The Turn of the Screw." A huge and empty English country house, the gardens, the woods, and the lake outside—these are the scenes of its itinerant terrors. Yet Mr. Mielziner has managed to confine the whole action within a single interior. No doubt, with its circular staircase and its great curtained French windows

opening on a terrace and the lake beyond, Mr. Mielziner's interior is not the kind of room, detail by detail, one would have found at Bly. This, however, is an irrelevance. Mr. Mielziner makes us believe not only that we could find such a room at Bly but that the whole of Bly is somehow in it. It seems endless in its dimensions. If it is a place to alarm the living, it is because palpably it is so hospitable to the returning dead.

Terror is no easy emotion to sustain. It is bound to be shadowed by laughter. The frightening can readily become the absurd. Luckily this never happens in "The Innocents," due to the taste and driving skill of Peter Glenville's direction. The production is as fortunate in its casting as in its background and staging. Isobel Elsom is admirable as Mrs. Grose, the housekeeper. Beatrice Straight, who has grown immeasurably as an actress, interprets with a charm and intensity matched only by her skill the difficult part of the governess who feels she must fight the dead in behalf of the living.

But the evening's most astounding performances are given by Iris Mann and David Cole as the haunted sister and brother. They are not child actors whose talents stop at behaving without self-consciousness in public, although that is hard enough. They are young actors in full command of the stage, playing with a technical skill and a sense of characterization beyond the power of most veterans. It is through them, and not only by means of the ghosts who are handled with ingenuity, that the mystery, the evil, and the terror of Bly are communicated. The two of them, as they sing their songs, play their games, or talk, are absorbing enigmas. If neither is quite the child Henry James drew, each adds enormously to the strong tensions of Mr. Archibald's play. Both contribute their full and amazing share to this success which Henry James has scored in the theatre, that "almost impregnable fortress," as he described it, which he has captured posthumously.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.



OVER 250,000 COPIES IN PRINT
. including Book-of-the-Month Club
NOMINATED FOR THE PULITZER PRIZE
. . . by many critics, including Joseph Henry Jackson of the SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE
CALLED "THE FINEST NOVEL ON THE SUBJECT IN EXISTENCE"
. . by Clifton Fadiman, and many other reviewers
READ IT YOURSELF AND SEE WHY
THE WAY WEST
A.B. GUTHRIE, Jr.
Author of "THE BIG SKY"
At all bookstores, $3.50
William Sloane Associates




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1890's. Here he deals with all aspects of Japan's internal life, political, economic, cultural, and social. His achievement is primarily one of interpretation and not the searching out and setting forth of new factual data. With his unfailing modesty, he would be the first to admit that he is painting the initial section of his story in broad strokes and, except for Japan, without the equipment of an expert. He is especially rewarding in his treatment of the Japan of the eighteenth and the fore part of the nineteenth centuries. He writes with singular grace and his pages will be a joy to those who appreciate a combination of good English with mature and informed insight.

*Kenneth Scott Latourette, professor of Missions and Oriental History at Yale University, is author of "The History of Japan" and "The United States Moves Across the Pacific."*

# *Land of Tyranny, Convulsions & Reform*

*MEXICO: The Struggle for Peace and Bread. By Frank Tannenbaum. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 293 pp. $3.50.

By J. Fred Rippy

ONE NEVER quite knows how to classify Frank Tannenbaum, whether to categorize him as historian, economist, social philosopher, or encyclopedist. But that does not matter; his writings always stimulate and illuminate and his conclusions are usually well grounded on the facts. Moreover, in this volume he writes about Mexico, and Mexico is a subject he has mastered in the last quarter century.

This is his third book upon the subject. Quite different from the first, in which he assumed the role of economist and dealt with Mexico's land problem and the beginnings of the agrarian movement, but much like the second, in which he contended that Mexico sought peace through revolution, the volume under review is in some respects superior to either, if only because Tannenbaum uses a broader canvas and shows for the first time how the Good Neighbor policy of the United States was "hammered out on the Mexican anvil." It seems necessary to recall these facts because his latest work contains neither statistical tables nor citations to sources nor bibliography, and might therefore be discounted by readers accustomed to demand these adjuncts of scholarship and unacquainted with the author's career.

Tannenbaum started out to investigate the issues at stake between the United States and Mexico during the decades following 1910, issues that arose from the revolt against the dictator Porfirio Díaz and the revolutionary program eventually adopted by the insurgents. He soon concluded, however, that these issues could not be understood without focusing upon them the whole history of Mexico and he finally arrived at the conviction that this history could be summed up in the story of the struggle for peace and bread. Freedom would come, if it ever came, after this battle had been won.

The struggle was long and complicated. It was a struggle of Indians and mix-bloods (and a few poor whites) against an oligarchy of creoles and such mestizos as managed to rise to the level of the creoles and form an alliance with them—of the impoverished many against the affluent few and eventually against foreign capitalists, who owned the railways, most of the mines and oil wells, much of the lands, and many of the mercantile firms; a struggle against mountain, jungle, desert, scarcity of water, and eroding soil, carried on by a population that expanded more rapidly than its skills and thus increased the pressure upon its available resources; a struggle that involved the Roman Catholic Church, once the friend and benefactor of the Indian and mestizo masses, as well as foreign governments which invoked the established principles of international law and threatened intervention. And, finally, it was a contest that developed new theories regarding the relationship of property and the rights of man, regarding the human rights of poor nationalists as against the legal rights traditionally accorded aliens by international law.

Nativism and nationalism won out but the victory was by no means complete. Aliens lost many of their properties, especially their lands, railways, and petroleum, taken without satisfactory compensation and yet without international war; but the crude men brought forward by the tumultuous times too often forgot their ideals and their objectives. Bread remained scarce, greed did not

*A guide to the fiction about our past*

**The American Historical Novel**

by

ERNEST E. LEISY

WHY HAVE historical novels dominated the best-seller lists? What is the significance to history and literature of *Gone With the Wind, The Big Sky, Death Comes for the Archbishop,* and *Anthony Adverse*? What interesting periods have writers overlooked? Here is the first, fascinating account of a popular form of fiction—how it grew up, its weaknesses and strength, the plots and characters of famous and little-known novels—from the first settlers to the twentieth century.

An exciting book for everyone—and through the discussions and lists of novels of each period, the reader will be able to find increased enjoyment in his favorite historical era.

*$3.75 at all bookstores, or*

**UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS**
**NORMAN, OKLAHOMA**

*Always the perfect gift book*

**BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS**

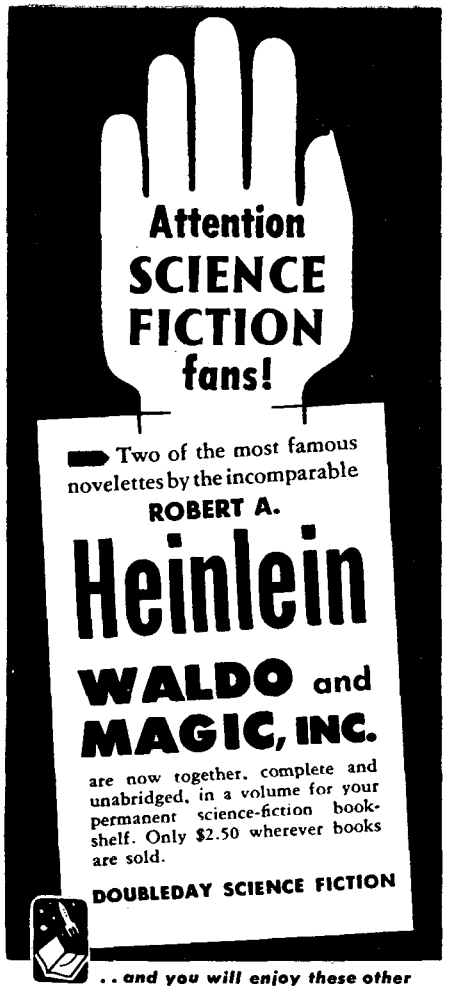
**New Twelfth Edition**

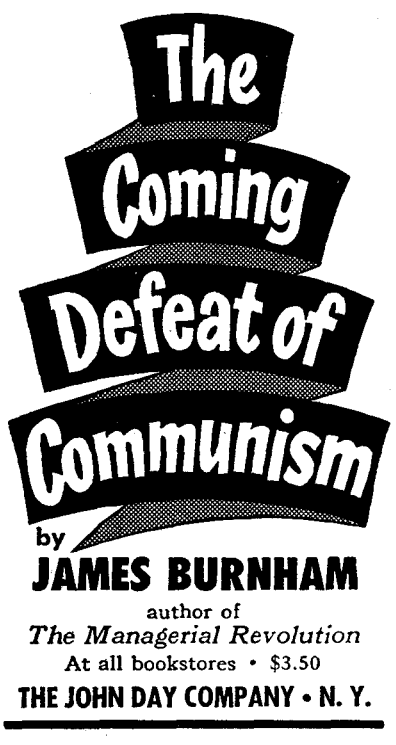
1873 pages • 120,000 entries

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Attention
SCIENCE
FICTION
fans!
Two of the most famous novelettes by the incomparable
ROBERT A.
Heinlein
WALDO and
MAGIC, INC.
are now together, complete and unabridged, in a volume for your permanent science-fiction bookshelf. Only $2.50 wherever books are sold.
DOUBLEDAY SCIENCE FICTION
.. and you will enjoy these other
Doubleday Science Fiction headliners
MAX EHRLICH THE BIG EYE
Over 7000 copies sold! $2.50
ISSAC ASIMOV PEBBLE IN THE SKY
A superb novel of Galactic Era 827. $2.50
HAL CLEMENT NEEDLE
(Coming Mar 9th) $2.50





disappear, petty graft became rampant, and peace still rested on a shaky foundation because there was little of the cement of democracy and because the balance of social forces had not been stabilized. The most impressive phase of the victory, at any rate the phase toward which Tannenbaum points his narrative, was the victory over the foreign investor and the foreign governments customarily disposed to back him with all their might. In an epoch usually described as the "age of imperialism," this was an almost unique achievement. Only one other nation, and this a much more powerful nation, Russia, had been able to confiscate foreign investments with approximate impunity. Mexico's action, while stopping short of complete and wholesale confiscation, amounted to a drastic curtailment of property rights and involved expropriation of many foreign properties without "full, prompt, and adequate compensation."

Mexico managed to escape the customary punishment for this raid upon foreigners and their possessions because of world conditions and the state of mind north of the border, where the New Freedom, the New Deal, and the two world wars increased democratic fervor and aroused sympathy for little nations and humble men. The United States Government sometimes hovered on the verge of vigorous intervention but was always restrained by popular sentiment and global distractions, and the European powers were held in check by the national authorities in Washington and Europe's strife.

Many of the other Latin American countries, with their eyes on this phase of the Mexican struggle, disclosed some disposition to follow the Mexican example, but none ever followed it fully. And now all of them, Mexico included, would like foreign funds on easy terms but they are being told by the nation where most of the capital is said to be piling up that the best way to attract foreign capital is to create the "proper climate"—which is not exactly the climate that prevailed in Mexico during the thirty-five years following the overthrow of the Díaz regime. Mr. Truman has declared that the "old imperialism is out," but his "bold new plan," otherwise known as "Point IV," does not include any license to confiscate and it may even require prospective recipients of American capital to sign pledges of "good treatment" before the spigot is turned on.

*J. Fred Rippy, professor of history at the University of Chicago, is author of "The United States and Mexico" and other books.*

# *Josip Broz, Marshal*

*WHIRLWIND: Tito's Rise to Power. By Stephen Clissold. New York: Philosophical Library. 245 pp. $3.75.*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

FROM Hitler's invasion of Yugoslavia in April 1941 until V-E Day, more than four years later, there was little authentic news from inside Yugoslavia. What we did get was fragmentary, often contradictory. As a result there has been current only the sketchiest popular conception of the struggle inside the land of the South Slavs which led to the establishment of the present government. "Whirlwind," written by a press attaché of the British Embassy in Belgrade, goes a long way toward filling in the wartime background that we missed.

The long, violent, incredibly confusing struggle for Yugoslavia involved many more forces and factions than the Germans, the Partisans (Tito's group), and the Chetniks. The battleground was crisscrossed by the Italian invaders, the Hungarians, the Ustase (Croats), the Volksdeutsche, the Zbor (Serbian Fascist followers of Ljotic), the Quisling forces of Nedic, the camp followers of the Bulgarians and Albanians, the White and Blue Guards in Slovenia, the Whites and Greens of Montenegro, and the various supporters of Mihajlovic. Most of these forces worked with the Germans in one degree or another. Some of them made temporary "accommodation" with the Germans or Italians. Tito and his men, according to Mr. Clissold, were on their own nearly all the time. Apparently they never collaborated with the Axis invaders.

One reason for Tito's victory was inherent in his ability as a leader, organizer, and political and military strategist. He knew that successful guerrilla warfare depends on a friendly countryside population. Most important of all, says the author, Tito associated his movement from the beginning with a patriotic struggle against the invaders. The Partisans, therefore, had support outside their own ranks. Their movement had the cohesion that other factions lacked. Iron discipline not only held the Partisans together and increased their military efficiency but prevented looting and violence against people who were friendly to them. Tito had the great advantage, too, of having surrounded himself with a coterie of officers who were intensely loyal to him. He could count on them in every emergency.

These chapters of recent Balkan history throw considerable light on to-



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day's Yugoslav-Russian crisis. The Marshal of Yugoslavia is no puppet placed in power by the Red Army. He and his men won by their own efforts. Once again he has identified himself with the patriotic struggle against the outsider, this time against the Kremlin in its attempt to exploit Yugoslavia.

Although "Whirlwind" is largely an account of Tito's rise to power, it is by no means the history of one man alone. "If the story has any hero," Mr. Clissold writes, "it is the suffering, patient, lovable people of Yugoslavia itself. And as for the villains of the piece, they abound in the prolific variety and intensity which the Balkans excel at producing." This is a lively, interesting volume with helpful maps and an index. It is reasonably objective but would possibly carry more weight if it had further documentation. It gives us some idea as to why Josip Broz, the former locksmith now Prime Minister, has the nerve to stand up to the Kremlin.

## *World Notes*

*A COMMUNIST PARTY IN ACTION, by A. Rossi. Translated and edited by Willmoore Kendall. Yale University Press.* $4. M. Rossi, who holds the dubious distinction of having been a top-drawer Communist in the Twenties, enjoys now as an ex-Communist an intimate knowledge of the Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist rationale and the advantage of having been personally denounced by no less a figure than Stalin. Surprisingly even-tempered considering his background and reconversion, his account of the Red subspecies in its French habitat is obviously informed and documented exclusively from Communist sources, detailing the Party's inner and outer workings from the fall of France in June 1940 to early 1942. The author, however, does not want his book interpreted as an historical recital of facts but as a "scientific" political study with general applications well beyond the period covered. For demonstration purposes his key date is June 22, 1941, when Hitler's invasion of Russia turned French Communists from clandestine collaboration with the Nazi occupation to a sudden reembracing of the Western democracies. But this switching of beds was incidental to a fixed long-run purpose: whether sleeping with Nazis or democrats, M. Rossi says in effect, French Communists were after all going through the same motions, directing their strategy toward revolution in France à la Russe, 1917. Today, lacking partners, they're still trying.

To stop them, the non-Communist world is advised to do it the hard way—not outlawry of the Party but "an attempt to persuade the masses of men to accept an ideal . . . and to create for the society of the future a structural basis different from that which a Communist victory would entail." This means, so far as M. Rossi is concerned, a peaceable revolution to integrate Europe under Democratic Socialism.

*WE SURVIVE: The Stories of Fourteen of the Hidden and the Hunted of Nazi Germany, as told to Eric H. Boehm. Yale University Press.* $3.75. These personal accounts of fourteen Germans who opposed Nazism, either actively or passively, and managed, in most cases miraculously, to stay alive bear inevitable similarities to numerous others put in print. This is not to say, however, that they are any less interesting or that their impact is any weaker. Reading them one after another they develop a cumulative power. One by a radio repairman, who was supposedly executed for a minor role in the stillborn conspiracy to assassinate Hitler on July 20, 1944, matches any fictional or cinematic thriller. Another by a crippled Jewish tailor, the simple, poignant story of an aged couple whose only child, a son, disappeared while in the hands of the Gestapo, tells of common people fighting to live in the desperate hope that their family might one day be reunited. Still others contribute sidelights on the decimation of the old German aristocracy by the Nazis, the widespread opposition to Hitlerite doctrines among the Protestant clergy, and the efforts of educated Jews to preserve their culture along with themselves after Nazism dedicated itself to eradicating both. Curiously enough, the least impressive recollections in this book are those of professional writers and the one truly insignificant piece is the record of a purposefully malingering Wehrmacht officer. —PETER R. LEVIN.


The story of a modern Shropshire Lad and the girl he loved

*By the author of THE OLIVE FIELD*

*THE* Dolphin *IN THE* Wood

BY RALPH BATES

ROGER FROME and Ruth Bassett grew up together in an English village steeped in beauty and country gumption. The story of their gradual awareness that they could not make a life together, and of Roger's discovery that in England he was "a dolphin in a wood, wildly out of place" is told with rare perception by a distinguished novelist. "Has the freshness . . . of a Mozart sonata or a good ripe apple."—JAMES HILTON, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* "A richly varied novel . . . Alive and vibrant." — WALTER HAVIGHURST, *Saturday Review of Literature.* *$3.00*

*At all bookstores*

RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

**Film Programs Puzzling?**

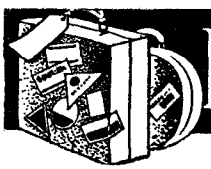
Complete index of 16mm film reviews and feature articles which have appeared in S.R.L.'s "Ideas on Films" and "Film Forum" now available.

Send 10¢ in stamps to cover handling and postage to

FILMS
THE SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street, New York, N. Y.




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# BOOKED for TRAVEL

## VACATIONS ACROSS THE COLOR LINE

A FEW years ago five dark-skinned men wearing turbans and chattering in a foreign tongue entered an Indiana restaurant. One of the five, speaking broken English, asked for a table. The headwaiter bowed deeply and ushered the party to a prominent place in the center of the room. Consulting the menu the interpreter, chanting like a tobacco auctioneer, read off the items. The other four chanted back their preferences, and the interpreter passed the order to the waiter.

The picturesque quintet, which attracted a flurry of excitement and not a little admiration in the Midwest resturant, were actually five American Negroes who were touring the country in a musical vaudeville act known as the "Sheiks of Araby." Encountering difficulty in gaining admittance to all but the cheapest of restaurants and the most flea-bitten of hotels on their tour, they finally decided to wear their turbans—part of their stage costume—wherever they went. The language they spoke was stage gibberish, an advanced form of pig Latin popular with Negro musicians.

Travel for Negroes inside the borders of the United States can become an experience so fraught with humiliation and unpleasantness that most colored people simply never think of a vacation in the same terms as the rest of America. The country's fourteen million Negroes spend about $500,000,000 every year on travel. The pleasure trips, which constitute a large share of this total, in most cases are taken by Negroes traveling to visit friends or relatives in other cities. Although the American resort business is a twelve-billion-dollar annual enterprise, there are only an estimated twenty Negro resorts in the entire country. Practically no white resorts take Negroes.

The greatest inducement to Negro travel inside and outside the United States has been provided in recent years by an annual directory called "Travelguide." Available on newsstands all over the country for fifty cents, "Travelguide" lists hotels and guest houses in every state and in territories and foreign countries which will accept Negro guests. It provides such incidental information as points of local interest, fishing and speed regulations, but, most important, it defines the civil-rights laws in each state. Nineteen states now specify that full and equal privileges be granted to citizens in places of public accommodation under threat of civil or criminal penalties.

"Travelguide," which had a circulation of 50,000 copies last year and expects to double its sale this year, is the idea of William H. Butler, who was the interpreter for the turbaned troupers who masqueraded their way across the country talking stage gibberish. An accomplished musician who graduated from Juilliard and studied at London's Royal Academy, Butler, a thin, light-skinned, well-spoken Negro, gave up part of his musical career after the war to publish a travel directory for Negroes.

Before the war most Negroes, says Butler, never went anywhere on their vacations because of the inconveniences suffered in traveling. Negro performers forced to travel around the country always exchange information with each other, and the nucleus for Butler's first issue of "Travelguide" was built up from these private files. A Negro actor, however, arriving in a town when all Negro accommodations were filled by the presence of a Negro convention might be required to sit up all night in a railroad station. Once in a while a Negro stranded without a room has requested accommodations in the local jail. "Most of us avoid traveling without paving the way first," Butler explains. In spite of state anti-discrimination laws, hotel clerks frequently take discrimination into their own hands. There have also been cases where Negro couples have registered with an inexperienced clerk at roadside cabins late at night, only to find their money scorned by the owner upon departing in the morning.

"Travelguide" hopes to save this unpleasantness for colored travelers by providing a broad list of hotels to which Negroes can apply without fear of refusal on discriminatory grounds. "Too often," Butler admits, "Negroes unjustifiably feel they are the object of discrimination when a hotel actually is filled."

Hotels and resorts recommended by prominent Negroes or sometimes chosen at random are asked if they desire to be listed in the directory. Occasionally hotel owners have filled out the entire questionnaire and then added the notation, "We do not accept Negroes or Jews." Very often a resort owner writes, "I don't mind personally, but if we accepted Negro guests it would have an unfavorable reaction on our business."

THE better big-city hotels are more apt to accept a listing in the directory than the smaller and the cheaper establishment. "Most of the Statler hotels are listed," Butler points out, "but we will usually be refused by the hotel that advertises a room for $2.50 a night." He thinks that Negroes of some prominence who ordinarily are not restricted by the color line have stayed at the better hotels and left a good impression. The cheaper hotel simply has never had any experience with a colored guest. "Unfortunately," says Butler, "too many people still think the Negro is a fellow with a razor in his pocket who runs around eating watermelon."

About 15 per cent of the queries sent out by "Travelguide" come back with favorable answers. "We don't waste our questionnaires," Butler says. "We just send them to Northern states." One of Boston's best hotels which had been overlooked when the questionnaires for 1949 were sent out dispatched an indignant letter to "Travelguide" asking why they had not been listed. Letters like that and the recent acceptance of a New York hotel called the "Dixie" fill Butler with optimism. He thinks a fortune could be made by anyone who would put up a string of unrestricted cabin colonies 300 miles apart from New York to California.

There is no such thing, to this day, as a tour for Negroes. And although Negroes can find accommodations in Yellowstone and many other national parks in Northern areas, colored tourists are not accepted on tours run by most travel agencies.

Virtually all salaried Negroes, like other salaried Americans, earn regular vacations with pay. Travel experts figure that a vacationist will spend at least twice as much on room, board, tours, and souvenirs as he will on his



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

round-trip transportation. Doubling the five-hundred-million-dollar figure which Negroes are spending every year on transportation means that the Negro vacation industry is a potential business of one billion dollars every year. With other avenues of expenditure closed to them Negroes have been inclined to put their extra cash into big cars and expensive clothes. Says one Harlem Negro, "The fish-tail Cadillacs are almost bumper to bumper along Lenox Avenue."

Many colored citizens have turned to vacations in foreign countries, particularly in the West Indies. Jamaica, which has a white population of only 2 per cent, will accept colored vacationists at the best hotels in the off-season, when white Americans are seeking other climes. Haiti, a Negro republic, doesn't discriminate in any season. The Virgin Islands and most of the big-city hotels in Canada welcome Negroes with open arms. And with minor exceptions there is no discrimination in Europe or in Mexico. The exceptions, returning travelers say, occur in places where resorts are American-operated or American-influenced.

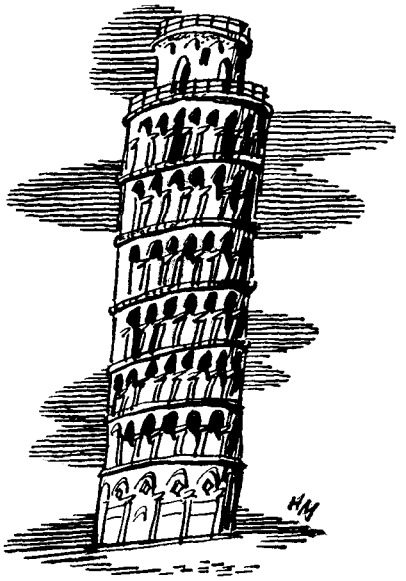
—HORACE SUTTON.

## TRAVELERS' TALES

*ROME, by Ludwig Curtius. Pantheon.* $1.95. If it's made of stone and it reposes in Rome, you will find it recorded in this thin handbook. Mr. Curtius's work is a dressed-up version of the English-language guides that are on sale in the world's great tourist centers. Its English is considerably more readable, however, and the standard photos are well reproduced on good stock. It makes no pretense to literature nor to opinion, being content to tell where Rome's ruins and statues are, and how they got that way. Ten pages of Roman history in the front may help clarify things when you're wandering through the forums.

*ROME AND ITALY: 1950 Guide, by Ven S. Sequenzia. European Cultural Bureau, Hartford, Conn.* $1.50. Paperbound compilation of facts and figures covering all of Italy in *Quick*-style, telegraphic prose. Capri is dispatched in three lines, and the magnificent Dolomites somehow get telescoped into the piece on Venice. But this one is best when it provides such unexpected but thoroughly useful information as the names and numbers of trains which have restaurant cars, the rail distances between principal cities, railway fares, and such. Mr. Sequenzia and I part company when he says, "Telephones are operated in the same manner as in the United States."

*ITALY, Guide Bleu, edited by G. R. Martineau. Crown.* $5. If you like your guidebooks in the thorough, de-



tailed, map-filled, asterisked Baedeker style, this is for you. It is the first postwar English-language pure guide to Italy. You'll find more things to unfold than in *Flair*, including colored street plans of most principal cities. The text is up to date, the damage of the recent fracas having been recorded as dutifully as the ruins of the Punic wars. I can't say as much for the accuracy of the hotel listings in the back of the book. Neither the Castello e Mare in Taormina nor the famous Hotel dei Templi in Agrigento, both in the directory, have opened their doors since the war.

*TOURING ITALY, by André de Salza. Greenberg.* $1.75. Touring Italy with Mr. De Salza is going to cost somebody a lapful of lire. He has evolved a new guidebook method which is going to make the cab drivers, carriage drivers, and gondoliers of Italy the happiest, if not the richest, chauffeurs on the Continent. He suggests you hire a specific mode of conveyance, show the driver the itinerary, which is printed in Italian, and then—while the man takes you for a ride—you follow the explanation of the sights that is printed underneath in English. Among the suggestions is a twelve-mile carriage ride from Castellamare to Sorrento that will prove as healthy for Italian economy as a new ERP grant. Otherwise Mr. De Salza is rather complete on Sicily and Rome, rather superficial on the Lake country, Venice, and the eastern Riviera. The Dolomites, ceded to Italy after World War I, have been omitted entirely.

*ROME TODAY, by Agnes Rothery. Dodd, Mead.* $3. Agnes Rothery has been writing travel books since the time when Little Caesar was as popular as Julius. She has used her talent and experience in this guide, which is infinitely more than a directory. She has provided the *feel* of Rome, if you will, and at the same time omitted none of the tourist necessities. There is a piece on St. Peter's which never gets tedious; some notes on the Vatican that are more little-known-facts than anything else; an essay on the Holy Year which offers quite the right amount of history and background without inducing sleep. There is a whole chapter on "The Boy's Republic," a unique home for youths, plenty about "The Scholar's Rome" which you won't find elsewhere, and enough about food and the ERP to keep you from feeling guilty when next you sit in front of a *costolette di vitello alla Bolognese.*

—H. S.

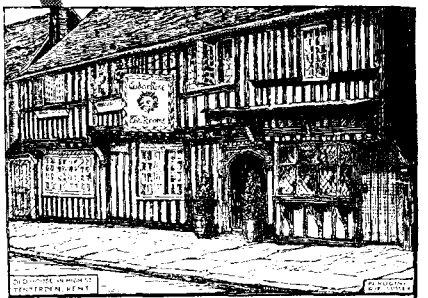

ENJOY
GREAT BRITAIN
KNOW WHAT NOT TO MISS

Miss Sargent has traveled Great Britain for 16 years . . . knows the traditions, the picturesque and accomodations. Your stay can be economical, enjoyable, and educational. You'll know Great Britain before you leave.

$2.00 a planned day -- you'll save much more.

Miss Sargent does not make arrangements. She has no connection with any group or travel agency. She works for your pleasure alone.

elizabeth c. SARGENT
28 Ashmun Street New Haven, Conn.



Please send FREE folder, with travel map.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Completely first rate"
—N.Y. Times Book Review

Nineteenth Century Studies

By BASIL WILLEY

A FRESH, clear presentation of key Victorians: Coleridge, Carlyle, Newman, Bentham, J. S. Mill, Compte, George Eliot, and Thomas and Matthew Arnold.
288 pages, $4.00

At bookstores
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
Publishers of the Columbia Encyclopedia

What has happened to the familiar essay?

Frank Swinnerton gives a highly satisfactory answer in a collection of 26 essays, all bearing the mark of his famous wit and personality. From "Why Gardeners Are Gloomy" to "Gossip" and "A Farewell to Reviewing" he explores familiar and unfamiliar subjects—never failing to charm. A revised and greatly expanded edition of a collection which appeared 20 years ago, this book offers superb reading in the great English essay tradition. $3

Tokefield Papers OLD AND NEW
by FRANK SWINNERTON
At All Bookstores DOUBLEDAY

# NEW EDITIONS

JAMES BRUCE ROSS and Mary Martin McLaughlin, editors of "The Portable Medieval Reader" (Viking, $2), tell us that their aim has been to provide "a little mirror of the Middle Ages in which medieval men and women may appear as they saw themselves and in which we may see the evidences of our kinship with them." They have accomplished this purpose, successfully and delightfully, by a wide and careful sifting of the writings of the later Middle Ages, chiefly within the frontiers of Latin Christendom; by a discriminating choice from a large body of existing translations, and by turning their own hands to the translator's task in cases where there were no available English versions of desirable texts. In their anthology we watch the foundations of our Western civilization being laid. We watch the beginnings of a process which was one not only of building but of disintegration, for in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries Christendom had attained "a unity which, though imperfect, was far more complete than any which the modern world has achieved." During the centuries that followed a world was being won but a soul, perhaps, was being lost.

The richness and variety of the material which this small book holds can only be hinted at here. A sampling of names and subjects must suffice. At the outset we find John of Salisbury (twelfth century) propounding a theory of the body social which chimes with ideas expressed in T. S. Eliot's "Notes Towards a Definition of Culture." Piers the Plowman strikes his hammer blows against wealth and corruption; a contemporary chronicler gives us a lively account of the revolt led by Watt Tyler, and Walther von der Vogelweide defies us to say, once they are both dust, "Which is the villein now and which the knight?" Gottfriend von Strassburg tells how Tristan and Iseult drank the fatal potion. Petrarch writes his charming letter to posterity. Heloise pours out her love to Abelard. Ghiberti recounts how Cimabue chanced upon a boy prodigy named Giotto. Frankish crusaders are seen unfavorably through Byzantine and Arab eyes, while crusaders take a dim view of Greeks. Giraldus Cambrensis describes the barbarous Irish; William of Malmsbury depicts the degenerate English who fell before the Normans; Henry Knighton records the horrors and economic effects of the Black Death; Geoffrey le Baker, in his account of the battle of Poitiers, surpasses Froissart. Hugo of St. Victor lays down rules for teaching and study, while Andreas Capellanus states the rules of courtly love. And, finally, Nicholas of Cusa rejoices in the vision of God, which "is the absolute maximum of every rational desire, than which a greater cannot be." I should like to add that most readers will, I think, find more interesting, congenial matter in this one compact volume than in the justly famous four volumes of G. G. Coulton's "Life in the Middle Ages."

"THE PORTABLE Chaucer" (Viking, $2), selected, translated, and edited by Theodore Morrison, is a valuable companion of "The Medieval Reader," for it contains much of the best work of one of the greatest writers of the Middle Ages, translated into modern English verse that treads close upon the heels of its original. I should have to reread one or two other modern versions of "The Canterbury Tales" to say with complete confidence that Mr. Morrison's is the best, but it is the best unless my memory fails. Here are both Chaucer's fluent freshness and Chaucer's lively art. If any critics question Mr. Morrison's wisdom in putting the body of "Troilus and Cressida" into blank verse—and I did at first sight—they should pause to balance loss and gain. Is it possible to render this poem in modern rhyme-royal without too great a sacrifice of diction, and even meaning, to prosody? Mr. Morrison's introduction gives us a brief but sound study of Chaucer and his world, as well as an insight into the problems of the poet's translators, and the note which prefaces "Troilus" is very much to the point. As supplementary reading I recommend Nevill Coghill's authoritative "The Poet Chaucer" (Oxford Press, $2) and, for its own peculiar virtues, G. K. Chesterton's "Chaucer" (Pellegrini & Cudahy, $3.75).

The superbly printed Heritage Press edition of Browning's "The Ring and the Book" ($5) has made me unfaithful, at least temporarily, to my prized first edition (1868) of the world's best murder-mystery yarn. . . . Another fine Heritage volume is "The Turn of the Screw."

—BEN RAY REDMAN.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## READING BY RED STAR LIGHT

(*Continued from page 10*)

Jan Mukarovsky, rector of Charles University in Prague put it, "Almost all scientists hitherto have been educated to believe that science must be classless and non-political and that every linking-up of scientific and non-scientific opinions must be at the expense of research. Today it is clear, however, that the so-called non-partisan science is as great a fiction as non-partisan art." Professor Mukarovsky was rewarded for this speech with the "State prize." Professor Istvan Ruszynyak, new president of the Hungarian Academy, put it more strongly in his inaugural address on December 20 in Budapest. "It cannot be sufficiently stressed," he said, "that science is not independent of social conditions, class, or party. Science is the product of social work and will remain a means and a weapon of class warfare as long as rival classes exist. . . . A proletarian partisan outlook insures *de facto* objective knowledge and proletarian partisanship is *a sine qua non* of real science."

How proletarian partisanship can be employed to assess the value of scientific writing was well illustrated by Professor Traian Savulescu in a statement to the Rumanian Academy of Science criticizing "the cosmopolitan, anti-patriotic, and anti-scientific position adopted by the *Revista de Oftalmologie*" on June 29 last. Professor Savulescu declared that "numerous Soviet ophthalmologists, guided by the scientific conception—the only correct conception—of dialectical materialism, under the direction of the Communist Party of Soviet Russia and with the strong support of the Soviet Government, have succeeded in raising the ophthalmological science of their country to a level which has made possible the solution of the main problems in this field." The *Revista de Oftalmologie*, which neglected the progress made by Soviet medical science, has since been disciplined.

In all satellite countries the state publishing houses are linked with the respective Soviet Friendship Society and with the libraries, including those established in the factories or agricultural cooperatives. The purpose of the librarians is to bring about what the Budapest newspaper *Szabad Szo* referred to as "collective reading." Commenting on the announcement that "a literary movement which requires all workers to read four books by Sayers Khan, Smirnov, Iljin, and Bela Illes, after which authors and critics are to discuss the works with the workers," is to be started in Budapest factories and is then to be extended to the whole of Hungary, the newspaper continues: "This means an enterprise which is without example. Not only reactionaries but honest people ask whether 'a collective reading movement' is possible, reading being a private affair. . . . Free choice of books, however, was not possible under the capitalist system. The worthless best sellers were propagated apparently for political reasons. . . . A new movement had to be organized to

# The Criminal Record

***The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction***

| *Title of Author* | *Crime, Place, and Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| CAUSEWAY TO THE PAST *William O'Farrell* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50) | Writer marries dead wife's sister, takes over sinister estate near Charleston, and encounters tragic memories and current dangers. | No real detecting, although two cold-blooded murders are cleared up. Swift action and high-tension suspense climax in thrilling gun fight. | Taut and tempestuous |
| THE HOUSE WITHOUT A DOOR *Thomas Sterling* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50) | Elderly spinster, leaving N.Y. apt. for first time in decades, encounters startling changes, murder, deadly peril, and Detective-Lieut. Kevin Corelli. | Forthrightly written and extremely well characterized spine-tingler, featuring very nice old lady, hapless young sculptor, and extra-engaging sleuth. | A-1 |
| SO MANY DOORS *E. R. Punshon* (Macmillan: $2.50) | Disappearance of girl from sinister English country house starts Bobby Owens on trail cluttered with some very evil people. | Good writing, well-devised puzzle, spooky backgrounds, expert detecting (with dryly humorous overtones), and veritable crash ending. | Best British Brand |


Mr. and Mrs. Pat Abbott stalk murder at the Kentucky Derby in

THE

DAFFODIL BLONDE

by Frances Crane

author of BLACK CYPRESS and THE INDIGO NECKLACE

*$2.50 at all bookstores*

A RANDOM HOUSE MYSTERY

VERDE VALLEY SCHOOL

Prepare for COLLEGE and WORLD CITIZENSHIP

• 160-acre campus near Flagstaff, Arizona. Integrates college preparation with training for citizenship and world cooperation. Required courses enriched by work projects and monthly trips to study human relations on Indian Reservations, economics and government in nearby cities, geology and other sciences in Grand Canyon, etc. Languages stressed. Riding, skiing, other sports. Full college preparatory course from grade 6, for boys and girls. Applications accepted now for fall term. Catalog on request.

Hamilton Warren, Dir., Box 110, Sedona, Arizona. New York Office: 205 East 42nd Street.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

direct our working people to the true sources of culture."

On October 27 *Nepszava*, the Hungarian trade-union organ, announced that future plant librarians are being trained in the Academy of Free Education at Szentendre. "The curriculum is: 'Social Conditions Mirrored in Literature,' 'Thirty Years of Soviet Literature,' 'The Party Line in Literature,' and 'The Fight Against Inimical Ideologies.'"

This training soon bore fruit. Not long after it was begun *Szabad Nep* recorded with satisfaction that 570 out of a total of 1,200 books had been eliminated from the Ganz Shipyard Library in Budapest and that 12,000 had been removed from the MAVAG factory library on the ground that they were Fascist or destructive. "We cannot speak of progress, however," *Szabad Nep* complained, "as long as in the Ganz Wagon factory a book by Tibor Joo, 'Hungarian Nationalism,' published in 1943, is still available, while the new librarian in the MAVAG is a man who maintains the view that religious instruction is inseparable from morality! At the Ganz Electric factory a young worker dared to state that the task of a librarian was to 'serve the readers and if a reader wished to read Cronin, it was the librarian's task to put Cronin at the reader's disposal.' This young worker had no idea that the librarian . . . is a propagandist and an agitator of Bolshevik culture."

The Socialist organ announced that "library committees" were to be organized in Budapest, which among other duties would launch "a book campaign which is to serve to increase hatred against the imperialists and their base agents and increase the love of the Soviet Union. All these books will unmask nationalism as an arm of the imperialists. Their heroes are the heroes of Soviet production."

Hungary is not the only satellite where a sharp eye is being kept on the libraries. On June 9 last the Bucharest newspaper *Romania Libera* complained that the Craiova public library "contains remnants of the writings with which the exploiting bourgeoisie sought to darken the minds of the working people in our country. For example, we found Aristide Bazilescu's 'Political Economy' on the shelves of this library. The Craiova Provisional Committee should immediately remove this book and others of this type still to be found in this institution, where the workers come to find new and progressive culture."

The problem of providing "progressive culture" has also been tackled at the source. Like the Rumanian Federation of Writers' Unions or the Union of Czechoslovakian Writers, the Federation of Hungarian Authors has been instructed "not only to debate literary problems but implement directing principles in literature." Joseph Darvas, Minister of Construction, who wrote an article about this on October 17 in Budapest, continued: "Yes, it must direct. This does not imply a restriction of literary freedom but points the way in a jungle which obstructs our adequate literary development. Like the Federation of Soviet Authors, the Federation of Hungarian Authors must become an operative body, the chief director of literary life."

The Rumanian Federation of Writers' Unions has already become an operative body. According to an article in *Flacara* on December 28 "the federation, in order to raise writers' political and ideological level, has organized courses in Marxism-Leninism and esthetics and, to raise their professional level, a series of discussions about the main problems of literary creation."

What does the "direction" of literature imply? Among other things, according to a recent article in *Nepszava*, Hungarian writers and poets "shall be sent to work in plants, tractor and machine stations or join the Army in order to acquaint themselves with the lives of workers and soldiers and to enable them to represent the heroes of work." The Rumanian Federation of Writers was able to record in December that as a result of such direction "works of prose and poetry could be created which show the reader living pictures of the activity of miners in the Jiu Valley or of the builders of the Danube-Black Sea canal."

Another task of the writers' federations will be to introduce the Communist institution of "criticism and self-criticism" in literary life. As Sos Endre pointed out in an article on November 3 in the *Magyar Nemszet* of Budapest, "Criticism and self-criticism should never be restricted to a narrow sphere but should take place in public." The first public example was provided by Gyorgy Lukacs, whose political and literary attitude had been sharply criticized last summer by his fellow writer Laszlo Rudas. Lukacs in reply admitted he had been guilty of a grave mistake in neglecting the importance of Soviet literature and giving too much consideration to progressive Western literature. But he denied that he had "slandered Lenin" or been guilty of "cosmopolitanism." He recalled that he had "fought against decadent trends in Hungarian and Western art alike when Leftist politicians considered James Joyce and Don Passos as novelists of great value."

It was a dangerous situation for Comrade Lukacs since Joszef Revai, Minister of the People's Culture, had declared on September 27 that "those who oppose the Party line on questions of literature, art, and ideology . . . fight in fact for re-establishment of the former capitalist exploiting system. Art and literature cannot be neutral. They must be warlike, partial." During a debate at the Hungarian Authors' Federation on November 12 Comrade Gyorgy Szudi had asserted that "any author maintaining a passive attitude toward things happening in the country is a counter-revolutionary." Finally, on December 21, Geza Losonczy, under-secretary for the People's Culture, had laid it down in a Parliamentary speech that "indifference and contempt of Soviet art and literature is an important manifestation of reaction. Relations to Soviet culture are a testing block just as, in political life, relations to the Soviet Union."

Comrade Lukacs was in hot water and may still be there since, in an article in the authoritative *Szabad Nep* on December 25, Marton Horvath commented severely: "Comrade Lukacs has admitted part of his mistakes. But if we consider that Comrade Lukacs's mistakes have distorted the literary policy of the Party for years and have influenced a significant part of Hungarian authors unfavorably we must state that Comrade Lukacs's self-criticism was not thorough enough."

The prospect for literature and the artist in the Soviet satellites is bleak enough in all conscience. Yet just the other day I came across a faintly heartening item. The Brothers Grimm, who enchanted my bourgeois childhood, are of course *verboten* in their original state. But for them, like Shakespeare, there is hope: they can be "reinterpreted." The Budapest newspaper *Kis Ujsag* told the story on December 20:

"On Stalin's seventieth birthday the puppet theatre will perform the story of Red Riding Hood as staged by the Soviet author Chorny. In the Soviet transcription the romantic darkness of the Grimm fairy tale is changed into a story with logical characters."

*John MacCormac is Viennese correspondent of* The New York Times.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# the Phoenix Nest

## EXHIBIT: VAN GOGH

THE LINE will form as usual to the right.
There is a minor charge for this attraction . . .
Hold your gift of silver in your hand
Before you reach the turnstile.
How they forget that this is our performance.
For this occasion,
We have had our trousers neatly pressed.
Our lady friend looks pliant in her silk.
She has purchased,
Together with those volumes on Van Gogh,
An oleander perfume brought from Holland.
We are actors standing in the corridor:
We know our script by heart.
His eyes were green; he had carrot hair;
At times, he wore a frock coat.
Once, he was a preacher for the miners.
He had a brother and a violent temper.
Ursula rejected his caressing.

O human wronged by history, forgive
Our throaty insults to your martyrdom.
Within your dream you held a house of light
Between sunflowers and the cypress trees.
You delved in rainbow, lending life to Art;
Became a pilgrim with the quest for truth.
Across that drawbridge of eternity,
Remit the wrong that marred your day and this:
The crude dissection and the careloose tongue,
A nettle to us all.

—MARIO SPERACIO.

* * *

I am glad to print the following from Jon Cleary, of the Australian News & Information Bureau:

> In the PHOENIX NEST in *SRL* Jan. 21 you mentioned Pat O'Dea, who made quite a name for himself as a drop-kick specialist here in the States in the Nineties. As you say, you have no wish to make the NEST a column for athletic reporting but I thought you might like to know of a few drop-kick specialists who have far exceeded Pat's records. In 1943 Fred Hughson drop-kicked a ball eighty-three yards, eleven inches in an exhibition kick against the throwing of an American gridiron player, Bill Jost. Hughson regularly kicked more than seventy yards in a game.
>
> There are quite a few men playing today who frequently kick more than sixty-five yards, and in our game of Australian Rules a man is not considered of much use if he can't do more than fifty yards. Perhaps the best kick of all time in Australian football was Dave McNamara, who regularly kicked more than seventy yards with a drop kick and holds the place-kick record at eighty-six yards, one foot. On one occasion, with the wind behind him, he place-kicked a ball ninety-three yards.
>
> I thought you might like to look at this useless information. Pat O'Dea was a fine kick but my generation has forgotten him in the records of the men since him.

* * *

## MENDING NETS

In the late winter, a fisherman gets
A bit of comfort from mending nets.

He can sit all evening by the fire,
Knitting and fanning his cold desire.

Minding the time, that April night,
The bulging catch in the lower bight.

Forgetting the morning he lost his mesh
When the cove froze to a brittle dish.

He fills his needle—a pleasant lull—
And wonders if willow buds are full.

—GILBERT BYRON.

* * *

## PATTERN FOR DELIGHT

In the morning her nurse would take her to the Ethical Culture kindergarten, where she might go, though only four, to skip around a large room to the tune of "The Happy Farmer" or to do curious, magical things such as helping to shake a little jar of cream and seeing it really turn into butter. Once the class went to the country and picked growing violets and spring beauties, exquisite as china.

Oh, it was fine the day her father had called for her unexpectedly at noon and taken her to a wonderful world where everyone smiled all the time and everything was either funny or pretty. It was called the Barnum and Bailey Circus, at Madison Square Garden.

Another noon her mother had taken her shopping, but that was a bother, involving the fitting of high, black, ugly "orthopedic" shoes from Best's, so good for growing feet and so like

A legend in his own lifetime

THE LIPTON STORY is a book-length profile of the millionaire yachtsman who made five unsuccessful tries to win the America's Cup, but found that each defeat only enhanced his popularity and prestige! A "nobody" who became the friend and companion of Edward VII, he combined all the grace and charm of the Edwardian years with a dynamic energy that made him one of the giants of our era.

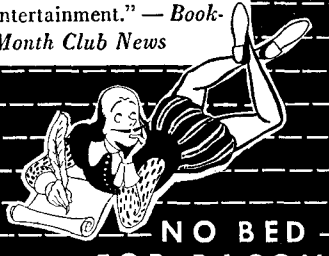
THE Lipton Story

by ALEC WAUGH

*$3 at all booksellers*

DOUBLEDAY

"HERE IS A GENUINE RARITY, a book which can be wholeheartedly recommended for sheer entertainment." — *Book-of-the-Month Club News*



NO BED FOR BACON

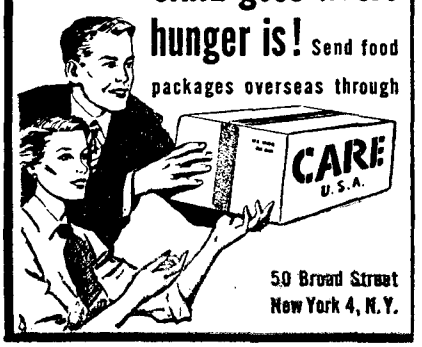
or Shakespeare Sows an Oat

by BRAHMS and SIMON

at bookstores • $3.00

THOMAS Y. Crowell COMPANY

CARE goes where hunger is! Send food packages overseas through




50 Broad Street
New York 4, N.Y.




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

policemen's shoes, with square toes and laces that crisscrossed over notches. You'll thank me later on, explained her mother. She did, but never for those shoes.

She thanked her that very day for hailing a hansom by the fountain in front of the old Plaza Hotel. There was a red-faced, silk-hatted cabbie perched up behind, and a lap robe that seemed like a horseblanket, to tuck around their knees, with the cab's little doors closed over it. The flanks of the high-stepping horse shone like well-polished tan shoes, and the cropped tail was jaunty and smart (though cruel, of course—she hoped the horse had forgotten the ordeal by now). She hoped, too, that it had not wanted a long tail, anyway, for she knew how it might feel, being herself compelled to wear a rather comic Dutch cut, straight all around, and with bangs, rather than the magnificent braids her sister was permitted.

The hansom drive around Central Park was joy itself and so was going to the circus with Daddy. Skipping in kindergarten was a surging satisfaction, but there was something else that was like all of these, only more so, and with a difference she had no word for. She was not sure then, or ever, that anyone else ever had that special feeling. IT simply *was*. When it came it was as if she were, all of her, singing in tune with music that was herself, yet more than herself; music that was the whole world, as much of it as she knew.

That was why in the afternoons when her mother used to practise on the great rosewood Steinway grand the little girl would sit underneath that mellow sounding board, leaning against the piano's back leg carved like a Greek vase. Cross-legged, hands folded, she could watch the odd counterpoint of the pedals, out of time, yet part of the in-tuneness.

What a quaint fancy, one might say, for the child to sit like that, so quiet and demure in her plaid gingham dress and precarious taffeta bow on her short hair. What a faraway look in her eyes! How can she stand the noise!

Noise! How could she tell anyone that she was in the center of a cloud of music; that she was standing in a gale on a hilltop, with her head thrown back, her arms open wide, and her heart about to break?

—Edith Lodge.

* * *

## FACT

Discretion guides the firm teetotaler.
Drinking men are anecdotaler.

—John McGiffert.

* * *

—William Rose Benét.


# CLASSIFIED

*CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.*

## LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY PRESENTED. Quality typing at reasonable rates. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 315 East 73 St., NYC. Circle 6-7441.

PROFITABLE BOOK PUBLICATION on even the limited sale of your book is possible. Details in our free copy "We Can Publishy Your Book," Dept. 8, EXPOSITION PRESS, 251 Fourth Ave., NYC 10.

QUALITY MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Rapid, inexpensive. GLADYS & IRENE LEAHEY. Room 2214, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC MUrray Hil 7-2227.

PROFITABLE EDITORIAL GUIDANCE. World-wide book, short story sales. Movie, television contacts. Sympathetic attention to beginners. AUTHORS' & PUBLISHERS' SERVICE, 24-25 77 St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 2, Colo.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, all languages marketed, 19 West 44 St., NYC 18.

MANUSCRIPT EVALUATION, editing, rewriting, collaboration. Wide experience. MARIE H. DOYLE, 341 Madison Ave., NYC 17. MUrray Hill 6-7096.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 3-1364.

ETHEL WAUGH, literary services, manuscripts, edited, typed, marketed. 125 West 58 St., NYC 19. JUdson 6-1809.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

LITERARY PROBLEMS? Sincere and friendly cooperation offered the professional or promising amateur. Literary services as well as conscientious sales attention. Write today for FREE booklet "Your Roads to Writing SUCCESS," DANIEL S. MEAD, LITERARY AGENCY, 419 Fourth Ave., Dept. SR, NYC 16.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

GHOSTWRITING—typing—LYNNE LOVELACE, 720 West 170 St., NYC 32. WAdsworth 8-4620.

REVOLT AGAINST FORMULA! Exceptional novels, plays, stories marketed. Charles Chupet, (Yale '47 Workshop Alumnus) Author's Representative. 5657 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

AVAILABLE: Organization, expert editing, revision of encyclopedia, year books, handbooks, and nonfiction. Box 610-B.

ANCESTOR CONSCIOUS? Leading genealogist offers expert assistance. State problems. Mrs. Louise Hasbrouck Zimm, 49 West 11 St., NYC 11.

WESTERN SCENE? Literary criticism, Sterner Remple, 410 Tyler, Pueblo, Colo.

## LANGUAGES

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne (Sorbonne University) NYC, REgent 7-4606.

# CLASSIFIED

## FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 30¢. Books bought.

LIBRAIRIE LIPTON. The French Book House, 791 Lexington Ave., NYC 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects bought and sold.

## BACK NUMBERS

NIELSEN'S BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SERVICE. Send want list. 7308 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

## BOOK PLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

## OUT-OF-PRINT

BOOKFINDERS! Scarce, unusual books quickly supplied, send wants. CLIFTONS, Box 1377, Beverly Hills, Calif.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free 30-page catalogue. We buy books. Send list. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

OUT-OF-PRINT books found quickly. Send wants, no obligation. COAST BOOKFINDERS, Box 8686, Los Angeles 46, Calif.

BOOKS located promptly. PARAMOUNT BOOK SERVICE, 39 Hopedale St., Allston 34, Boston, Mass.

## BOOKS

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LITERATURE—History, Americana, Fiction, Science, etc., on hand. Catalogues issued. Inquiries invited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, Malaya, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, the South Seas. We are now working on Catalogue 133—all Asia. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, Inc., 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

3000 SCARCE BOOKS ON HAND. If the one you want is not on hand, I'll find it for you. DELLA MONTGOMERY, R. No. 6, Box 53 B, South Bend, Ind.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book we may have it. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St. Oldest old book shop in NYC.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

## PERSONALS

HERITAGE TOURS. Are you dreaming of a holiday in England among places long treasured in American and British history? Sulgrave, homes of the Pilgrim fathers, Stratford and a night at the Shakespeare theatre, Oxford and Cambridge, Cabot's Bristol, Roman Bath, Cathedrals of yesterday, craftsmen of today! All this and more with a guide, host and private car party. Full details from HERITAGE TOURS, 131 Cliddesden Road, Basingstoke, England.

WANTED: 3 rooms, unfurnished, central Manhattan. 2 sisters, designer and singer. NYC, Boulevard 8-3008.

YOUNG LADY? musical, sensitive, wishes correspondence with refined, intelligent person. Box 572-B.

WOMAN! Are you a liberal? Young man would like to hear from you. Box 573-B.

PLAYWRIGHT, wife, seek country or Cape place, 6 to 12 months, about June 1. Modest rental, or exchange caretaking, etc. services. Box 574-B.

ATTRACTIVE COUPLE, too long in the city pent. Wish to help someone with ski resort, similar country occupation. Can apply strong executive, advertising backgrounds. Box 575-B.

ROOM, private bath, vicinity station. Business person preferred. SCarsdale 3-3856. Box 609-B.

WHY RISK A TRIP TO PARIS? Get a wolf's eye view of pre-war Paree in pages of La Vie Parisienne. Exotically illustrated. Single issues, $2.50; 5 issues, all different, $10; Bound volume, 26 issues, $29.75. Box 163-D.




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## PERSONALS

IF INTERESTED IN MAYAN, Aztec and Inca civilizations, send for free book list. Box 132-D.

FANCIFUL FEMME with imagination and sense of humor, desires correspondence with gentleman of *spiritual maturity. Box 576-B.*

YOUNG LADY, professional, recently returned international assignment, interested meaningful, profound, everyday life, invites male correspondence. Box 577-B.

LADY, interested books, music, desires correspondence with sincere, mature gentleman. Box 578-B.

WANTED: National, Canadian representatives to represent Research Bureau. Box 579-B.

GENTLEMAN, slightly bohemian, lover of poetry, conversation, gardening, but practical withal, invites female correspondence. Box 580-B.

REFINED, MIDDLE-AGED NURSE, widow, seeks position. Diabetic specialist. Free to travel. Excellent credentials. Box 581-B.

HELEN FREY, voice teacher, coach. European background. *For appointment, NYC, Beachview 8-4043.*

YOUNG LADY wishes correspondence with lonely, intelligent male. Box 583-B.

PSYCHOLOGIST, feminine, with zest for living, steeped in other people's troubles, seeks relaxation in corresponding with mature, professional man. Box 584-B.

EARLY AMERICAN HOME combining convenience with simplicity, 7 rooms, bath, extra lavatory, attached 2 car garage, 20 acres high, level land, some *tillable, good water supply, $10,000. Dorothy Gillian,* 61 Spring St., Willimantic, Conn.

ALERT SECRETARY, experienced psychiatric dictation, interested employment, NYC. Box 587-B.

4 ROOM, FURNISHED APARTMENT. Quaint, semi-tropical, historic seaside village of Southport. Available after March. $100 by month. William Crowe, Orange St., Wilmington, N. C.

FOR SALE: Charming home, 2 miles from Chapel Hill and University of North Carolina. Early American house, *10 rooms, 2 baths. Complete guest house.* 48 acres, $30,000. Box 225, Chapel Hill, N. C.

WANTED: Ideas for utilizing patented, non-glare, black-out lamp. Box 589-B.

CANADIAN GENTLEMAN, European background, author, musician, desires correspondence with sympathetic lady. Box 590-B.

SPONTANEOUS, gay, refined young intellectual female invites correspondence from mature, interesting gentleman. Box 591-B.

MALE TEACHER—WRITER, 30, impecunious, single, veteran, wants to rent a shack on Maine-New Hampshire coast for summer. Box 592-B.

CRAZY ARTIST, male, desires correspondence with understanding, practical young lady. Box 595-B.

MATURE, REFINED WOMAN, pleasant, fond of animals, *flowers and travel, wishes correspondence with* similar male. Box 596-B.

LADY, 30, reticent, needs steady job, anyplace, anything. Box 597-B.

YALE SENIOR, veteran, wants unusually interesting work, anywhere. Box 598-B.

COLLEGE STUDENT, *graduating in June,* desires to travel abroad in any capacity, companion, tutor, etc. Box 599-B.

FEMININE WORSHIPER of beautiful literature, invites adventurous correspondence. Box 601-B.

SEMINARY STUDENT wants to be valet for someone going abroad this summer. Box 384, Baptist Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

YOUNG WOMAN, weary of routine, seeks diverting correspondence. Box 604-B.

CULTURED, intelligent, charming young man, professional, fond music, dancing, sports, outdoors, etc., invites feminine correspondence. Box 605-B.

LADY LAWYER, interested music, books, theatre, invites correspondence. Box 606-B.

YOUNG WOMAN, 32, *experienced in home arts,* university graduate, wants summer work, care of children, companion, drive car. U. S. or abroad. Box 607-B.

## PERSONALS

GENTLEMAN, music, traveled, educated, wishes correspondence with lady. Box 608-B.

DANCE—Most amazing full page reproductions in heliogravure—just published in Paris. Ask for "Danse *No. 4" at your bookstore or send $3.50 to: Editions,* A. de Milly. 119 West 57 St., NYC 19.

HAVE YOU SHOWN HER your SERIGRAPHS? Serigraph Galleries, 38 West 57 St., NYC. CIrcle 5-8936.

SHEER PHILANTHROPY, that's what it is! Nothing to give away but the greatest dollar value and the very best service. Save 25% on current books; up to 85% on other new books. Any book in print supplied. Standard sets, too. Write for details: ALAN GARDNER, BOOK READERS' CIRCLE, 80 East 11 St., NYC 3.

PAINTING, Sculpture, Architecture, Porcelain, Silver, China, Russia, Oriental Art, Ballet, Politics, Drama, Facetiae, Anthropology, Sex, Agriculture, England, Near East, Typography and Book Collecing are some of the subjects in our bounteous catalogue number 30, now being mailed free gratis to readers of SRL. H. H. EVANS, BOOKS, 1157 Sutter St., San Francisco 9, Calif.

SEND ME $5 and I will mail you postpaid a complete bound volume of Harper's or Scribner's Magazine, 1870's, 1880's or 1890's, over 800 pages of superb reading, illustrated, many first appearances of masterpieces. Box 150-D.

SECRETARY, lady, experienced, desires position Manhattan. Capable meeting people. Box 578-B.

GET OFF THE BEATEN TRACK and see the real Europe with LINJEBUSS. Paris, Rome, Scandinavia, Germany, Low Countries. Comfortable coaches, con*genial companions. Box 50K.*

ALERT, UNDERSTANDING MALE, fond of life, people, events, desires correspondence with interesting female. Box 615-B.

SALE OR RENT: Vermont, 7 room Cape Cod house, barn, 5 cabins, all furnished. Swimming pool, 100 acres, breathtaking view. Equipped for home, camp, boarding house, farm, art school. Sacrifice. NYC, TRafalgar 7-6700—6H. Box 618-B.

QUASI-CULTURED, MIDDLEBROW MALE quests correspondence with feminine female. Box 616-B.

BELGIAN PAINTER will do charcoal portraits. Attractive work, reasonable rates. Box 617-B.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., NYC 18. Half a block from 5th Ave. We are offering week-end rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (3 nights); Single room and bath, $14; double room and bath, *$20.50; sitting room, bedroom and bath $26.50.* Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

DR. KILTON STEWART lectures on various phases of magico-religious ceremonies in primitive societies. Wednesdays, 8:30, Sundays, 4:00, 31 Park Ave., NYC, LExington 2-8042.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE. Helen Trimpe, 342 Madison Ave., NYC, MUrray Hill 2-5330.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE, *University of Colorado,* Boulder, Colo. July 24-Aug. 11, 1950. Write for information.

## PERSONALS

HEAVEN AND ITS WONDERS, AND HELL. This remarkable 632-page book on Views of the Hereafter, by Emanuel Swedenborg, with biography, will be sent for 5¢. THE SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, Room 1619, 51 East 42 St., NYC 17.

HOBBY FOR ADULTS. Learn popular piano. Short beginners' course. Bernard Spencer, M.A., 113 West 57 St., NYC. COlumbus 5-1418.

EUROPE? 2 Harvard students desire position traveling-companion, tutors for young boys. Experienced. Box 518-B.

INCOMPARABLE PIANO IMPROVISATIONS, accompaniment for dance, etc. Instruction. Box 621-B.

SECRETARY invites mature correspondence, espe*cially appreciators Bernstein's Jeremiah.* Box 619-B.

AFRICAN SCULPTURES, genuine and ancient; collectors' items for sale. INTERNATIONAL ALLIED COMPANIES, 114 East 32 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-3388. Illustrated catalogue on request.

LEARN TO PLAY CASTANETS. This fascinating skill yours—by correspondence. Box 44-K.

MILLINERY—your pet hat—reblocked—remodelled. Ready-made—chic originals. RUTH, 66 Fifth Ave., NYC. ORegon 5-2598.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

"HOW TO CATCH AND TAME A HUSBAND." 151 hilarious pages, $2.50 postpaid. Halpern & Verweibe, 225 West 10 St., NYC.

LIVE DATES FOR SALE . . . More than 750 in Schoyer's Vital Anniversaries for 1950. Capsule story or more a day makes intriguing reading for literati of intelligence and imagination. Has no counterpart. Send $2. (money-back guarantee) to Will Schoyer & Co., 304 Ross St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

## FILMS

FILM PROGRAMS PUZZLING? Complete index of *16mm film reviews and feature articles which have* appeared in S. R. L.'s "Ideas on Films" and "Film Forum" now available. Send 10¢ in stamps to cover handling and postage to Film Department, S. R. L., 25 West 45 Street, NYC 19.

## VACATIONS

BERKSHIRES, *cuisine francaise, un poeme, delight*ful, continental atmosphere, skiing nearby. SUNINSIDE, Monterey, Mass.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. ALENCIA HOTEL, St. Augustine, Fla.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

UNWIND in the COUNTRY. Comfort, rest, recreation at SUDBURY INN, Sudbury, Vt.


## HANDY SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street
New York 19, N. Y.

☐ 1 YEAR FOR $6
☐ 2 YEARS FOR $10
☐ 3 YEARS FOR $14

☐ Remittance Enclosed ☐ Bill Me

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone..... State .....

(Add $1.00 per subscription year for Canadian and foreign orders excluding Pan America.)

2/25/50




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 831

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

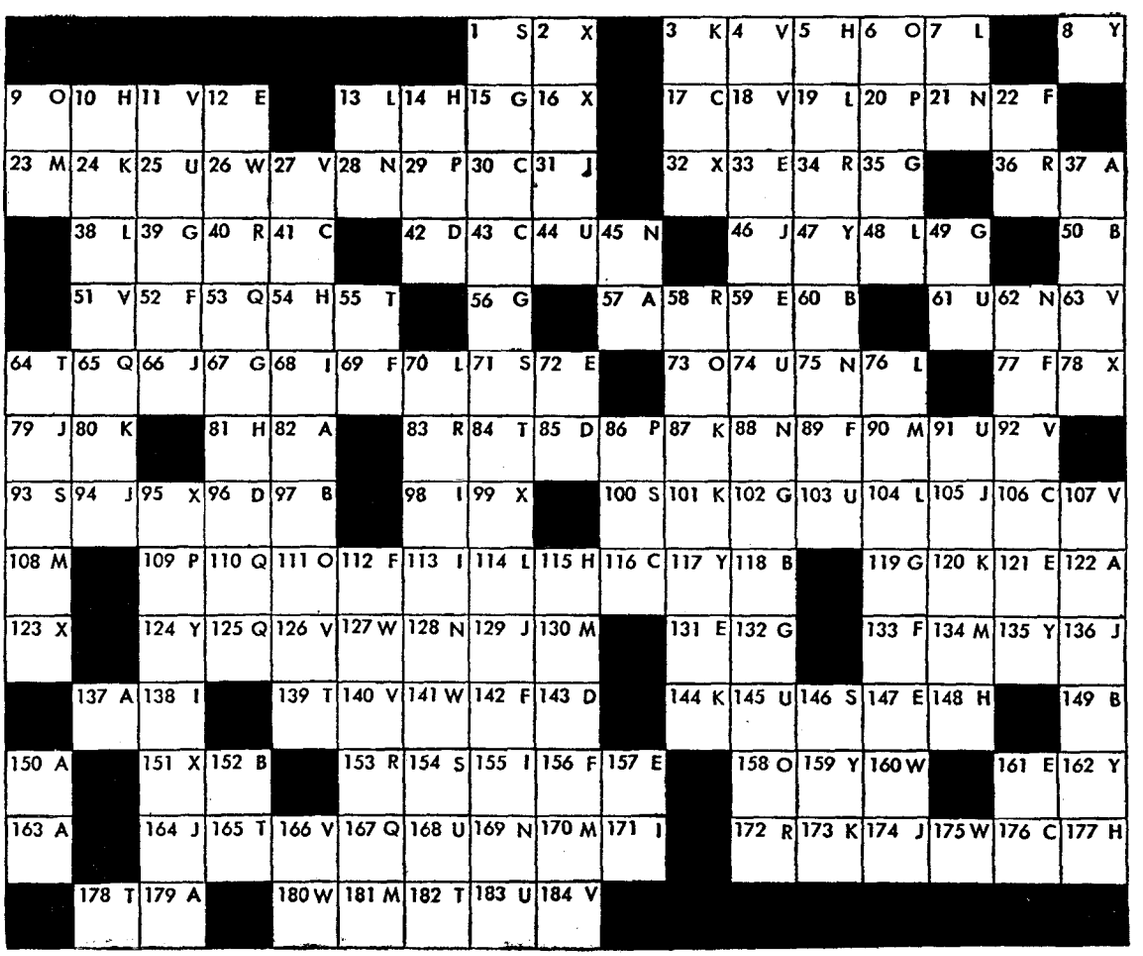
| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. French beauty, beloved by Rousseau ("Confessions"). | 57 82 122 163 37 179 137 150 |
| B. Genus of African oil palm (bot.). | 97 118 50 60 149 152 |
| C. A ceremony symbolic of rebirth, the incoming year, etc. (2 wds.; anthropol.). | 30 43 17 116 106 176 41 |
| D An important industrial mining center in Germany (with "the"). | 143 85 42 96 |
| E. Industrial city on the Volga, Soviet Russia. | 72 161 33 121 12 157 131 59 147 |
| F. Fit to have bounds set for. | 156 112 22 133 52 69 77 89 142 |
| G. Mytacism. | 35 56 49 102 119 15 39 67 132 |
| H. Destitute of oil tubes (said of the fruit of certain plants; bot.). | 177 54 14 81 5 10 115 148 |
| I. Dressing (stone) with a sharp-pointed hammer. | 68 98 31 171 155 138 113 |
| J. Familiar European bird often kept in a cage. | 79 105 136 46 174 66 129 164 94 |
| K. Capable of being ascertained, etc. | 80 87 101 144 24 120 3 173 |
| L. American polar explorer with Amundsen and others (1880-). | 76 70 38 19 13 48 7 104 114 |
| M. Stingy; scanty; a miser. | 170 90 130 108 181 23 134 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| N. A Calumet Farms sensational horse. | 62 128 28 88 45 169 21 75 |
| O. German philosopher (1770-1831). | 158 6 73 9 111 |
| P. Last name of hero of "Lorna Doone." | 86 29 20 109 |
| Q. Having the margin irregularly notched as if gnawed (bot.). | 110 167 53 65 125 |
| R. A heavy leather or hide whip (S. Africa). | 153 83 58 36 172 34 40 |
| S. Treaty of 1807, ending fourth phase of Napoleonic Wars. | 93 1 71 100 146 154 |
| T. Tragic character in Shakespeare. | 84 139 165 55 182 178 64 |
| U. Resort lake in N.W. Maine. | 168 61 74 91 183 145 103 44 25 |
| V. A tidy. | 166 107 126 18 92 27 63 4 51 184 140 11 |
| W. Prime; first-rate (colloq.). | 160 26 141 127 175 180 |
| X. Icelandic statesman and poet, leader of Home Rule Party (1861-1922). | 16 78 32 99 123 95 151 2 |
| Y. Designating the Prose Edda (Norse myth.). | 8 159 117 162 124 135 47 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*




**Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

## IMPRESSIONS

WITH confirmation at last from the required sources, we can restore the information that was meant to head our comment a month ago on the records, then new, of Boris Christoff and others on the HMV list. That information concerned a substantial slash in the cost of such discs in this country, from a top of $2.62 down to less than $2, just about paralleling the dollar-pound revaluation of last fall. Similar cuts are in effect for the records of smaller size and inferior category formerly arranged relative to HMV's top-rated DB and DA series.

There was some doubt a month ago whether that cut would affect only issues of future date or be retroactive for the full catalogue. Hence we held the matter in abeyance, awaiting clarification. Since it is now established that the latter policy applies, the importance of the decision to the buyer at large is greatly emphasized. It means that a considerable catalogue of works greatly valued by our public is much closer to parity with domestic issues than ever before. In the instance of multiple-disc sets, such as the Schiotz "Schöne Müllerin" or the Fischer version of the Schumann "Fantasia," the new prices may amount to savings of more than a few dollars.

The questions of new concern now are: how will this change affect the repressing in this country of such items in the old manner, and how widely available will the originals be at the new prices? Regarded realistically, there can hardly be an adverse effect on repressings, for the quantity of those since the war has in any case been slight. Virtually the only products consistently favored by RCA were those of Beecham, produced in England by American financing and no longer material to this discussion since he has transferred to Columbia.

One may assume that RCA will utilize, in its long playing program (see page 60) any outstanding HMV issues which contribute to the health and prestige of that list. That is plain commercial sense. If it makes other matter available (I am told that the Schiotz "Messiah" disc is not available now, even from England) on a realistic basis then in fact "Every Valley Shall Be Exalted." We watch and wait.

IRVING KOLODIN,
MUSIC EDITOR.

## MARCH 1950

### ARTICLES


Bach After Two Centuries ..... HERBERT WEINSTOCK ..... 51
RCA Goes to LP ..... IRVING KOLODIN ..... 60


### REVIEWS


Bloch: "Sacred Service" (The composer)
Offenbach: "Contes d'Hoffmann" (Cluytens)
Haydn: "Lord Nelson Mass" (Sternberg)
Pergolesi: "The Music Master" (Schick)
Dohnányi: "Suite en Valse" (Dohnányi-Kilenyi)
Schönberg: "Serenade" (Mitropoulos)
} IRVING KOLODIN .... 56


### DEPARTMENTS


Music to My Ears ..... THE EDITOR ..... 53
In Short: A Sampling of Singles ..... 54
RECORDINGS Reports: LP's and Albums ..... 58
The Other Side ..... THOMAS HEINITZ ..... 62
Hits and Misses ..... WILDER HOBSON ..... 64
RECORDINGS Reports on Popular Releases ..... 65
Letters to the RECORDINGS Editor ..... 66



*(Complete contents copyright 1950, Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.)*





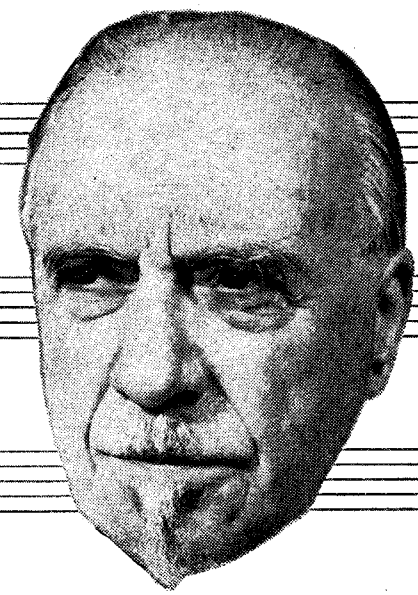
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First great LP release by

# Sir Thomas Beecham Bart.

in his new exclusive association with

## Columbia Records



Bizet: Carmen-Suite

Tchaikovsky: Capriccio Italien, Op. 45

Columbia Long Playing Record ML-4287 $4.85*

*Includes Fed. Excise Tax

Sir Thomas Beecham's brilliant direction of The Columbia Symphony Orchestra in these two colorful works demonstrates to the utmost his unique and compelling musical gifts.

These are new LP recordings—the first produced by Sir Thomas, who says, " . . . LP is the most important advance in the gramophone world since the advent of electrical recording."

**Also Available on conventional Columbia Records (78 RPM)**

**BIZET: Carmen—Suite Set MX-333 $3.33**

**TCHAIKOVSKY: Capriccio Italien, Op. 45 Set MX-334 $3.33**

*Prices Shown Exclusive of Taxes*

**COLUMBIA 7 INCH LP RECORDS**

**Give You All The Short Classics—Standards and "Pop" hits.**

Be sure your new radio-phonograph combination plays *all* sizes of 33⅓ RPM records automatically—7-, 10- and 12-inch. Choose your selections from the Columbia LP catalog—World's *First*, *Finest*, *Largest*.

# Columbia LP Records

**TUNE IN—"Columbia LP Record Parade" Every Sunday over CBS Network**

*"Columbia," "Masterworks," ℗ and ℗ Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Marcas Registradas*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Otto Hess. —Gjon Mili.

Wanda Landowska and Pablo Casals—"Few . . . are likely to honor Bach more appositely."

# *Bach After Two Centuries*

HERBERT WEINSTOCK

ON JULY 28, 1950, Johann Sebastian Bach will have been dead two centuries. To say that his position as the greatest of all composers is safe now as never before would be easy, traditional, and properly bicentenary. And indeed both Bach's renown and the love with which large areas of his music are performed and listened to have increased vastly in two hundred years. It is all but impossible now to believe that during his life and for some time after his death he was considered as no more than a good provincial organist, an expert on the construction of organs, and, incidentally, an earnest and workmanlike composer (to describe him as then "unknown" is, of course, to indulge in romantic exaggeration). The most widely known composer in the world during Bach's lifetime may well have been either Georg Philipp Telemann or that half - Anglicized German George Frederic Handel. For a variety of reasons, Telemann's fame and position have all but vanished while Handel's, never in peril of becoming wholly lost, have failed to keep much more than "Messiah" and a handful of his other compositions in anything like constant performance. Contrarily, the past century has discovered increasing reason to edit, publish, arrange, transcribe, and perform more and more of the universes of music lying on the pages of the multi-volumed *Bachgesellschaft.*

Central places in musical literature unquestionably belong now to the B minor Mass, the "Matthew Passion," "The Well-Tempered Clavier," the finest of the cantatas, orchestral suites, and concertos, and half a hundred more instrumental and vocal works by Bach. He is even regarded by many, however inaccurately, as the fountainous source from which all music has flowed. And yet at the year of the bicentenary commemoration of his death his music as a whole is not so absolutely central as it was a few decades ago to the taste of the majority—and particularly the younger majority—of serious musicians and listeners.

Men and women now old enough to have lived musically in the last decades of the great Bach revival (the century that began with Mendelssohn's performance of the "Matthew Passion" in 1829) will easily recall that Bach's name then bestrode all serious discussion of music as Shakespeare's rules that of English literature. But in the last two decades the values in that discussion have begun to shift and alter. The result, as always, has been a reassessment of the present-day value of the music of the past. And the perfect summit of the musical past now seems, particularly to the young, to be Mozart rather than Bach. An era less devotionally satisfied, far less sure of its world and itself, has found in the mercurial piano concertos, operas, symphonies, and chamber music of Mozart esthetic and psychological qualities it inclines to value more highly than the values it finds in Bach (or Beethoven). Along with an increasing tendency to extend the horizon of the active repertoire farther into the past and present, this re-evaluation of Mozart has resulted in a more placid acceptance of Bach.

Johann Sebastian still reigns, but his kingdom is not what it once was. The recognition of this fact is as necessary to an understanding of the musical world as, say, a recognition of Britain's changed estate is necessary to an understanding of the political world.

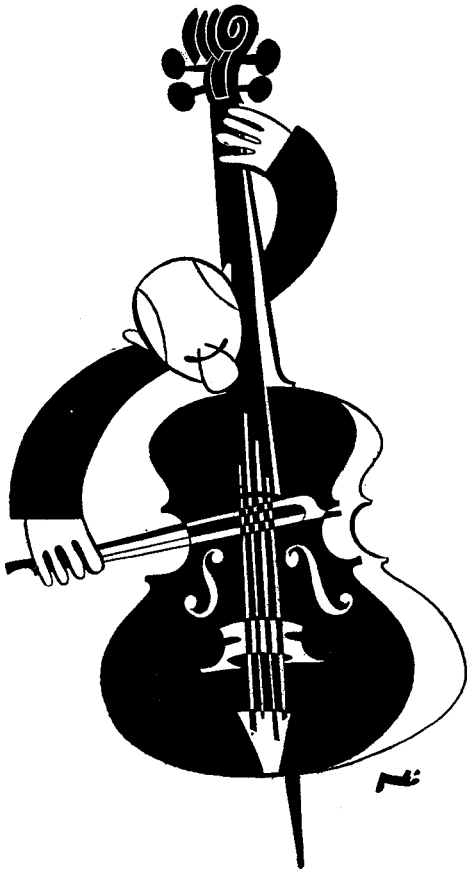
The arranging of artistic hierarchies is a parlor game of varying attractions, but a pastime from which useful information about taste can often be



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

derived. Leaving other composers out of consideration, it is likely that thirty years ago a precedence list reading Bach - Beethoven - Mozart would have surprised few; today that list is far more likely to read Mozart-Bach-Beethoven. (A similar revision in taste has perhaps been in process from Wagner-Verdi to Verdi-Wagner.) This is not to suggest either that an earlier era overvalued Bach or that we are likely to undervalue him, as may well be the case with our attitudes toward Beethoven; it means merely that each period will inevitably select from the available past those works of art which respond best to its desires and fulfil most completely its needs. A brief glance at the history of such reputations as those of Longfellow, Lowell, and the senior Oliver Wendell Holmes, say, and then at those of Herman Melville and Henry James will show the principle operating in the field of American letters.

WE shall nonetheless lend ourselves enthusiastically to this "Bach year." We shall honor the bicentenary by performing and broadcasting and recording countless examples of Bach's fertile, satisfying, sovereign music. The concert hall, church, and radio performances are already begun. Now the newly released recordings start to appear in groups. Recent years have welcomed generally excellent new recordings of the B minor Mass, the "Magnificat," the "Matthew Passion," a few cantatas, organ pieces, solo concertos, the "Goldberg Variations," and several miscellaneous works. On my desk now I find new albums by Casals and Landowska, a fresh version of two "Brandenburg" Concertos, a sample record from a complete recording of "The Art of the Fugue," the first uncut recording of the "Matthew Passion," and a performance of the Suite No. 3 in D major. I take them to be the few early drops of 1950's Bach freshet.

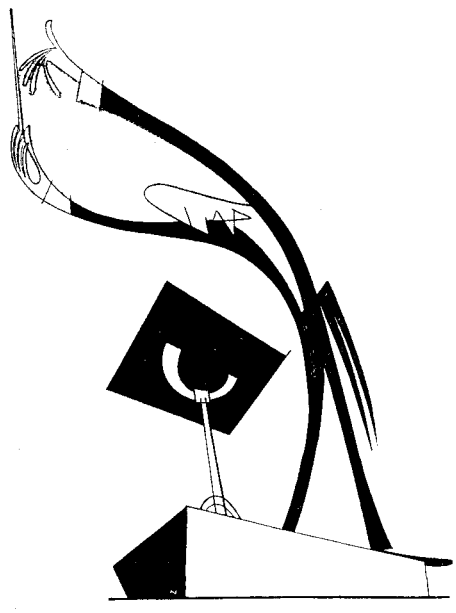


Completing the set of six suites for unaccompanied cello, RCA Victor is issuing (album 1302, $9.75) Casals's magistral playing of No. 4 in E flat major, and No. 5 in C minor. (Nos. 1 and 6 are in album 742, Nos. 2 and 3 in album 611.) If the sometimes fibrous timbre of the unaccompanied cello can ever win this music all the listeners it deserves, it is that sound as modulated by Casals. Here one of the peerless interpreters of our time deals with some of the most profound music ever allotted to his instrument. The recording is good. Surfaces on the seven 78 rpm records in my sample set are of the best—but the music cries out for the concert-hall continuity of LP. On the odd side is the Siloti-Casals transcription of the second section of the Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue in C major, with Nicolai Mednikoff's expert accompaniment at the piano setting off Casals's playing.

Wanda Landowska is now recording the complete "Well-Tempered Clavier" to set beside her "Goldberg Variations." In the first section to be issued (RCA Victor album 1338, $7.50) we are given the first eight Preludes and Fugues of Volume I. Many will doubtless criticize the veteran harpsichordist (not always without justice) for her individual version of "Bach style" as it shows up in her tempos, volumes, and selected timbres. But where else are we to seek performances so vital, so addressed to the music as living? These records demonstrate again that Bach's is music for the harpsichord, not for the piano. In verisimilitude the recording could scarcely be bettered. The surfaces in the sample set are an honor to RCA Victor. In this music the 78 rpm form is not so undesirable as in the cello suites, though LP would add immeasurably to listening pleasure (see page 60.)

Few events of 1950 are likely to honor Bach more appositely than these albums played by Casals and Landowska.

An ffrr version of two "Brandenburg" Concertos—No. 4 in G major, No. 6 in B flat major—on one twelve-inch record (London LP 144, $5.95) as played by the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra conducted by Karl Münchinger, and with harpsichord continuo, is gratifying to hear. Better as balanced sound than Columbia's Busch Chamber Players version in the degree that the harpsichord is better suited than the piano to fill out that balance, this London version of Nos. 4 and 6 falls far short of Busch in everything else but high-fidelity recording. In detail Herr Münchinger and his men respect the nature of the music; the total effect, however, is somewhat pedestrian. Comparison of over-all musical vitality is all in favor of Busch, particularly in No. 6 and the wonderful slow movement of No. 4. I take all other versions to be ruled out of comparison by stylistic flaws. This is a case in which I should still select a cumbersome and no longer young set of 78 rpm records despite the combined allurements of ffrr and LP.



Also under the London label appears an "Art of the Fugue" (London LP 139/41, $17.85) transcribed for orchestra by the French-Swiss composer Roger Vuataz and played by the Radio Orchestra of Beromünster (Switzerland) under Hermann Scherchen. On the sample record I have heard (the concluding one) the music seems absurdly overdressed. Also, the performance displays a fussiness unlikely to convert the unconvinced to this arcane music. If "The Art of the Fugue" must be performed (and I risk my head by doubting that necessity), then surely it *sounds* better, its contrapuntal pattern can be followed better, when it is arranged for string quartet, as by Roy Harris and M. D. Herter Norton. The London recording is superb, but its very superbness reveals inadequacies in the performing orchestra.

Available on a Vox LP pressing of a recording made by Les Discophiles Français is the first textually complete phonographic version of the "Matthew Passion." In addition to soloists (none of whose names rings familiar), the forces under the baton of Fritz



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lehmann include the Orchestra and Augmented Choir of the Berlin Radio and the Boys Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral (Berlin). This complete performance is satisfactory for pleasurable listening, during which its value is immensely heightened by LP and by the accompanying complete printed text in German and English. This is not, however, the definitive recorded version for which Bachophiles must continue to hope.

Unfortunately, Vox album DL 6070 (four twelve-inch records, $24.75) is roughened by a lot of coughing and other extraneous noise, whether made by an audience or by the performers themselves it is impossible to say. More important, the vocal soloists are not to be compared to those in the HMV abridged recording, made in Bach's own Leipzig Thomaskirche (English HMV DB 6516/31), among them Karl Erb, Gerhard Hüsch, and Tiana Lemnitz. As so frequent with very large works, then, the record buyer must cancel out numerous factors when making a choice (again I assume that other available abridged recordings can be left out of account for stylistic reasons). If he must have the "Matthew Passion" complete and on LP, he can choose only the Vox album. If he wants the best recorded sound and solo singing that is near-great when it is not great, then he must have the HMV records. Because my own preference, once a certain level of technical excellence is granted, is always for beauty of performance, I should choose the HMV set.

Last, and only ten inches of LP, is a wholly delightful record of the Suite No. 3 in D major (London LPS 147, $4.95). The Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra is again conducted by Karl Münchinger. In this instance the astonishing resources of ffrr and LP have been placed at the surface just liveliness and sweet reason. The "celebrated air for the G string" is not allowed to project unduly from its environment, and the total result is moving and beautiful. By this record Bach is honored as he is not by the inflated and mistaken piety that led to dressing up "The Art of the Fugue."

The Bach bicentenary is excellently launched. May it reveal a complete "Christmas Oratorio" and at least a few cantatas sung with the sharp loveliness of the unforgettable Orfeó Catalá singing (RCA Victor album 120) of "Christ lag in Totesbanden" and parts of "Wachet auf!" Then, and with the records we already have, the bicentenary, though probably it cannot undo the reassessment of Bach mentioned earlier, may at least leave us able to document our judgment pleasurably and with a reasonable summary of the major works.

# *Music to My Ears*

## GROSS ART TO BEAUX-ARTS IN MOZART

WE HAVE been having all kinds of Mozart singing in late days—Italian, English, Bulgarian, American, everything in odd fact but Scandinavian. There have been Erna Berger and Elisabeth Schumann in the concert hall; Ljuba Welitch, Paul Schoeffler, Jan Peerce, Patrice Munsel, Italo Tajo, *et al.*, in the opera house; Bruno Walter with the Philharmonic and Ernest Ansermet with the NBC Orchestra. If the latter seem not to belong to the category of those who "sing" Mozart, cite me a work by Mozart, of whatever type, which is not essentially vocal and I may reconsider.

As to which I prefer among them, I may recall the rejoinder of a veteran critic when asked to say which Violetta he preferred, Ponselle's or Bori's. "Neither," he answered, "Verdi's." So when I think in terms of the Welitch Donna Anna or the Tajo Figaro or the Schoeffler Don, I must inevitably think in terms of the Mozart, and find them, in varying degrees, insufficient. If that seems an arrogance on my part, so be it; at least I think I have listened more often, and more objectively, to more varied conceptions of these parts than the singers I have mentioned and formed an inclusive portrait more graphic than their exclusive ones.

The Welitch Donna Anna, widely as it has been acclaimed by some, seemed to me something between a Tosca with red hair and a Salome in mourning. Well-coiffed, strong-minded, and not at all demoralized by the idea of seduction, Mme. Welitch needed as much the protection of Jan Peerce (Ottavio) as a Mack truck needs a jeep. Her propulsive, rapacious character was conveyed as much in the singing as in the acting. Neither the "Honor" aria nor "Non mi dir" were sung as much as they were expelled. The sharp point of tone was etched rather than painted — well enough if you are working a Strauss stone, but hardly suitable for a Mozart canvas. As for the ensembles, one could locate Welitch with closed eyes —she was where the loudest sound was coming from, always.

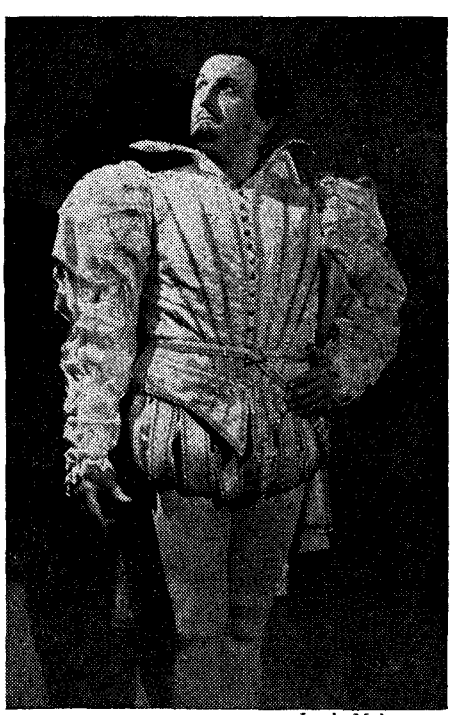
Schoeffler as Giovanni brought to mind dim, faded pictures in old opera books—he was the German Don to the life, if not to the tongue. He also brought to mind a little episode the week before, when I encountered him at a matinee of "Simon Boccanegra," was introduced, and in a host spirit showed him around Sherry's with its historical portraits of Gadski, Schorr, Chaliapin, Caruso, etc. He glanced over his shoulder at the handsome one of Pinza as the Don, but didn't seem much interested in examining it at close range.

It was a moderately lithe, moderately *"lustig"* (the German word fits better than any other), moderately intellectual Don he delivered, with a flexible baritone better suited—technically — to the music than Pinza's bass-baritone. "Moderation in all things" is a Greek concept, however, not a Spanish one, and if the Don is not a figure of excess, what is he? He is something like Schoeffler, who will do, but not for long. If a Don can't get a chuckle with one Italian phrase everybody can understand—*"odore di femina"*—he is lost. Schoeffler didn't.

When this "Don Giovanni" is given on the radio, take note of Patrice Munsel's Zerlina. It is the first time in years, virtually, that she has sung anything but such cackling roles as Lucia and Gilda, and it shows her to be a young lady with a pretty voice who can really sing. Her immature phrasing had an innate grace and a suavity not in the mature artifice of Welitch and Schoeffler, a love of sound and a sound of love for Mozart which echoed also in Peerce, strained though his tenor is by this agile music.

At that, Miss Munsel is only on the

(*Continued on page* 59)



*—Louis Melançon.*

**Paul Schoeffler — "a Greek concept, not a Spanish one."**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *In Short: A Sampling of Singles*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Emphasis on extended works (or album-length collections) as a result of the long playing process has tended to obscure releases of typical "singles" in recent months. To keep the reader abreast of developments in this far from negligible category* RECORDINGS *institutes this new department,* IN SHORT, *to balance the* REPORT ON CLASSICAL LP'S AND ALBUMS. *The categories, naturally, will vary as issues ebb and flow.*

**VOCAL:** The tenor voice of Joseph Schmidt has been revived by Capitol-Telefunken in a rather remarkable coupling on 8-86005. Both "Rachel, Quand du Seigneur" from "La Juive" and "Ah L'ho Segnato" from "Un Ballo in Maschera" are sung in German, but the fluency and ease of Schmidt's production are something uncommon. Both manage to bring Schmidt to a climax on C, to his credit if neither Halévy's or Verdi's. Rather dullish recording and limited orchestral background, but fine singing nevertheless. . . . As those who noted the personnel of the vocal quartet in the recent Bruno Walter version of the Beethoven No. 9 may have noted, Columbia is sponsoring the remarkable mezzo voice of Elena Nikolaidi. How remarkable it is may be better gauged from the "Sleepwalking Scene" from Verdi's "Macbeth" and "O Don Fatale" from "Don Carlos" (Columbia 72884), both of them powerfully dramatic and a little edgy. If the final *piano* up to D in the "Macbeth" is done with the voice and not the controls, it *is* remarkable. I'll believe it when I hear it live. . . . Vocal strength in abundance is provided by Kirsten Flagstad in a new version of "Elizabeths Gebet" from "Tannhäuser" (RCA Victor 12-1062); also more than a bit of unstylistic scooping. At peak power, however, the tone is all it ever was. . . . For a new "Se vuol ballare" and "Deh, vieni alla finestra" from Paul Schoeffler, consult London 10124. They are full of earnestness and accuracy, if no great Mozartian charm. Clemens Krauss is the conductor, and a little subdued. . . . Finally, there is the debut, on Cetra records, of an American soprano with an uncommonly beautiful voice and sensitive style. The records identify her as Maria Cecil Winifred, but she will be more familiar to those who have heard her in recital here as Winifred Cecil. Her major effort here is Schubert's "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen" (CC 2153), sung with not the disembodied purity of Maynor, perhaps, but with a good deal more German feeling and lyricism. Luigi Amadio is the clarinetist for the obbligato part.

**INSTRUMENTAL:** Scriabin is hardly with us often enough to be slighted, hence a prominent word for William Schatzkammer's performance of the Fourth Sonata in F sharp minor (Opus 30) on RCA Victor 12-1050. The standards of Scriabin playing being somewhat obscure, I'll offer the formula that tone, temperament, and technique are required in that order. Schatzkammer seems to me to provide them in inverse order, which is unfortunate both for himself and Scriabin. Intelligence he has, and enterprise, but the tone is too percussive, the articulation too careful for such special literature. . . . Another special category is investigated by Yehudi Menuhin in his playing of the Bartók "Rumanian Dances," Nos. 1-6 on RCA Victor 12-1061. Oddly, Menuhin, who has been known to be rough and intense in Beethoven, is here curiously suave and reflective. Beautiful violin playing, aptly partnered by Marcelle Gazelle at the piano, and tenderly reproduced by way of England. Better, I'd say, on the whole, than the versions previously offered by Haendel and Szigeti.

**ORCHESTRAL:** Those who think the twelve-inch 78 rpm disc has outlived its utility are invited to consider the overture category, of which London has several current specimens. Do you want Mozart's "Seraglio," or Strauss's "Zigeunerbaron" or the Schubert "Rosamunde" unbroken—with five other items—or broken, by itself? The question is rhetorical, to which each listener may make his own answer. These three (by Boyd Neel on T.5224, Erich Kleiber on T.5362, and Anatole Fistoulari on T.5475) are all superior in sound to previous issues, but only the Kleiber "Zigeunerbaron" is a really distinguished performance. At that, it doesn't have the snap or forward impulse of his splendid earlier one on Telefunken (circa 1934), which I have cited more than once as a landmark in the technique of recording an orchestra. In less exclusive terms, it is very good indeed. The Neel "Seraglio" is a thoroughgoing, tasteful presentation of this delightful work, if without the accentuation or sparkle of the Beecham of about 1948. However, that had a peculiarity of groove cut which would not reproduce with uniform efficiency, and this may be described as an all-around utility issue. The Fistoulari "Rosamunde," to me, is doughy and without flexibility: no service to Schubert, though it is powerfully recorded. I remember a Krips of more quality. In any case, the old Harty remains the standard for Schubert, if not for sound.

Flowing over into a second paragraph, the orchestral discs of recent date include a superbly feeling and sympathetic treatment of the two Satie "Gymnopédies" by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (RCA Victor 12-1060). Here, as in the case of "Three Pieces in the Shape of a Pear," Satie would have facilitated the progress of his pieces in the world a good deal had he given them less indefinitive titles. Termed "Danse" and "Serenade," these moodful, expressive pieces would certainly have more appeal than under the perplexing guise of "Gymnopédies." The performances are remarkable for directorial control and instrumental execution. Excellent recording, too, if rather unresonant.

—*Bruno.*

**Elena Nikolaidi—"a remarkable mezzo" in "Macbeth" and "Don Carlos."**

**MISCELLANEOUS:** Those attached to Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade"—as I am—will welcome any "new" version, even if it is as palpably old as the Joseph Keilberth treatment with the German Philharmonic Orchestra of Prague on Capitol Telefunken 8-86003. I personally prefer the original for string quartet, but if the moguls insist on by-passing it there remains something to be said for this expanded treatment for symphony orchestra. Not a great deal, but something. My personal belief is that it is a much looser, easier-going work than Keilberth—or any other interpreter of record—recognizes, but that opinion must remain my own until I have the opportunity to put it in practice. The sound is not at all bad, though I suspect it has been doctored more than a little. —THE EDITOR.

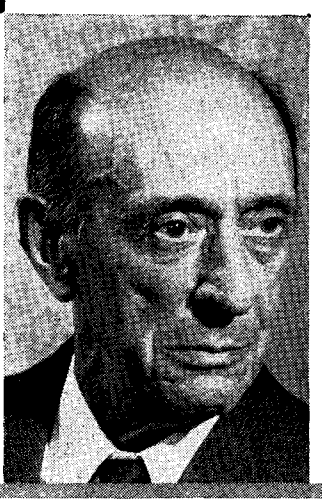


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CAPITOL CLASSICS
INCLUDING
# CAPITOL-TELEFUNKEN

*presents Superb New Recordings of Europe's Great Musical Performances*

**SCHOENBERG**
"Pelleas and Melisande"
*(Symphonic Poem)*
*Zillig*
*Radio Symphony Orchestra of Frankfurt*
33⅓ rpm—$4.85



**A CAPITOL EXCLUSIVE!**

For the first time since it was written nearly fifty years ago, Arnold Schoenberg's thrilling symphonic poem, "Pelleas and Melisande," has been recorded. This great work by the famed modernist . . . brilliantly recorded by Telefunken in Europe . . . is now available exclusively as a Capitol Classic.

This superb performance by Conductor Winfried Zillig (a former Schoenberg pupil) highlighted a music festival held in honor of the venerable Viennese composer's 75th birthday last September.

The work is an important milestone in a career which has exerted such a profound influence upon contemporary music.

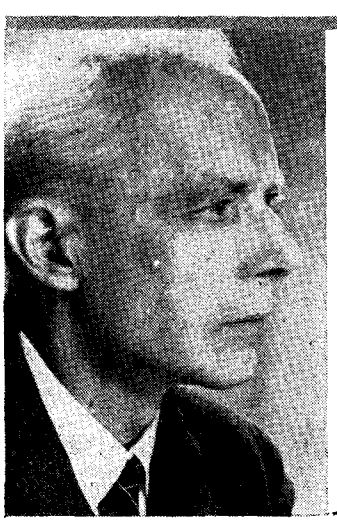
**MILHAUD** —"Second Violin Concerto"
*The Composer conducting French Orchestre Nationale; Louis Kaufman, Violin*
78 rpm—$5.00; 45 rpm—$3.35; 33⅓ rpm—$4.85

**BRUCKNER** —"Symphony No. 7, E Major"
*Eugen Jochum conducting Vienna Philharmonic*
Two 33⅓ rpm records—$4.85 each

**BRAHMS** —"Symphony No. 2, D Major"
*Mengelberg—Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra*
78 rpm—$7.50; 45 rpm—$5.25; 33⅓ rpm—$4.85

**VERDI** —"Falstaff" *(Excerpts)*
*La Scala Orchestra cond. by Alberto Erede, with Mariano Stabile, Alfro Poli, baritones; Vittoria Palombini, mezzo-soprano; Guiseppe Nessi, tenor; Luciano Donagio, bass*
78 rpm—$5.00; 45 rpm—$3.35

**VILLA-LOBOS** —"Quartet No. 6 in E Major"
*Hollywood String Quartet (Felix Slatkin, Paul Shure, Paul Roby, Eleanor Aller)*
78 rpm—$5.00; 45 rpm—$3.35;
33⅓ rpm *(includes Walton's "String Quartet in A Major")*—$4.85



## NEW BARTOK RECORDING NAMED BEST OF DECADE

**BARTOK**
"Music for String Instruments, Percussion, and Celesta"
*Harold Byrns*
*conducting L. A. Chamber Symphony*
78 rpm—$5.00; 45 rpm—$3.35;
33⅓ rpm—$3.85

**EDWARD TATNALL CANBY**
Recordings Editor—
Saturday Review of Literature—says:
"I nominate this for the best recording of percussive sounds in the last ten years. Astonishingly clean, sharp, natural drum sounds, notably the tympani. A very difficult recording problem handsomely solved."

Capitol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RECORDS
HOLLYWOOD

**ONLY ON CAPITOL—WORLD FAMED CLASSICS AT ALL THREE SPEEDS: 33⅓—45—78—RPM**

*As to 33⅓ rpm records, prices shown are suggested for record, package and excise tax, complete, excluding State and local taxes—for all other records, add excise tax: All prices are subject to change without notice.*

CAPITOL'S MARK OF MUSICAL MERIT



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Recordings in Review

*February turns out to be very much a words-and-music month, with new issues—all on LP—of Bloch's "Sacred Service," Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," and Pergolesi's "The Music Master," as well as a Schönberg "Serenade" that verges on that category. In a new breakdown, other album-length issues will be found on page 58, single discs of interest on page 54. Note also several Bach records reviewed on page 51.*

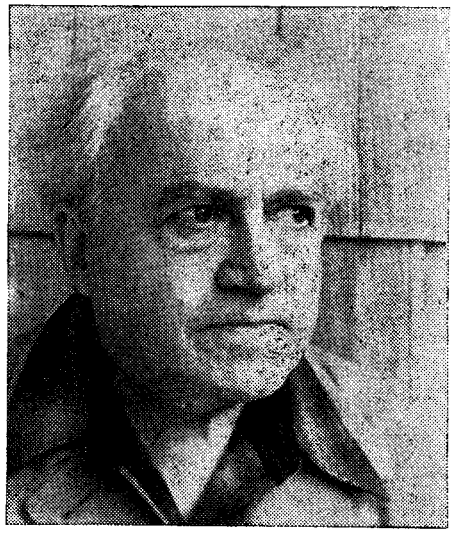
## The Best of Bloch

BLOCH: *"Sacred Service" ("Avodath Hakodesh"). The composer conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra with Marko Rothmüller (baritone), Dorothy Bond (soprano), and Doris Cowan (contralto).* (London LP 123, $5.85.)

Sometime, at leisure, a thoughtful musicologist (no tautology intended) might consider the paradox contained in the existence of numerous fine choral works of contemporary origin, though other kinds of musical literature have not been nearly so well favored. I note Stravinsky, Honegger, Vaughan Williams, Milhaud, Poulenc, Walton, and now Bloch among those who have specially distinguished themselves. If the latest, this "Sacred Service" is certainly remote from the least.

It is, in my recollection, among the most potent of Bloch's creations, in which the spirit and the letter of the music are blended in masterful integration. If the outmoded term—possibly because so rarely applicable—"inspired" is still admissible in discussions of contemporary music, it is certainly appropriate to the writing Bloch has done here. In it there is nothing of the doctrinaire, the calculated, or the sectarian, even though it is a setting of Hebrew texts used in the Reform temples in this country.

Rather it is an evocation of spiritual belief, of reflection on devotion and faith, of meditation in its many manifestations. The decision to utilize an English text may be based on the expedient that this performance was prepared for such purpose, but it seems to me a happy circumstance. A distracting element (Hebrew) is eliminated in favor of a common pattern which blends superbly with the kind of music Bloch has written. That music is remarkable in freshness of sound, overpowering in vitality of thought, and completely Blochian in its contempt for sterile clichés or pat formulas of modernism. "This is my own, my native tongue," it seems to say, "for better or for worse." To this mind, very much for better.



**Ernest Bloch — "If the term 'inspired' is still admissible."**

As a performance, this is likely to endure as a standard of comparison for years to come. Bloch is a flexible, resourceful master of his own music (by no means an inflexible rule among composer-conductors) and in Rothmüller he has a cantorial voice of remarkable eloquence. Those who have heard him in City Center opera and a fine Town Hall recital will be prepared for worthy vocalization, but hardly for the impressive clarity of his English. The female voices are both good, in much briefer assignments. As for the London LP, it is another demonstration (along with last month's "Petrouchka") that engineer Haddy and his men have closed ground rapidly on all those with a head start, and are already beginning to show a little daylight between themselves and the competition. It is a masterwork of clarity, definition, and robust balanced sound; I even accept the accentuated "presence" of Rothmüller's voice toward the end as inherent in the dramatic structure of the score.

## "Contes" of No Account

OFFENBACH: *"Contes d'Hoffmann," André Cluytens conducting the Orchestre du Théâtre National de L'Opéra-Comique, with a cast including Raoul Jobin (Hoffmann), Renée Doria (Olympia), Geori-Boué (Antonia), Vina Bovy (Giulietta), Fanély Revoil (Nicklausse), Louis Musy (Lindorf), André Pernet (Coppélius), Roger Bourdin (Dr. Miracle), and Charles Cambon (Schlemil).* (Columbia LP SL 106, $14.55.)

If this whole enterprise sounds strangely like the dubbing of a prewar enterprise (à la Cetra) it is not the sound alone which makes for that impression. André Cluytens is remembered, if not too favorably, for operatic prewar recordings from Paris, Vina Bovy is Metropolitan class of '36, and both Bourdin and Cambon are old friends, as Jobin and Geori-Boué are slightly newer ones. This is no indictment of anybody, save that each has left some little impression of a certain kind of ability—and nobody has come close to transcending it in this performance.

My special case of disaffection belongs to Jobin, a man who has rarely done anything badly and nothing really well. There is so much of Hoffmann in this score, and so much of his sound-in-the-ear from a recording where no visual distraction is possible, that a drab Hoffmann might well offset all sorts of other virtues—of which there are few to risk in these discs. Nevertheless, Jobin is a drab-sounding Hoffmann, on all six faces—seven, if his own is included.

What do we have otherwise? An occasionally spirited, more often laborious playing and singing of a score which is spirited and scintillant or it is nothing. Speaking of scintillant, André Pernet's "Scintille diamant" is a dull gleam beside the sparkle of Leonard Warren's RCA disc of ten years ago, Mme. Doria's "Doll Song" something that Lily Pons might disown. At that, it is the first complete version of the work; it plays with but five interruptions, and the French is very good. The recorded sound is old studio-style, mostly dry in timbre, and without much resonance of any kind.

## Haydn of the Heartiest

HAYDN: *Missa Solemnis in D minor ("Lord Nelson Mass"). Jonathan Sternberg conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, with the Akadamie Chorus and Lisa della Casa (soprano), Elizabeth Hoengen (contralto), Horst Taubmann (tenor), and George London (bass).* (Haydn Society LP 2004, $5.95.)

Of the various unknown aspects of Haydn—and they are many—few are as obscure as his expressions in the realm of choral music. Such excerpts as are known of the "Creation" or the "Seasons" (on records, only in an



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Italian version) leave as many questions as they provide answers. Hence the special interest of this mass of 1799, when Haydn was verging on seventy.

The affirmative things to be said concern not only the superbly dramatic music of Haydn but, more specifically, the direction of Sternberg. As the key figure in this enterprise, it is a pleasure to report that he is much more energetic, positive, and productive of quality results than in the multiple Haydn symphonies noted a month or so ago. In addition, the technical quality of the record is much more consistently of a competitive commercial quality than the earlier issues.

This "Mass" is attributed, historically, to the victory of Nelson at Abukir, but it is no better nor worse today for that. Isolated from contemporary circumstances, it stands for us now as a powerful example of Haydn's ability to express in sound any sentiment that possessed him at a particular time. The vocalists are excellent, as is the chorus. If one singles out London, a powerful and intelligent bass, it is only because the Viennese acclaim in recent months for this American singer is here documented for the first time in audible sound. He is altogether impressive, as is the whole recording.

## *Pergolesi at a Price*

PERGOLESI: *"The Music Master." Frances Greer, soprano, Donald Dame, tenor, and Mordecai Baumann, baritone, with George Schick conducting.* (Allegro LP 315, $4.85.)

Whenever the subject of opera in English comes up again, here is a durable, incontrovertible proof of what is at fault with it. The misplaced idioms, the inappropriate vernacular, the distracting colloquialisms are marshaled by Charles Polaschek, the translator, with that unrelenting thoroughness which seems an occupational ailment in this field of endeavor. Between spurts of dialogue appropriate to a Bob Hope film, we have solos and ensembles in that shapely, beautifully articulate style we know from Pergolesi's other works.

Even here, however, the style of the translation is banal in the extreme; or perhaps you relish such rhymes as "milk and honey-spending money" or "hanker-rancor." If this is a true approximation of the text set by Pergolesi, it would seem to me much more palatable in the undistinguishable Italian. There, at least, it would not distract the ear from the music of Pergolesi.

As may be noted, the cast includes two of the younger Metropolitan Opera singers in recent years: Frances Greer and Donald Dame. When vocalizing, both have a degree of charm, but their delivery of the spoken dialogue is a travesty on what an agreeable speaking voice should sound like. Baumann, however, is uniformly excellent. Schick's direction is competent enough, the recording the best I have heard in an Allegro release. However, the final impression is something close to a conservatory class of opera in English. And, finally, if this *is* English, why is the singing teacher called "Maestro," the "Countess" "Contessa," or "yesterday" pronounced "yestidy"?

## *Waltzes from Budapest*

DOHNÁNYI: *"Suite en Valse," Opus 39a. Ernst von Dohnányi and Edward Kilenyi, pianos; "Waltz Settings." Edward Kilenyi, piano.* (Both on Columbia LP 4256, $4.85.)

The influence of Vienna as a center of the waltz movement is neither new nor unfamiliar, but it was a general understanding that the peripheral influences were pretty much Western—involving such composers on the Atlantic side of Vienna as Reger, Ravel, and, let us not forget, Gounod and Delibes. These two sequences—and particularly the "Suite en Valse" for two pianos—are plain evidences that the Straussian influence went east to Budapest, as well as west.

Which is reasonable enough, after all, for Budapest is on the Danube, as is Vienna. The flow of ideas is unrelenting, the spirit of the playing irresistible. Adding to the basic rhythmic impulse is the late romantic (post-Brahms) harmonic sense of Dohnányi, his sure feeling for keyboard continuity and contrast. As for the performance, it is enormously facile, and full of stylistic felicity. Also, it is splendidly reproduced.

The side devoted to the Dohnányi reworking of Delibes' "Naïla" waltz and the Schubert "Valses Nobles" of Opus 77, in which Kilenyi is the solo pianist, is less satisfying, but that still leaves a considerable margin of pleasure. In this instance, LP means Lingering Pleasure.

—*Skippy Adelman.*

**Dimitri Mitropoulos—"a rhythmic pattern, a flow of accent utterly convincing."**

## *Sentiment and Sense*

SCHÖNBERG: *"Serenade," Opus 24. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting an instrumental septet, with Warren Galjour, baritone.* (Esoteric LP 501, $4.85.)

That spur to individual enterprise which Edward Tatnall Canby forecast for the LP process in *SRL* Jan. 21 is very much a part of this first issue of Schönberg's Opus 24 "Serenade," dating from 1923. Prepared for a recent public performance in the Museum of Modern Art, it has been perpetuated in recorded form through the enterprise of Esoteric Records and the unselfish spirit of Mitropoulos and his talented associates. I indicate their capacity by mentioning Louis Krasner (of Berg fame) as violinist, Clark Brody and Eric Simon (clarinet and bass-clarinet), Ralph Hersh, viola, and Seymour Barab, cello. Sal Piccardi plays the mandolin and John Smith the guitar.

Whatever the occasion for this instrumentation—and it is without question adventurous—it comes off remarkably well in this clear, expressive, and pertinent performance directed by Mitropoulos. What the esthetic impulse or emotional framework of this conception may be, I can't say. I find the atmosphere much more provocative in the six sections that are instrumental, rather than the one which is vocal. No doubt there were good and proper reasons for presenting Schönberg's setting of a Petrarch sonnet in English, but it seems to me a distracting bit of clarity. German or Italian would have been more appropriate.

In any case, the instrumental movements are a fascinating exposition of Schönberg's developing style—for which, incidentally, the "Italian Serenade" of Hugo Wolf (reviewed in this issue on page 54) is a very relevant antecedent—and his fresh approach to the whole subject of tonal gamut and range of color. I speak wholly from instinct in applauding the warmth and understanding of the performance directed by Mitropoulos, since I can no more deal with individual details than I could in a reading of the Koran. But there is a rhythmic pattern, a flow of accent, which impresses me as utterly convincing. The technical work of the reproduction is absolutely first class; clean, resonant, and beautifully processed, without a trace of surface sound.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

*See Page 54 for Singles; Page 65 for Pop Report*

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Bach: Partitas in B flat and C minor. Rosalyn Tureck, piano. Allegro LP 18, $4.85. | As the first versions of these works on LP (and the first new recordings of them in years) Miss Tureck's playing has an interest that transcends the rather staid, non-creative quality of her interpretations. The patterns are clearly outlined, and with taste, but without much personal impulse. Competent, rather dull-sounding piano reproduction. |
| Chopin: "Les Sylphides." Efrem Kurtz conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia LP 4255, $4.85. | Since Kurtz has become a full-time symphonic conductor his special feeling for this ballet material has deteriorated more than a little, in the direction of slower tempi, less acute rhythmic feeling than were heard in his performances of ten years ago. Villa-Lobos's "Uirapurú," with its bird sounds and percussion, is much more successful. Excellent reproduction in both instances. |
| Debussy: "Pour le piano"; "Estampes." Claudio Arrau, piano. Columbia LP 2086, $3.85. | Arrau's fingerwork is consistently excellent, his approach to this music certainly on an informed level. However, I find "Estampes," especially, lacking in charm, in imagery, in the interplay of colors and nuances, which are pretty much the essence of these works. Good piano reproduction, save for some wavering in sustained passages. I would not surrender the Gieseking of old for these. |
| Dvorak: Serenade in E, Opus 22. Chamber Orchestra conducted by Hans von Benda. Tchaikovsky: Serenade in C, Opus 48. Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Willem Mengelberg. Capitol Telefunken LP 8060, $4.85. | A totally unfamiliar Dvorak score, full of felicities of thought. However, it thins out in interest as it progresses, due in part to the composer's still undeveloped personality, the single persistent color of the ensemble. It is uncommonly well played, and reasonably reproduced. Pairing it with the old, long-admired Mengelberg version of Tchaikovsky is keen service by Capitol, for it is likely that purchasers of one will want the other. |
| Haydn: "Heller Blick" and other songs. Earl Rogers, tenor, with Emilia Mitrani, piano. Allegro LP 13, $3.85. | Poor processing blemishes what is otherwise interesting repertory and apt performance. Rogers has the voice and musicianship for "She Never Told Her Love," "Heller Blick," and "Das Leben ist ein Traum" of Haydn, and Mozart's "An Chloe," "Warnung," "Abendempfindung," and "Die Zufriedenheit," but there is persistent surface swish; the piano sound is both dull and indistinct. Rogers should have another opportunity, for he is plainly talented for this repertory. |
| Mozart: Concerto No. 2 in E flat (K.417); No. 4 in E flat (K.495). Both played by Dennis Brain, horn. Columbia LP 2088, $3.85. | Virtually the whole of the common Mozart repertory for the horn, played with unfailing skill, absorbing musicality and insight by the day's greatest exponent of the instrument. No. 4 has been previously available in a Columbia 78 rpm album (X 285), but it is well to have both in continuous form. Walter Süsskind is the conductor in both instances, and a thoroughly good one. However, he is only identified in No. 2 where he leads the Philharmonic Orchestra. Some quirk of contract prevents mention of him in No. 4, which is played by the Hallé Orchestra, with A. Non, presumably, directing. Both recordings are splendid, especially in string tone. |
| Mozart: Quartets in G (K.387) and E flat (K.428). Loewenguth Quartet. Allegro LP 26, $4.85. | My considerable admiration for the Loewenguths' playing of Beethoven is tempered in Mozart, where they tend to value precision more than sentiment. However, this recording is so overbright and penetrating (in the manner of the early Columbia LP's of string quartets) that details of interpretation are hardly consequential. |
| Prokofiev: "Peter and the Wolf." Nicolai Malko conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra, with Frank Phillips, narrator. London LP 151, $4.85. | The cleanest, sharpest "Peter and the Wolf" yet heard on records, and excellently spoken by Phillips. However, I find Malko's conducting prosaic and humorless, something like a Strauss waltz which is deficient only in rhythmic accent. It would be better, also, on a single side of a twelve-inch LP, as Columbia has made it, rather than on two sides of a ten, à la London. |
| Prokofiev: Sonatas in F minor (Opus 80) and D (Opus 94). Joseph Szigeti, violin, with Joseph Levine and Leonid Hambro, pianists. Columbia LP 4257, $4.85. | Two of the more engaging works of the recent Prokofiev literature, of which the D major (completed in 1944) has especial affinity to the composer's Fifth Symphony in its long melodic lines and harmonic coloration. It has been previously issued in Columbia album 620. The more somber F minor has less immediate appeal, though it may wear better, in a purely physical sense, when the D major has exhausted its interests. Both are well reproduced, though the violin is too closely microphoned for a performer of Szigeti's penetrating, rather shallow tone. The pianists are in the line of the other excellent ones Szigeti has worked with: Magaloff, Endre Petri, Foldes, etc. |
| Strauss, J.: "Acceleration Waltz" and "Thousand and One Nights." Erich Kleiber conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. "Voices of Spring," etc. Clemens Krauss conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. Capitol-Telefunken LP 8061, $4.85. | More than riches for the Strauss enthusiast: five full works on a single disc, with particular style and sensitivity in the pre-1935 Kleiber performances. I do not care for Krauss's over-introspective "Blue Danube" with its mooned-about introduction (Szell or Krips are both preferable) but the "Voices of Spring" is very fine indeed. Neither side offers more than tolerable reproduction, though the suave string sound appropriate to Strauss shines through. |
| Strauss, R.: "Wozu noch, mädchen," etc. Lotte Lehmann, soprano, with Paul Ulanowsky, piano. RCA Victor album 1342, $4. | This and two other unfamiliar songs of Strauss ("Die Zeitlose" and "Du meines herzens krönelein") are the interesting matter of this Lehmann album. They are medium Strauss in quality, adding little to our knowledge of him, well as they are sung. As for Hahn ("Infidélité"), Paladilhe ("Psyché"), and Duparc ("La Vie Antérieure"), there are others who sing them better. |
| Thomson: "Louisiana Story" excerpts. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia LP 2087, $3.85. | Thomson's suitable descriptive music for the Robert Flaherty documentary is a little lacking in substance or technical ingenuity for non-visual listening. However, it is skilfully accomplished in its genre and superbly performed by Ormandy and the remarkable orchestra. Overside, the composer's own performances of his "Five Portraits" (previously available as Columbia album X-255) are heard. Is it mere coincidence that Columbia's LP issues of Mozart, Prokofiev, and Thomson this month all adroitly couple one side of previously released material with one of unreleased? —IRVING KOLODIN. |



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## MUSIC TO MY EARS

(*Continued from page 53*)

threshhold of the room Erna Berger has made her living quarters for a decade and more, that Elisabeth Schumann has all but retired from. I have heard the "Esultate Jubilate" motet with which Miss Berger began her Carnegie Hall recital more perfectly sung, but not in public, only on the records of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (English Columbia, for those who are interested). However, some slight blemishes may well be expected of an organ which has served its careful keeper unflaggingly for a score of years. The wonder is that Berger sounds younger, vocally, than Munsel, though she is close to twice her age.

The answer, I think, has something to do with the plain fact that, for Berger, singing (whether Mozart, Verdi, Strauss, or Schubert) is as natural as breathing. It is not an occupation, a *quid pro quo* for a salary check, but an expression of personality, satisfaction of a bodily need, as skipping rope is for a child. At some early point she was made to see the difference between vocalizing and singing, and the secret has never left her. On the occasion when she forgets (as in an overcalculated, phrase-by-phrase version of Schubert's "Heidenröslein") one concludes that even the best singers need critical spanking, now and then. Those footlights—how they dazzle!

One of those "best" certainly, is Elisabeth Schumann. She had a sound application of "stern" treatment (adjective, not noun) a few years ago when she forgot what some of her songs looked like, and sang them only as she thought they might have been written. This time, from Mozart's "Das Veilchen" on, she had the benignly severe Bruno Walter at the piano and performed accordingly.

Walter's Mozart program with the Philharmonic — "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," a piano concerto with Firkusny, and the G minor Symphony—had so much compassion it should have had more communication. Yet there is a point beyond which total immersion (Baptists to the contrary) does not constitute the true faith. Walter is one of the most eager singers of Mozart; but must the voice always be so yielding, so soft in outline? His necessary diet, I think, should include more iron. While prescribing, one might order vitamins in generous measure for Ansermet, whose "Linz" symphony on a recent NBC broadcast was plainly undernourished. Admitting the unsuitably clinical atmosphere of Studio 8H, one fancies that a shot of vibrato, an injection of crescendo would help.

At that, it is a delightful privilege when a commentator can confront a week of music in New York and devote himself to discussing six different ways of singing or playing Mozart. Not very long ago it might have been Donizetti, Rossini, or even Sibelius.

—IRVING KOLODIN.


# Music Lovers

## 3 Wonderful FREE Prizes

### FOR GIVING US A SLOGAN FOR OUR LONG PLAYING RECORDS

TO serve music lovers who wish to hear recordings of previously unrecorded classical music, we are producing a new Long Playing (33 1/3 RPM) Record—made possible by our exclusive recording method, which insures the finest in recorded sound, the highest quality & true tonal fidelity. World renowned artists will be featured.

**ANNOUNCING OUR FIRST RELEASE ON MARCH 15**

**"TE DEUM", by Zoltan Kodaly**

With the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, the Vienna Choir & soloists from the Vienna State Opera. Conducted by Henry Swoboda.....$5.95

*Order today from your dealer. If he cannot supply you, send us his name. Sales made through retail dealers only.*

**Rules of the WESTMINSTER Slogan Contest**

**PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED FOR THE THREE BEST SLOGANS**

1st—Webster 3 speed phonograph ($79) plus 10 L.P. Records of any make.

2nd—6 L.P. Records of any make.

3rd—3 L.P. Records of any make.

Entries must be postmarked not later than 12 midnight March 31, 1950. Write your slogan in the space provided on the coupon below, or a facsimile thereof. Remember, the shorter the better. All entries *must* be accompanied by the names of 6 selections of classical music which you would like most to hear on our Long Playing Records. No entry will be considered without the accompanying list. All entries become the property of Westminster Recording Co., Inc.—which is the sole judge of this contest. The winners and their slogans will be announced in this publication in the April 29 edition.

**WESTMINSTER RECORDING CO., INC., 32 Whitehall St., New York, N. Y.**

**My slogan entry is:** _____

**I suggest you produce the following classical musical selections on your Long Playing Records:**

1. _____ 4. _____
2. _____ 5. _____
3. _____ 6. _____

**NAME** _____ **City** _____

**ADDRESS** _____ **State** _____




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# RCA Goes to LP

EVERYTHING about the disc was familiar—the narrow groove, the bands separating separate numbers, the smooth feeling of vinyl. But in the center, on a label of red, sat the familiar dog, contemplating (I should like to think proudly) how much longer he was going to revolve on *this* disc than on any other on which he had ever sat. For this was the first of RCA Victor's new Long Play (stet Long Play) records I held in my hand: the equivalent of Wanda Landowska's album of Preludes and Fugues from the "Well-Tempered Clavier," which Herbert Weinstock reviews on page 52.

Weinstock is already outmoded, I'm afraid, for I have heard them in the continuous form he yearns for and they sound very, very good. Not only does it sound good—but what sounds so good is *only* music—no scratch, no hiss, no rub-in of abrasive interruptions. This (and the other demonstration discs I heard) was uniformly superior, in this respect, to virtually all LP's (at least LP will continue to mean Long Playing as well as Long Play) I have heard save the most recent Columbias. I am beginning to think there is no such thing as static electricity—in any case in so far as it applies to the noisiness of LP discs.

The adjacent list shows the range of RCA's first issue. Some questions will doubtless be raised. Why this and not that, why not that instead of this? There may be special reasons I don't know about, but some at least are in the realm of the obvious. There is the question of coupling, for example (I asked about the Toscanini "Midsummer Night's Dream" and was informed it would be along when a disc-mate for it had been decided upon). Not easily can a company reach out for two kinds of "Romeo and Juliet" as RCA does for music of Tchaikovsky and Berlioz, and find that it has them directed by the same conductor. They fit neatly together and put a certain amount of quibble to quiet before it can be raised. Then, too, a considerable amount of RCA's fabulous catalogue just will not work in this new form at the level of quality considered desirable.

So far as I could discover in the half dozen works I sampled—Bruch's "Scottish Fantasy," the excellent "New World" and "Sleeping Beauty" recordings of Stokowski, the Horowitz "Pictures at an Exhibition," a Beethoven sonata with Heifetz and Bay, and, most impressively, the Shaw version of the B minor Mass—that position is a defensible one, for all these are of excellent quality throughout. They differ, of course, in degree of recorded fidelity by reason of surroundings in which they were made, but in terms of technological skill of dubbing, splicing, metalizing, etc., they are about as consistently good as one could ask.

Perhaps at some future time when the LP repertory is integrated with its whole program of production, and RCA's place in the LP market is firmly established, it may yield to the avid desires of some of us by producing, with such flaws as cannot be suppressed, the great things which may be

re-recorded but cannot be re-created. Everybody can fill in his own list of such matter. I will begin with the Heifetz-Rubinstein-Feuermann "Archduke," which, for sad reasons of their own, cannot even be re-recorded with this ensemble. That, I am given to understand, is in the area of repertory not "available" to LP because of "quality control" problems. To go back further would be merely to accentuate the negative.

As far as the positive is concerned, RCA's plans are very positive. LP releases of new repertory simultaneous with 78 and 45 may be expected a few months from now, when production on the initial lists (there will be another batch of twenty-five items some time before that) has stabilized and pressing facilities are available. In so far as can now be evaluated, RCA Victor LP's will be confined to classical material which is continuous.

Some may see in the Landowska "Forty-eight" and the collection of Chopin Etudes by Brailowsky a deviation from this position. When this point was raised a ready and reasonable rejoinder was available: these are works generally *performed* in continuous performances. If this is the RCA formula for LP issuance, we go along with it—as a formula. Time will demonstrate whether, as in geometry, medicine, and even warfare, formulas change as situations alter.

As for shorter works of the overture category, they may be expected—for the while anyway—as fillers where the length is appropriate. I note one—the "Egmont" by Koussevitzky as the fourth side of his Beethoven No. 9. This is either the longest "Egmont" Overture in history, or the shortest LP since the Françaix "Concertino" on Capitol. Mention may be made of the "Leonore No. 3" as Columbia's addendum to the Ormandy No. 9 of Beethoven, but the "Leonore" is at least a three-side 78 waxing whereas the "Egmont" is commonly but two—as this Koussevitzky was in its original form.

Of the shorter works in other categories, not much may be expected at this time. Musical comedy matter, pop tunes, and the like are off-limits for LP purposes so far as RCA is concerned—at least for the while. RCA has not been too active in the "original cast" aspect of Broadway recording; thus such extended parallels to "South Pacific," "Kiss Me, Kate," or "Lost in the Stars" will not be denied the public in any case. As for pop matter, they will conform to RCA Victor policy in appearing only as 78 or 45 rpm's.

These, however, are all matters for the future to determine. I was much impressed by some instances of RCA Victor LP's which sounded—without direct comparison being possible under the circumstances— better than I remembered them from 78 listening. In particular, the Liszt E flat Concerto with Rubinstein as soloist and the Dallas Symphony conducted by Dorati had far more resonance and sonority than I would have associated with the rather harsh, over-vigorous original. Likewise, the final duet from "Siegfried," in which Eileen Farrell performs with Set Svanholm under Erich Leinsdorf's direction, had a degree of velvet in the orchestral passages which had been lacking before.

Of course, some of this may be illusion. Take away surface noise and interruptions, and the whole experience of listening to recorded music changes. You are now in a framework of realism as you never can be with the old-style disc, and the ear begins to hear things enhanced by the undisturbed mood the composer strove for. I may add, as final flourish to this welcome development, the information (still not on the official plane) that HMV may be expected to concert its efforts with RCA, thus putting *all* major sources of record production in unison. It's a C major future for fair.

—THE EDITOR.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *Red Labels at 33 1/3 Rpm*

BELOW we list a selection from the initial catalogue listing of RCA Victor LP records:

BACH: *"The Well-Tempered Clavier," Nos. 1 to 8. Wanda Landowska.* (LM 1017.)

BACH: *Mass in B minor. Robert Shaw conducting the RCA Victor Chorale.* (LM 6100, three discs.)

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in D, Op. 12, No. 1. Jascha Heifetz and Emanuel Bay.* (LM 1015.)

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 9; "Egmont" Overture. Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony.* (LM 6001, two discs.)

BERLIOZ: *"Romeo et Juliette"; with* TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Romeo and Juliet." Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony.* (LM 1019.)

BIZET: *"Carmen" excerpts. Swarthout, Vinay, Merrill, et al.* (LM 1007.)

BRUCH: *"Scottish Fantasy." Heifetz and RCA Victor Orchestra, William Steinberg conducting.* (LM 5.)

CHOPIN: *Etudes, Op. 10 and 25; with* SCHUMANN: *"Etudes Symphoniques." Alexander Brailowsky.* (LM 6000, two discs.)

DVORAK: *"New World" Symphony. Leopold Stokowski conducting his symphony orchestra.* (LM 1013.)

GRIEG: *Concerto in A minor; with* LISZT: *Concerto in E flat. Artur Rubinstein with RCA Victor Symphony and Dallas Symphony, Antal Dorati conducting.* (LM 1018.)

GROFE: *"Grand Canyon Suite." Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra.* (LM 1004.)

KHATCHATURIAN: *Piano Concerto. William Kapell with Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting.* (LM 1006.)

LALO: *"Symphonie Espagnole." Yehudi Menuhin with Orchestre Colonne, Jean Fournet conducting.* (LM 1011.)

MENDELSSOHN: *Violin Concerto. Mischa Elman with Chicago Symphony, Désiré Defauw conducting.* (LM 5.)

MOUSSORGSKY: *"Pictures at an Exhibition." Vladimir Horowitz.* (LM 1014.)

OFFENBACH: *"Gaité Parisienne." Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra.* (LM 1001.)

PROKOFIEV: *Sonata No. 7; with* KABALEVSKY: *Sonata No. 3. Vladimir Horowitz.* (LM 1016.)

PUCCINI: *"Madame Butterfly" excerpts. Albanese, Browning, and Melton.* (LM 2.)

RACHMANINOFF: *Concerto No. 2. Artur Rubinstein with NBC Symphony, Vladimir Golschmann conducting.* (LM 1005.)

RAVEL: *"Bolero"; "Ma Mere l'Oye." Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony.* (LM 1011.)

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: *"Scheherazade." Pierre Monteux conducting the San Francisco Symphony.* (LM 1002.)

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"The Sleeping Beauty." Leopold Stokowski conducting his symphony orchestra.* (LM 1010.)


**The only complete biography of Rachmaninoff**

This is the detailed, complete, and surprising biography of one of the most revered, yet one of the most mysterious, of this century's great pianists and composers. Written by one who knew the composer personally, the book tells the almost incredible story of a man who was both the most beloved and yet the loneliest musical figure of his time. Included are a vast number of hitherto unknown facts about and letters by Rachmaninoff, some of them of a sensational nature. With a ten-page bibliography, a Preface by Virgil Thomson, and illustrated with 20 photographs.

**RACHMANINOFF**

**By VICTOR SEROFF. $3.50 at all bookstores, SIMON AND SCHUSTER**




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE OTHER SIDE

## (IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

THE long-awaited decision of RCA Victor to produce LP discs has been greeted here by a new wave of expectancy. The wealthier among us can now purchase an excellent two-speed motor and a first-class pickup with interchangeable heads for 78 and LP. Unless, however, the owners of such equipment have kind-hearted friends in the States, they can so far only amuse themselves by turning their favorite soprano into a somewhat wobbly basso or in detecting glaring inaccuracies in some celebrated violinist's rapid passage-work.

It is now said that the main stumbling block is the Performing Rights Society, which is supposed to be making extravagant demands on the recording companies. However that may be, there would appear to be plenty of music free from copyright jurisdiction on which a start could be made. Meanwhile there are some hopeful signs—looking at the advance list of EMI's March releases, the unusually few sets of longer works compared with the large number of single discs caught my eye and gave rise to some wishful thinking.

When EMI published their annual deletions list last autumn, it included both the remaining versions (Stokowski and Beecham) of César Franck's D minor Symphony. From this it was obvious that a new set would be with us ere long and that, in the opinion of its sponsors, it would be of sufficient excellence to supplant those two old favorites. In this case I feel that the result has justified their faith, for the performance by the Philharmonic Orchestra under Alceo Galliera is really splendid, and the recording has a thrilling sonority. After a recent concert in which Galliera made one of his all-too-rare appearances on a London podium, one of our leading music critics wrote, "He is an artist. Also he is one of the handful of conductors to whom one listens willingly because he never cheapens music." Having attended the same concert, I heartily subscribe to the same opinion; it was a wonderful experience to hear Beethoven's A major Symphony superbly realised as the composer wrote it, not as in the opinion of Herr General-musikdirektor X he ought to have written it. The Franck Symphony can so easily be cheapened, yet how dull it often sounds in the hands of an unimaginative hack! Galliera steers a perfect middle course, that of the true musician, and the result is easily the most satisfying recording of this composition I have yet heard.

I approached the new Mozart G minor Symphony, K. 550 (Furtwängler and the Vienna Philharmonic) with some apprehension, expecting tempo-rubato effects of the kind with which Koussevitzky horrified us years ago, but the very brisk opening soon dispelled such fears, which, before very long, gave way to considerable admiration for a very fine performance. In spite of the fact that the first movement is a wee bit too fast, the Andante just a trifle slow and sentimental, and the Menuetto too four-square (perhaps triangular would seem a less incongruous word for a minuet), this is all in all the best recording of this great symphony to date. The Vienna Philharmonic plays with all its accustomed splendor, and HMV's recording is happily not as reverberant as some others from Vienna, yet equally warm-toned. Another Mozart set from HMV is the Oboe Concerto in C, played by Evelyn Rothwell with the Hallé Orchestra conducted by Sir John Barbirolli. This is more familiar as the D major Flute Concerto (so exquisitely recorded many years ago by that great French flautist Marcel Moyse), but that version was, in Einstein's view, an arrangement by the composer of a lost C major Oboe Concerto. The present version is a reconstruction of the original by Paumgartner, but I must confess that it sounded very strange indeed to ears accustomed to the flute version. Nor are matters helped by the fact that Lady Barbirolli is here not in her best form. She has some difficulty with the trickier passage work and her tone is a little thin. Technically the recording is good.

MONTH after month Decca continues to astound us with the latest samples of their recording engineers' wizardry. Elgar's lusty "Cockaigne" Overture—a musical portrait of London—has not been recorded since the composer conducted it for HMV nearly twenty years ago. Now we have Van Beinum and the London Philharmonic, and the result is some of the most exciting sound ever to come from a gramophone record. Not so spectacu-

IN OUR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE, WE HAVE NEVER SEEN A RECORD-CHANGER TO EQUAL
The Revolutionary
NEW "LINCOLN" Automatic "TURNOVER" RECORD-CHANGER FOR ALL RECORDS
33⅓-78-45 r.p.m.
• Automatically plays 20 standard or 22 Long-Playing records—ONE SIDE or BOTH SIDES, in PROPER SEQUENCE.
• Intermixes 7", 10" and 12" Records of same speed.
• Plays through your present Radio, Phonograph or Television.
It turns the record over for you
SYMPHONIES, concerti and other works complete on one Long-Playing record, are played without interruption on the LINCOLN.
EXCLUSIVELY AT
LIBERTY Music Shops
COME IN and ask for a demonstration of this remarkable record-changer, or write for brochure.
450 MADISON AVENUE • 795 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
228 EAST POST ROAD • WHITE PLAINS




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lar, but just as fine from a tonal point of view, is yet another "Forza del Destino" Overture. For the fourth time in as many years this music by Verdi has been recorded, never so faithfully as here, though the performance by the London Philharmonic under Georg Solti is not particularly distinguished.

Other orchestral records worthy of mention are Brahms's "Tragic Overture," nobly played by the Philharmonic under Kletzki and finely recorded by Columbia, and Saint-Saëns' "Le Rouet d'Omphale," played by the Royal Philharmonic under Beecham. The latter is meticulously played as might have been expected, but I still prefer the record Münch made for Decca about two years ago.

In view of the shortage of Haydn quartets obtainable outside the Society volumes, it is a pity that Columbia saw fit to duplicate the Decca-Griller set of Opus 33, No. 3 ("The Bird") with a worthy but rather pedestrian performance by the Koppel Quartet, a Danish team new to us.

It is good to have a recording of Bach's great D minor Chaconne from the Second Violin Partita in Busoni's transcription for piano, even though purists may argue that it is a strange note on which to open celebrations of Bach year. Michelangeli is the pianist here and he gives a monumental performance which, however it may shock the aforementioned purists, will make this music accessible to many who might shrink from the austerity of an unaccompanied violin. For those who take their Bach neat there is an intensely poetic and musical performance of the Prelude and Fugue No. 8, from Book One of "The Well-Tempered Clavier"; Denis Matthews here gives the lie to those who hold such works to be dry and academic.

Boris Christoff has been singing many Italian basso roles at La Scala and this month's record shows him in this medium for the first time. He sings what is without question one of Verdi's great gifts to the race of bassi, Philip's wonderful monologue from Act IV of "Don Carlos." The introduction to the recitative is one of Verdi's most beautiful inspirations and it is well played and excellently recorded. Christoff sings expressively and his voice sounds magnificent, but his vocal line lacks just enough of the true Italianate flow to make one long for Pinza in his prime. Ebe Stignani is heard in the arias "Stella del Marinar" ("La Gioconda") and "O grandi occhi lucenti di fede" ("Fedora"), but though her contribution to this Columbia record is impressive, it suffers from such poor accompaniments as to detract seriously from its value.

Pre-Wagner German opera is apt to be somewhat neglected these days, so it is good to see on a record excerpts from "Fidelio" and "Der Freischütz." The songs in question are Rocco's little ditty about marital economics, and the villainous "Caspar's Drinking Song." Ludwig Weber is an excellent Rocco, but for Caspar he sounds a little old and benign. The accompaniments could have been more distinguished; Columbia's recording is good.

If listening to her records were not such a unique experience, I would already be tired of praising Victoria de los Angeles. Each month, however, she contrives to astound us with some new facet of her unique talent. This time she gives us two songs by Respighi, "Stornellatrice" and "E se un giorno tornasse," and she makes them sound far greater than they really are. Finally there are two examples of the art of John Dowland (1563-1626), one of the very greatest of English songwriters, "Fine Knacks for Ladies" and "In Darkness Let Me Dwell." This is the second record made by the male alto (or counter-tenor) Alfred Deller, one of the real "finds" of the last few years; the original lute accompaniments are well played on the guitar by Desmond Dupré. A most lovely disc—may HMV give us many more like it.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

LLPA-2 — $17.85 — 3 12" Long Playing Red Label Records
**THE ART OF THE FUGUE—(Kunst Der Fuge)**
(ORCHESTRATED BY ROGER VUATAZ)
Studio Orchestra, Beromunster under HERMANN SCHERCHEN

LPS-86 — $4.95 — 10" Red Label Record
**SYMPHONY No. 41, In C MAJOR "Jupiter" (Mozart) (K. 551)**
London Symphony Orchestra under JOSEF KRIPS

LPS-90 — $4.95 — 10" Red Label Record
**VIOLIN CONCERTO In E MINOR (Mendelssohn) (Opus 64)**
ALFREDO CAMPOLI with London Philharmonic Orchestra under EDUARD VAN BEINUM

LPS-124 — $4.95 — 10" Red Label Record
**SYMPHONY No. 103, In E FLAT MAJOR "Drum Roll" (Haydn)**
London Philharmonic Orchestra under GEORG SOLTI

LPS-138 — $4.95 — 10" Red Label Record
**SCHELOMO "Hebraic Rhapsody for Cello and Orchestra" (Ernest Bloch)**
ZARA NELSOVA with London Philharmonic Orchestra under the composer ERNEST BLOCH

LPS-157 — $4.95 — 10" Red Label Record
**VOCAL AIRS FROM ROBERT STOLZ OPERETTAS**
FANG DIR EINEN KLEINEN SONNENSTRAHL • WENN DU UND ICH UNS KÜSSEN WERDEN • AUF DER HEIDE BLUH'N DIE LETZTEN ROSEN • FRAG NICHT WARUM ICH GEHE
JOHN HENDRIK and MARCEL WITTRISCH (Tenors) with the Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra under the composer

**ORCHESTRAL AIRS FROM ROBERT STOLZ OPERETTAS**
DIE KINOKÖNIGIN-WALZER • DIE KEUSCHE SUSANNE-WALZER • SALOME-FOX TROT • AUCH DU WIRST MICH EINMAL BETRUGEN
ROBERT STOLZ conducting the Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra

LLP-158 — $5.95 — 12" Red Label Record
**MUSIC OF RALPH BENATZKY—Vocal and Orchestral Airs**
MUTTERLEIN BLEIB IMMER BEI MIR • DREI MUSKETIERE • IM WEISSEN RÖSSL AM WOLGANGSEE • ZUSCHAU'N KANN ICH NICHT • DAS WEISSE RÖSSL — Medley • ADIEU MIMI — Medley • HERZEN IM SCHNEE — Medley • DREI MUSKETIERE — Medley • MEINE SCHWESTER UND ICH — Medley
MARCEL WITTRISCH (Tenor) with the Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra under VICTOR REINSHAGEN

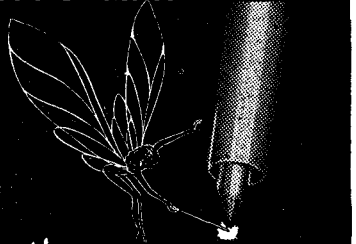



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KIND to record
KIND to ear
KIND to purse

Fidelitone

LONG LIFE
PHONOGRAPH NEEDLES



have the Magic TOUCH

50c to $5.00 wherever records are sold

PERMO, Incorporated
CHICAGO 26

**Free Book on CUSTOM HIGH FIDELITY**

**by David Randolph**— Contents: How to assemble a connoisseur's radio-phonograph for as little as $111.05. How to select your components. How to save money by installing your system in existing furniture. Glossary of hi-fi terms. Hi-fi "packages" recommended by David Randolph and by a leading product-rating organization. For your **FREE** copy of David Randolph's "High Fidelity Guide," write:

**LAFAYETTE RADIO, Dept. NB-50**
**100 Sixth Avenue, New York 13, N. Y.**

***WATCH FOR***

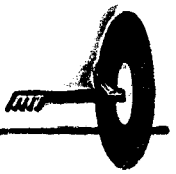
**RECORDS**

**OVER THE**

**NATION**

*The Saturday Review's*
Monthly Dealer Survey of Top-Selling Records in the Leading Stores of the Country

# HITS AND MISSES



AMONG the trials of life in this Republic is the fact that the American melting pot, surely the most remarkable sociological development in recorded history, produces the greatest welter of musical junk, from commercial congas to pecuniary polkas, that a disillusioned mind could well conceive. The rewards of democracy are naturally accompanied by its penalties. But let us never forget the rewards. Sore beset as we may be by the wit of Milton Berle and the wisdom of Walter Winchell, let us remember that the great riches of the Library of Congress, an establishment not at all limited to marbles and gilded monuments, include any amount of recordings by Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton and Huddie Ledbetter, better known as Leadbelly. In the USA, it would seem, even the stiffest institutions may suddenly wink at you. Which reminds us that the trombonist Brad Gowans possesses a formal and perfectly genuine parchment reading: "The President and Fellows of Harvard University thank you for your gift of one autographed photograph of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band."

The Congressional Library's archives now make possible a splendid memorial album of Leadbelly's singing and twelve-string guitar playing: "Take This Hammer" (Folkways album 4, $4.20, or LP 4, $3.85). The powerful folk master, subject of Fred Ramsey's fine elegy in these pages last month, is represented in groups of reels, blues, work songs, and spirituals; they are quintessential American stuff, illuminated by his own spoken comments, a leaflet containing all the words, and program notes by the erudite Alan Lomax.

Hearing the recorded score of the Broadway smash "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" without having seen the show, we found it busy, intelligent, and amusing, but lacking anything that might be described as popular musical magic; our version is the original cast's LP waxing (Columbia ML 4290, $4.85). Jule Styne's tunes are stylish without the chic of, say, Gershwin, and Leo Robin's lyrics are racy without the velocity of Cole Porter. The orchestration is full of musical references to the era when Anita Loos wrote her wonderful novelette, including tenor banjo passages, do-wacka-do brass effects, and a parody of Henry Busse's trumpet style. Inevitably this led to reminiscing, until we felt we had perhaps carried our nostalgia for the musical Twenties too far. Who else, for instance, would consider it important to (1) identify Bert Ralton, (2) recall the costume of Ray Miller's Black and White Melody Boys, (3) know the composer of "Avalon," (4) place Abe Lincoln, the contemporary of Cal Coolidge, (5) realize what instrument the composer of "Whispering" played in what famous dance band, (6) understand Pee Wee Russel's function at Atlantic City, (7) remember a highly successful "Make Believe" written before Jerome Kern's, (8) appreciate Harry Raderman, (9) detail the make-up of Leo Reisman's Egyptian Room orchestra, (10) distinguish between Arnold Johnson, Bus Johnson, and J. Rosamond Johnson?

A singular honor has been done this department, calling for nothing less than a blatant act of log-rolling. A few months ago we suggested a few tunes we would like to hear the Dixieland cornetist Doc Evans play. His newest album contains no less than four of them—"Play That Barbershop Chord," "Milenberg Joys," "Walkin' the Dog," and "Memphis Blues," as well as "Ostrich Walk," "Willie the Weeper" and "Doctor Jazz." This pungent nosegay, as savory a collection of Americana as anyone could wish, proceeds from that Northfield, Minnesota institution whose fragrance can only be guessed by an effete Easterner; it is called the Art-Floral-Record Shop, and the album's title is "Jazz Heritage—Doc Evans" (AFRS-2, $5). A few program notes seem in order. Changes in the band since the previous album have, if anything, increased its punchy authority. Where once three members of the five were called Doc, a man named Al Jenkins has been substituted for trombonist Doc Thomson; this limits the difficulty to a clear distinction between Doc Evans and Doc Cenardo, the drummer. The barrel house pianist Joyce McDonald, who is about to have a baby, has been replaced by Carroll Lee, but Mr. McDonald is still on the clarinet. A reflective looking string bassist, Willie Sutton, has been added to the original five. Judging from the photograph of the new combination, Doc Evans is still admirably determined to resist the current trend toward dressing bandsmen in various sorts of gigolesque uniform.

By way of a coda, note that George Gershwin's famous "Do It Again" is sung with the happiest effect by Robert Clary (Capitol 803, 75¢), of whom we hope to hear more.

—WILDER HOBSON.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

| PERFORMER, SONG, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Butterfield, Billy: "How Am I to Know?" Capitol 815, 75¢. | If this revival from an antique film called "Dynamite" (I seem to associate it with Joan Crawford) is but the first of a number of familiar titles in this list, blame it on the companies, not me. In any case, Butterfield plays with the conscience and art which make him one of the few contemporary trumpeters in the Beiderbecke-Armstrong tradition. Youmans's "More than You Know," in slow tempo, is not only embellished by a fine Butterfield solo, but also by some tasty clarinet playing provided by Billy Stegmyer. |
| Day, Doris: "Bewitched." Columbia 1-480, 60¢. | This revival from "Pal Joey" goes a lot slower than Rodgers imagined it (my impression is it took him less time to write it than for Miss Day to sing it) but it's still a fine tune and a notable Larry Hart lyric. We're back in the choral division again with humming, etc., by the Mellomen. The overside revival is the Burke-Van Husen "Imagination"—also in boudoir style. Fine recording. |
| Dorsey, Jimmy: "That's A' Plenty." Columbia 1-499, 60¢ | Further plasma for the revival of Dixieland—one of the repertory items kept alive by the Condon faction, here played in all-out style by a large, energetic group led by the Dorsey clarinet. The solos follow classic lines, as do the ensembles. However, they're a lot clearer in sound than they used to be in the old days. "Rag Mop" (which might just as well be called "Mop Rag") is the overside version of the blues, in fast tempo, for today. Claire Hogan (yclept "Shanty") vocalizes. |
| Durante, Jimmy: "Take an 'L.'" MGM 30226, 75¢. | Durante's advice has nothing to do with the elevated railway, but the word of which the other letters are "-ove." As is customary with Durante, sentiment is never strained. At that, the overside excerpt from "Cinderella". ("Bibbidi-Bobbodi-Boo") comes close to the breaking point. |
| Flanagan, Ralph: "Farewell Amanda." RCA Victor 50-0019, 65¢. | An interpolated Cole Porter item from "Adam's Rib" which might have some charm in an appropriate version. This one treats it as something akin to the "Horst Wessel" song, with punchy brass and insistent reeds. It is, rather, from the "Begin the Beguine" strain of Porter's nature and a fine tune despite the performance. (The "Amanda-veranda" rhyme is strictly from Porter.) Harry Prime vocalizes well. The Flanagan treatment is more appropriate to "Leave It to Love," a pleasant Szathmary tune on the reverse. |
| Karas, Anton: "The Third Man" Theme. London 536, 75¢. | Karas, as those who have seen the Carol Reed film "The Third Man" know, is a zither player whose more than banal waltzy strain seems destined to give a new lease on life to that paralyzing instrument. He plays his own invention with pride and craftsmanship. Those who prefer a domestic product in this instance can find it on Decca (where Guy Lombardo's zither is a guitar), on Capitol (likewise, from Alvino Rey), or on Columbia from the Cafe Vienna Quartet. Any collection of good popular music is complete without it. |
| Kirsten, Dorothy, with Robert Merrill: "Show Boat" excerpts. RCA Victor album 1341, $4. | The expectable excerpts from the great Kern score—duet versions of "Make Believe," "You Are Love," and "Why Do I Love You?," Kirsten solos on "Bill" and "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man," a Merrill performance of "Ol' Man River"—performed with vocal grace if a little spiritual inflexibility. The baritone's sturdy "Ol' Man River" is certainly the best single side here. The recording is excellent throughout. |
| Polk, Lucyann: "Crazy He Calls Me." RCA Victor Bluebird 54-0018, 65¢. | A talented new vocalist with an engaging voice and a warmly personal style—not blessed here with the best of material — which is faint praise for the "best" compared to these drab tunes. "Don't Do Something to Someone Else," a bright bit of golden ruling, is the companion piece and at least faster. Miss Polk should get better, given company cooperation. |
| Shore, Dinah: "It's So Nice." Columbia 1-469, 60¢. | Miss Shore sings this aria (of which the full title is "It's So Nice to Have a Man Around the House") with every implicit belief in its truth. Some men might disagree, however. Incidentally, who had first claim on the "spouse-louse" rhyme? It's here in the singular, in the song above in the plural. If this is a trend, I don't like it. |

*Liberty's Library of Recorded Music presents*

**JOSEF STRAUSS**—Sphärenklänge Waltz—(Music of the Spheres) with Herbert von Karajan cond. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.
Col. LX-1250 One 12" Record **$2.62**
**ANDRES SEGOVIA**, guitar soloist, plays "Arada and Danza" and "Fandanguillo" by Turina.
Col. LX-1248 One 12" Record **$2.62**
**ELIZABETH SCHWARZKOPF** sings recitative "Welcher Kummer," and aria "Traurigkeit ward mir zum Lose" from Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail.
Col. LX-1249 One 12" Record **$2.62**
**MARGHERITA PERRAS AND GERHARD HUESCH** sing "Bei Männern, Welche Liebe Fühlen" from Mozart's The Magic Flute and "Reich' mir die hand mein leben" from Mozart's Don Juan.
HMV DA-4408 One 10" Record **$1.31**
**VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES** sings "Farruca" from Triptico and "Clavelitos," with Gerald Moore at the piano.
HMV DA-1926 One 10" Record **$1.31**
**ERICH KUNZ** sings "Ja, Das Schreiben Und Das Lesen" from "Der Zigeunerbaron" and "Ach, Wie So Herrlich" from "Eine Nacht in Venedig."
Col. LB-86 One 10" Record **$2.10**
**ERICH KUNZ** sings "Wenn Der Hergott Net Will" and "Wiener Fiakerlied."
Col. LB-83 One 10" Record **$2.10**
**IPPOLITOV-IVANOV**—Caucasian Sketches with Nicolai Malko conducting The Philharmonia Orchestra.
HMV-C-3936/37 Two 12" Records **$3.14**
**For parcel post and insurance, add 3% of total east of Mississippi (min. 30¢). 5% of total west of Mississippi (min. 75¢).**

**LIBERTY** *Music Shops*
**IMPORTED RECORDS DEPARTMENT**
**450 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 22, N. Y.**

**READ CANBY**
at his best in Audio Engineering, where he writes for engineers, high-fidelity-audio hobbyists, and MUSIC LOVERS. His comments on records are augmented by ideas and opinions on recording, radio, and related subjects presented in his inimitable manner by this critic-with-an-engineering-viewpoint.

**HIGH FIDELITY**
addicts find other interests in Audio Engineering, which is THE authority on audio. Here you learn how to get the utmost from records, with reliable information on pickups, amplifiers, speakers, and all the best equipment for home radio and music systems. If you want maximum quality, more realism, true concert presence, you must read Audio Engineering magazine.
**Trial 9-Month Subscription—$2.00**
**AUDIO ENGINEERING**
**342 Madison Avenue New York 17, N. Y.**

**YOUR FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM RECORDED "OFF THE AIR" ON MICROGROOVE RECORDS**
**$1.50** **Complete 30 minute program** on vinylite
High musical fidelity. Order by mail or telephone.
**WAGNER-NICHOLS HOME RECORDING SERVICE**
**130 West 46th St., N. Y. JU 6-2842**

**LISTEN** TO HIGHEST QUALITY PERFORMANCE ONLY!
An individualized service from planning to completed installation of
**Custom Built Equipment**
Amplifiers, FM Radio-Phono, etc.
Designed and Constructed by
**ULRIC J. CHILDS, *Audio Engineer***
1601 FIRST AVE., (cor. 83rd St.) TRafalgar 9-8290




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

### More by Grey?

SIR: For many years I have been longing for the "Chants d'Auvergne" and a few weeks ago a new immigrant from the USA, on the strength of your drive, brought it over here and I bought it at once. . . . I think that I have to express special thanks to you as without your help I should have never got it. . . . Many years ago when I had the pleasure to attend every concert of Mme. Grey she ever gave in Berlin, I inquired whether she had recorded anything of her repertoire. In her reply she let me know about these three records, and remarked: "Unfortunately, the record of the 'Bailero' is the least good, because it was the first one tried. The others are excellent." . . . I should like to know whether apart from the Auvergne set and the two Ravel ("Chansons Madécasses" and "Hebraic Songs") sets any other recordings by her are known? . . . Also can you please find out whether Mme. Grey is alive and where she stays?

ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN.

Petach-Tikwah, Israel.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *At last report (when the campaign for the issuance of the "Chants d'Auvergne" was in progress) Mme. Grey was living in Paris and had recently appeared in a radio broadcast. No doubt a letter addressed in care of Radiodiffusion Française, Paris would be forwarded to her. Readers who know of any other records by Mme. Grey may favor us with the information; the editor knows no others. For that matter, the San Francisco Alfred Frankenstein may illuminate us on the identity of this namesake if he will, please.*

### Schönberg Quartets

SIR: Allow me to endorse heartily your suggestion that some recording company might well consider LP dubbings of the Kolisch Quartet's performance of the Schönberg quartets.

JAMES P. MUNGER.

New York, N. Y.

### Reply on Villa-Lobos

SIR: H. S. Basayne, of San Francisco, who inquired about a Villa-Lobos disc [LETTERS, Jan. RECORDINGS] undoubtedly heard the "Bachianas Brasileiras, No. 1" in RCA Victor album 733 with Burle Marx and the Brazilian Festival Orchestra.

WILLIAM D. GRUBE.

Toledo, O.

### Weingartner on LP

SIR: Thanks for the Burke article on the Weingartner recordings [Jan. RECORDINGS]. Everyone will agree to the specially high value it puts on the Beethoven First and Eighth symphonies. To keep the great conductor's memory green, would not Columbia back these two recordings on an LP? Many—including myself—would be glad to pay a reasonable premium for it. Technically, they are plenty good enough. The same goes for two other discs mentioned by Burke in passing: the Beecham versions of the Beethoven Second and the Brahms Second—and the Tchaikovsky Fifth in addition.

PARSIFAL.

Arlington, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Columbia, we believe, has been studying the possibility of converting the best (technically, that is) of the Weingartner recordings to LP. Something may be decided soon. As for Beecham, re-recording seems definitely the answer.*

### Diamonds for LP?

SIR: In his articles on LP records [Feb. RECORDINGS] C. G. Burke asserts unequivocally that the diamond-point stylus is the only desirable one for microgroove reproduction. Please tell me where I can get one of these needles. I should also like to know whether it can be used in a Columbia attachment and the approximate cost of the stylus.

LAVINIA BOWERS.

Johnson City, Tenn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We are informed by a Columbia representative that a diamond stylus in the appropriate size would function in that system as well as sapphire; the improved quality should therefore follow. However, no manufacturer has yet put such a replacement on the market, though we understand at least one is considering production. The stylus to which Burke referred was part of a complete cartridge as incorporated in the G-E, Pickering, or Clarkston arms. These are types that require preamplifiers for proper results, however, and would not suit the existing Columbia players.*

### Suggestion for Musical Comedy

SIR: I'm an enthusiast for original cast recordings of musical comedies. Those wonderful Broadway performances of twenty to twenty-five years ago which have never been recorded can only be mourned; but too many fine original-cast renditions of today are vanishing. . . . "Green Up Time" and "Here I'll Stay" (from "Love Life"); "Neurotic Me and Psychopathic You" from "Lend an Ear" (also gone); "My Darling, My Darling" (from "Where's Charley?"), etc., etc. I realize that recordings of the complete scores of these and many other shows are not feasible, the scores containing only a few distinguished songs, but eight or ten of the highlights from different shows on one LP record done by the original performers would be tremendously welcome. . . . By the way, did that rumored recording by Columbia of "Pal Joey" ever materialize?

RICHARD MARGOLIS.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To the suggestion, an enthusiastic yes; to the question, a disappointed no.*

## RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notice of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out of print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address: RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

COMPLETE FIRST RECORDING—Haydn: The Creation, Krauss conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, chorus, Vienna State Opera, 3 LP records, $17.85. ELAINE MUSIC SHOP, 9 East 44 St., NYC 17. Catalogue, imported, domestic recordings, 10¢ postpaid.

SAVE 25% on all LP records plus bonus LP's. We carry all labels. THE DISCOUNT RECORD CLUB. Catalogue, 15¢. Box 99-B.

GREAT SINGERS' records available. Write or visit RECORD COLLECTORS' SERVICE, 502 East 88 St., NYC 28. REgent 7-7611.

RECORD COLLECTORS and those having personal recordings. We duplicate your favorite records . . . any type or size on unbreakable acetate coated discs. Very reasonable. SPEAK-O-PHONE, 23 West 60 St., NYC COlumbus 5-1350.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN record collectors. For the most complete classical library in this area visit or call CAMPUS RECORD SHOP. Also a large selection of HMV, Parlophone, and English Decca records. We mail anywhere. CAMPUS RECORD SHOP, 6314 W. McNichols at Livernois. UNiversity 3-0900. Detroit 21, Michigan. Open evenings.

RARE DISCS, lists. Bought, sold. E. Hirschmann, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

VOCAL RECORDINGS, acoustics and imports. MUSIC DEN, 1516 Divisadero St., San Francisco, Calif.

DARTON RECORD LIBRARY. We specialize in rare records. Vocal, instrumental. Collections bought. 160 West 56th St., NYC.

WRITE FOR FREE bargain lists, connoisseur lists, unusual LP records, collector's records. Classical only. Write, or visit store daily 9 AM to 9 PM. THE RECORD HUNTER, 1194 Lexington Ave. (81 St.), NYC 28.

FREE—Complete LP catalogue sent on request—lowest prices on all classical records. We pay postage anywhere in U. S. RECORDS BY MAIL, Box 900-H.

REPLACEMENT RECORDS for Victor albums. List price plus shipping. REPLACEMENT MAN, P. O. Box 105, NYC 33.

COLLECTORS' GUIDE to American Recordings, 1895-1925 (Moses). Price, $3.75. American Record Collectors' Exchange, 825 Seventh Ave., NYC.

HARPSICHORD WANTED. Describe condition, details, age. Box 603-B.

RARE: G & T, Fonotipia, Pathe, Alvarez, Delmas, Fremstead, Litvinne, Rousseliere, Scaremberg, etc. . . . COLLECTORS' HAVEN, 907 New York Ave., Brooklyn.

WHY PAY INFLATED PRICES for out-of-print discs? Send for our comprehensive lists of slightly used English and Continental records. All musical tastes catered for; operatic (rarities and deletions), symphonic, light orchestral, organ, stage and screen celebrities. Want lists accepted. ROSS, COURT & CO., 92 Trafalgar St., Brighton, Sussex, Eng.

PRE-TESTED MAGNETIC RECORDER TAPE—brand new tape at regular price but with hi-fidelity music added—choice of classical, popular, etc. Write for details. SOUND TAPE SALES, Box 365, La Grange, Ill.



PRINTED BY
BLANCHARD PRESS
NEW YORK



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *Records Over the Nation*

## *A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers*

| *City and Store* | *Popular Singles* | *Popular Albums* | *Classical Singles* | *Classical Albums* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **BERKELEY, CALIF.** (*Berkeley Music House*) | Johnson Rag (L) | South Pacific (C) | Tannhäuser—Flagstad (RCA) | Bartók, Music for Percussion (Cap-LP) |
| **BIRMINGHAM** (*Stairway to Music*) | Johnson Rag (C) | South Pacific (C) | Fledermaus—Sack (CT) | Beethoven Eroica (C-LP) |
| **BOSTON** (*Boston Music Co.*) | Chattanooga (D) | Perfume Set to Music (RCA) | Boheme—Bjoerling (RCA) | Brandenburg ♯1 and ♯2 (V-LP) |
| (*Mosher Music Co.*) | Daughter of Rosie O'Grady (R) | Billy Eckstine (M-G-M) | Dream of Olwen (C) | Midnight Kiss (RCA) |
| **CHICAGO** (*Hudson-Ross, Inc.*) | Music, Music, Music (L) | Billy Eckstine (M-G-M) | Clair de Lune (RCA) | Midnight Kiss (RCA) |
| **CINCINNATI** (*Steinberg's*) | Cry of the Wild Goose (M) | South Pacific (C) | Berlioz Reverie (C) | Bartók, Sonata for Two Pianos, Percussion (V) |
| **DALLAS** (*The Record Shop*) | There's No Tomorrow (RCA) | South Pacific (C) | Rondine—Kirsten (RCA) | Red Shoes (C-LP) |
| (*Whittle Music Co.*) | Dear Hearts (D) | Tommy Dorsey (RCA) | Clair de Lune (RCA) | Midnight Kiss (RCA) |
| **DETROIT** (*Campus Record Shop*) | Rag Mop (Coral) | South Pacific (C) | I Vespri, Overture (HMV) | Petrouchka (L-LP) |
| (*Doubleday Book Shops*) | It Isn't Fair (RCA) | South Pacific (C-LP) | Sleigh Ride (RCA) | Grieg Concerto (RCA) |
| **KANSAS CITY** (*Jenkins Music Co.*) | Rag Mop (Coral) | Jolson Sings Again (D) | | Midnight Kiss (RCA) |
| **MEMPHIS** (*Words and Music*) | Enjoy Yourself (D) | Lombardoland (D-LP) | Indian Love Call (RCA) | Beethoven Eroica (C-LP) |
| **NASHVILLE** (*MU Sound System*) | There's No Tomorrow (RCA) | South Pacific (C) | Clair de Lune (RCA) | I Can Hear It Now, II (C) |
| **NEW ORLEANS** (*Doubleday Book Shops*) | Johnson Rag (L) | Oklahoma! (D-LP) | Fauré Pavane (C) | Mozart Concerto, K.450 (V-LP) |
| **NEW YORK** (*Doubleday Book Shops*) | Dearie (D) | Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (C-LP) | Greensleeves (L) | Memories of Caruso (RCA) |
| (*Dynamic-Electronics*) | It's Nice to Have (C) | Morales Rumbas (Seeco-LP) | Thais Duet (RCA) | Les Sylphides (C-LP) |
| (*Heins & Bolet*) | Music, Music, Music (L) | Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (C) | Sleigh Ride (RCA) | Beethoven Eroica (C-LP) |
| (*Liberty Music Shop*) | The Third Man (L) | South Pacific (C) | Bachianas (C) | Beethoven Eroica (C-LP) |
| (*Rabson's*) | Music, Music, Music (L) | South Pacific (C) | Bachianas (C) | I Can Hear It Now, II (C-LP) |
| **OMAHA** (*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*) | Dear Hearts (D) | Square Dances (Cap) | I Vespri, Overture (CT) | Traviata (C-LP) |
| **PHILADELPHIA** (*Jacobs Bros.*) | Daddy's Little Girl (R) | South Pacific (C) | Tannhäuser—Flagstad (RCA) | Hanson Symphony ♯2 (RCA) |
| **PITTSBURGH** (*Record & Gift Center*) | Music, Music, Music (L) | Billy Eckstine (M-G-M) | Dream of Olwen (C) | Midnight Kiss (RCA) |
| **PORTLAND, ORE.** (*Sherman, Clay & Co.*) | Rag Mop (Coral) | South Pacific (C) | Clair de Lune (RCA) | Midnight Kiss (RCA) |
| **ST. LOUIS** (*Doubleday Book Shops*) | Cry of the Wild Goose (M) | Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (C) | Hungarian Rhapsody ♯2 (RCA) | Mozart Horn Concertos (C-LP) |

Compiled as of February 10, 1950.

Key: C—Columbia Cap—Capitol CT—Capitol-Telefunken D—Decca HMV—His Master's Voice
L—London M—Mercury R—Rainbow RCA—RCA Victor

Leaders: Trends are spotty again this month in the popular single category, the leading candidate (London's "Music, Music, Music") having a mere four votes. "South Pacific" still dominates its column, though the veteran shows signs of slowing down. It's an RCA Victor month among classical records, with "Clair de Lune" and "That Midnight Kiss" the favored titles.

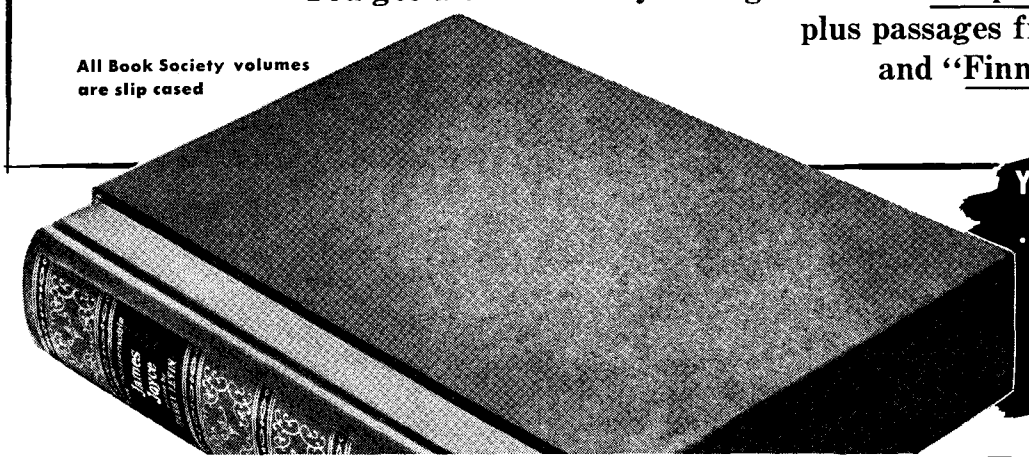
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Here's a really daring offer to introduce you to a really great idea*

# Yours ABSOLUTELY FREE this 768-page edition of James Joyce

**You get 4 of James Joyce's 6 great books complete plus passages from "Ulysses" and "Finnegan's Wake"**

All Book Society volumes are slip cased



**Yes, it's absolutely free ...no strings attached ...no commitments now or ever to buy any other books**

## *Not just "another book club" but a new and convenient way for you busy moderns to enjoy and own better books!*

THE BOOK SOCIETY is a brand-new venture especially organized to bring you truly *better books* . . . the kind of books you want to read and re-read and keep proudly in your home library . . . and to bring you these better books *regularly*, conveniently, and inexpensively.

But you're *not* required to take any set number of books per year. You can cancel your dealings with The Book Society at any time—or for any reason. In fact, we are deliberately offering you an *absolutely* FREE gift (you *keep* the big gift book whether you like The Book Society or not)—*just to show you how sure we are that you are going to want many, if not all of The Book Society editions released from now on!*

Your *free* gift copy of the 768-page Indispensable JAMES JOYCE is just one of nearly fifty magnificent volumes which The International Book Society will make available to you at the very moderate price of only $2.39 each (plus shipping and handling). The volumes average about 700 pages, containing from two to four times as much text as most standard-size books.

**At Last! Books in the size you want them!** Not too small! Not too large! But just the right size—each inserted in a handsome slip case.

*And here's more good news! Whenever you have received four selections at $2.39 each, we will send you an extra book FREE as a bonus book!*

Yes, you have everything to gain . . . nothing to lose . . . so ACT NOW! Just fill in and mail the coupon and you will be sent your 768-page Indispensable JAMES JOYCE FREE with your first selection, the 704-page Indispensable DANTE, for $2.39. *Send no money.* Then, every other month, you will be sent a description of the two most recent additions to the series as they come off the presses. You may take both books, only one—or none. You are under *no obligation* whatsoever.

**Send No Money! Mail Coupon!**

**Yours ABSOLUTELY FREE**

**The 768-page JAMES JOYCE**

**The International Book Society, Dept. BS-10**
**100 Sixth Ave., New York 13, N. Y.**

I want to take advantage of your introductory offer to send me FREE the 768-page Indispensable JAMES JOYCE along with my first Book Society selection, The Indispensable DANTE for only $2.39 (plus shipping). At the same time, and also free, enroll me as a fully privileged member of The Book Society, which permits me to receive other Society books at only $2.39. With each purchase of 4 selections, I will receive a FREE selection as a bonus book. However, I understand that I am in *no way* obligated to take any specific number of books at any time. Every two months I will be offered 2 new Book Society volumes. These I may accept or reject as I choose. And I must be completely delighted with my first two books or I may return The Indispensable DANTE and owe you *nothing* . . . keeping the 768-page Indispensable JAMES JOYCE as *an absolutely* free gift.

NAME_____
Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____
Zone No. (if any)

BS-10

*For your first Book Society selection . . .*

## The Big 704-Page DANTE

In this one volume you get "The Divine Comedy" complete, "La Vita Nuova" complete, plus selections from "The Rhymes," "The Letters" and "The Latin Works." Selected and edited by famed Paolo Milano. All this for only $2.39 with your FREE copy of the big 768-page JAMES JOYCE when you mail coupon. Do it now!

**Just look at *all* the James Joyce you get in this one magnificent volume:**

**You get the complete novel "Portrait of The Artist as a Young Man"**

James Joyce's famous autobiographical novel is perhaps the most skilfully integrated study ever written of a sensitive young man in the throes of youthful experience—especially those of sex and religion.

**You get his great 3-act play "Exiles" complete**

This is Joyce's only drama. It shows the alternating relationship of a writer and his wife and another couple. The writer-hero, Richard Rowan, is a fascinatingly complex man who remains a complete stranger to his wife.

**You get his great 15-story collection, "Dubliners"**

including "Two Gallants," "Araby," "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," and "Counterparts."

**You get his magnificent "Collected Poems"**

including "Chamber Music" and two heretofore "uncollected" poems. The lyricism, so clearly established in these poems, provides a vital key to Joyce's style in all his writings, especially in "Ulysses" and "Finnegan's Wake."

**And you also get passages from "Ulysses" and "Finnegan's Wake"**

From his great work "Ulysses" you get selections including "Nestor," "Hades," "The Wandering Rocks," "The Sirens" and "Penelope." And from "Finnegan's Wake," you get "Here Comes Everybody" plus the famous "Anna Livia Plurabelle" episode (which alone required 1600 hours of intensive effort) and "Tales Told of Shem and Shaun."

## *Many other magnificent Book Society editions now in preparation for you!*

The Book Society will make available—at only $2.39—many additional library volumes, including F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, RING LARDNER, RABELAIS, FAULKNER, CONRAD, D. H. LAWRENCE, The READER'S COMPANION—all great books you'll read and re-read with ever-increasing appreciation.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK SOCIETY • 100 Sixth Ave., N.Y. 13, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED